For They Shall Have Adventures

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by DBMars

Summary

Welcome to DB Mars' Hannikinktober 2023! This continues the story from last year's Kinktober and adds challenge prompts from Hannictober, a Halloween/Spooky Season themed set of prompts! I couldn't decide which to do so I'm doing both. Both. Both. Both is good!

The previous installment of this story tells the tale of how Will and Hannibal hooked up right away in season 1, began dating, explored all their kinks, and got engaged. One year later, they're home from their honeymoon. But some spooky stuff begins, and while they continue to have incredible sex with a menu of kinks, they face some Halloween horrors as well. If you enjoyed last year's kinktober offering, you'll love the sequel -- sexy, scary, funny, and, above all else, HANNIGRAM.

October 1: Black Cat & Latex

October 1st: Black Cat & Latex

"Well well well, the prodigal agent returns." Jack met Will with a firm handshake and a manly clap on the shoulder. "I wasn't sure you were coming back."

"Neither was I," Will answered with a wry smile. Jack laughed, but Will was only half-kidding. Three months in Italy was an excessively long honeymoon by most people's standards, but Will and Hannibal had toyed with the idea of never coming home.

In the end, getting all the dogs overseas just wasn't feasible with customs and Zoe's delicate health. So they'd returned to the acreage and resumed their lives, though now as a married couple: Doctor and Mr. Graham-Lecter.

"Well, it's good to have you back. We could really use your insight." Jack led Will through the gates of the cemetery. Will shivered as a chilly fall breeze cut through his lightweight jacket. It was a lot warmer in Baltimore than in Minnesota, that was for damn sure.

The crime scene was at the edge of the modern cemetery, the disturbed grave one of many semi-anonymous plots with flat markers, set apart only by vases of floral arrangements. This particular grave was unadorned, but that wasn't what truly made it different from the others around it. It has been dug up, the coffin hauled out, and the lid forced open.

About twenty feet away was another scene sectioned off with yellow tape. A body lay sprawled on one of the serene paths that wound through the graveyard. It looked like a man's remains, the face bashed in with a blunt object to the point where it was unrecognizable. Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller were crouched nearby, examining the victim and some bloody footprints respectively.

"Will!" Beverly abandoned her crime scene camera on a stone bench and bounded up to him for a hug. "Oh my God, I can't believe your lily-white ass got a tan. Are you gonna post some pictures or something? I want to know everything."

"In order to, ah, post pictures, I'd have to have some kind of social media," Will reminded her.

Bev rolled her eyes. "Yeah, no shit. Well, welcome back. Time to hop back in the saddle; you know which way you're facing?"

"I'll figure it out," Will said through a crooked smile as Bev swatted him lovingly on the backside like a coach sending their favorite player off the bench and back into the game. Jack and Will made their way over to the faceless man's corpse. It was fresh; the cool temperatures and brisk wind had kept insects away. "Time of death was around 3am last night," Jack said.

“The caretaker,” Will noted, eyeing the man’s work boots, dirty jeans, and ring of keys on his belt. “Interrupted the late night grave digging.”

“Seems like it,” Jack agreed. “He lives right across the street there. Must’ve seen something suspicious and come to investigate.”

“These wounds were caused by a bladed tool of some kind,” Beverly told them as she poked a gloved finger into a fleshy divot. “Traces of dirt and grass. Probably a shovel.”

Will bent over to examine the man’s hands, and let the empathy pulse whirr in his mind. “No defensive wounds,” he murmured. “Wanted to shut you up quickly. Interrupting his work. His very important work...” He straightened, opening his eyes and looking at Jack’s expectant face. “Went right for the mouth with the edge of the shovel, then the neck. The victim went down without a sound. Was the, ah… dug up body *stolen* ?”

“Uh, not exactly. C’mon.” Bev led Will and Jack over to the disturbed grave where Price and Zeller were collecting evidence. Both hustled up from their work before Will could even see the body, meeting him at the tape.

“Will! You look fantastic! I’m getting young Giancarlo Giannini vibes,” Jimmy said, giving Will a quick hug and a shoulder squeeze.

Zeller stepped in and gave him the “secret handshake” he’d insisted they make up – slapping the back of their hands together, then the front, hooking fingers together, fist bump. “The D&D party’s fucking *lost* without you, dude. They’ve been wandering through this pyramid trying to solve some puzzles and make an alliance with these deep gnomes and they’re just sucking balls. We need you back – Thursday night?” He raised his thick eyebrows hopefully, nodding his head as if Will had already said yes.

“I’ll have to check with Hannibal,” Will said.

“Ugh, you’re so whipped,” Z grumbled.

Actually , Will almost said, *we take turns doing the whipping.* But he kept his mouth shut. His husband was a very private person about their sex life, and he wanted to respect that, even as his friends always hounded him for details.

“Franklyn’s paladin bit the dust,” Jimmy said, even as Jack broke up their little tete-a-tete to lead Will to the open grave. “Died protecting Maeve’s character in Themberchaud’s lair. He’s playing a dragonborn barbarian now but I think he’s still a little heartbroken.”

“Yeah, I know,” Will said, pulling out his phone. “He sent me… let’s see here, 86 texts about it.” The phone dinged. “Make that 87.”

He’d just slipped his phone back into his pocket when they reached the grave. Will felt sweat break out on his brow and a tremor twist in his gut. The dead man lay on the grass next to his broken coffin. The corpse had been stripped of its funeral clothes and spread out like the Vitruvian man, waxy skin covered in symbols, painted in what looked like blood. But most shocking of all was the face. The eyes and mouth had been replaced with shards of some kind

of black glass with a shiny, reflective surface. Will caught his own reflection in them. Between the man's eyes was another symbol, this one carved into the flesh and then outlined with blood. It was a rectangle with a spike through it.

The man, he realized, was Garret Jacob Hobbs. He'd been embalmed, and while the corpse was a bit sunken in, he was still recognizable

"This looks… culty," Will said, swallowing down the bile in the back of his throat. The embalmed corpse still bore the stitched-closed bullet holes, evidence of how the man had died – shot full of holes as Will emptied his service weapon into his torso the moment after he'd slit his daughter Abigail's throat.

"Could Abigail Hobbs have done this? Some kind of payback for her father killing her mother and almost killing her?" Jack asked Will as Price, Zeller, and Bev continued their work, giving Will space to do his own.

"No," Will said quickly. He still felt protective of the girl, even if he hadn't seen her since he'd visited her in the hospital a few times after her recovery. It'd been right around the time he'd started his affair with Hannibal, and that had consumed most of his attention in the best way possible. Last he knew she was in a residential facility, recovering both mentally and physically. "No, I, uh… she's too small. She'd never be strong enough to do this on her own."

"I got a boot print here," Price said, beckoning Bev over to take some pictures. "Looks like a man's size.."

"Could have been a disgruntled relative of one of Hobbs' victims," Zeller suggested. "Desecrate the corpse for revenge?"

"I can't tell i-if these, uhm… these symbols really mean something o-or they're just there to look *creepy* ," Will said.

"Well, that one on his forehead is from mahjong," Jimmy reported as he prepared a plaster cast for the boot print. "It means dragon. Oliver plays it on his phone all the time."

"What's with the glass?" Bev wanted to know.

Will let the empathy pulse again. "Black mirrors," he murmured. "He can see himself in them."

"Okay, that's some occult shit," Zeller confirmed, sticking a stray cigarette butt he'd found on the ground into an evidence bag, though Will doubted it had anything to do with the crime. "I saw that one *Paranormal Activity* where they had a black mirror to like, summon a demon or something."

"Doubt our killer saw that movie," Will said, shoving his cold hands in his pockets. "I wouldn't be surprised if all of these symbols are real. As in, found in actual occult practice, not just someone copying… *freaky shit* off the internet."

“We’ll have our research team look into it,” Jack promised.

Will squatted next to the body, resting his elbows on his knees. It was strange, seeing Hobbs like this again – the first man he’d killed. The first man he’d enjoyed killing. He felt the warm embrace of his righteousness again, revisiting the moment before his fear and guilt had set in. Hannibal had been there. Seen it all. Loved him for it. Will ached to get back home, even knowing that this investigation would keep them apart for a few more nights. With a longing sigh, he went back to his work.

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Will had rushed out of the airport, snagged an Uber, and hurried home as fast as he could. It was evening, and already dark, the days shorter now that autumn had begun in earnest. The weather in Virginia, however, was much more pleasant and mild, still in the 70s with only the occasional rainy day. At last, he was home, walking through the front door of the house he shared with Hannibal and their seven dogs, though the pack seemed to have already been kennelled for the night in their climate controlled shelter out back.

The house smelled of baking and spices and residual traces of Hannibal’s cologne. Will inhaled deeply as he closed the door behind him, locking it, and tossing his suitcase and satchel aside. “I’m home!” he called.

No response. It wasn’t that late, was it? His flight had been delayed but surely Hannibal wasn’t asleep already.

He went back to the bedroom and eased the door open, seeing that there were soft lights on inside.

Hannibal was there, on the bed, and stirred when Will entered. He rose up on his knees and stretched prodigiously, hands folded behind his head, showing off his torso and thighs. Will’s eyes widened and his breath left his body. “Oh my *God* ,” he managed, drinking in the unexpected and magnificent scene before him.

Hannibal was wearing a skin-tight black latex suit, complete with attached gloves, closed around the feet. It was shiny and smooth, almost liquid in appearance. It hugged every curve and detail of his body, encasing it completely from the high turtleneck collar down. He looked poured into it, or it had been painted onto him.

He relaxed and rested his latex-encased palms on the bed, leaning forward to regard Will with a satisfied smile, openly delighting in his reaction.

“Uh… wow,” Will managed to say. “Are those… cat ears?”

Hannibal reached up and adjusted the little headband with the ears attached. “Would you have preferred another animal? I remembered you telling me once that *Batman Returns* was, in your opinion, the best film in the franchise.”

“Yeah,” Will confirmed, still breathless, overcome, cock giving a few hopeful twitches. He tossed off his jacket and stepped out of his shoes. “I mean, it is…”

Hannibal turned a little so Will could see his ass cradled lovingly in the skin tight black latex. The crotch of the suit unzipped, and was open enough to allow a black velvet tail to spill through. Will wondered how it was attached until realization dawned on him. “You look… oh my God, Han…!”

“I had a few things to pick up at the Desire Depot that arrived while we were away,” Hannibal explained, giving his ass a shake so the tail twitched. “While I was there, Carmen convinced me to try this on. I had a visceral reaction to wearing it, so strong I felt I had to have it.” Hannibal rose up on his knees and started unbuttoning Will’s shirt, the glove portion of the suit so tight it let him use his fingers with natural dexterity.

“A… visceral reaction?” Will’s gaze only left his husband’s body when Hannibal drew his shirt over his head, tossing it away.

“I feel… enclosed,” Hannibal told him, opening Will’s belt next as Will reached out to gently stroke the latex ears on the headband. “Embraced. Protected yet exposed. It’s entirely new to me, but I’m enjoying it immensely.”

“Yeah, same,” Will said through a smile of pure adoring wonderment. “You sure know how to welcome a guy home.”

“You’re a little late,” Hannibal teased as Will kicked off his pants and boxers, hopping on one foot to get rid of his socks. “I had to take a catnap.”

“Yeah?” At last, Will joined him on the bed, kneeling next to him. Reaching out, he at last allowed himself to touch, his hands trailing over the slick latex. It gave off a faint rubbery scent, but it was mostly obscured beneath Hannibal’s cologne and natural odors of his body. “You were, ah, a good kitty, waiting for me.”

Hannibal made a soft sound of arousal as Will’s hands traveled his body, feeling every curve and definition beneath the layer of slick but rubbery material. Will made one in turn when Hannibal’s black-encased hands touched him, the synthetic material sliding over his very human skin. Will pulled Hannibal on top and groped him feverishly as their lips came together, feeling up every delicious curve of his ass. Hannibal rutted against him and Will gasped at the cool, alien feeling of the latex between them as they both became more insistently aroused. He explored the tail and found it was, as he’d suspected, attached to a plug fixed in his husband’s hole. Finding the base of the tail attachment, Will moved the toy around as Hannibal’s latex-covered fingers played with his nipples.

“The sensations are overwhelming,” Hannibal panted into Will’s neck. “Inside the suit – your touch, magnified a thousandfold–!”

“I’ve never been a cat person, but *damn* ,” Will managed, bending at the waist and bringing Hannibal up with him. “Fuck, you look so fucking good, y-you f-feel fucking incredible–!”

“If only I could purr,” Hannibal lamented, letting Will get behind him now, stroking down his back and thighs, squeezing and massaging. When Will caressed his latex-trapped bulge, he threw his head back with a little whine, arching his back in what Will had to notice was a very catlike manner.

“I’ll make you purr, sweetheart,” Will promised, unzipping the crotch of the suit a little more. He eased out the tail plug and slipped two fingers in, finding his husband stretched, lubed, and ready. He lifted his swollen cock and pressed in, bottoming out in one stroke, draping himself over Hannibal’s back and holding him a moment before the railing began. Even as he rocked their hips together, Will caressed every bit of latex he could reach, focusing one hand entirely on Hannibal’s cock which was still trapped snugly in his catsuit.

“Will!” Hannibal cried out his name in a hoarse half-whisper of deep pleasure as he climaxed. Will gripped his latex-clad hips and let him have it until he, too, was overcome, the orgasm gathering in his midsection and then exploding along every nerve. They collapsed in a pile of sweaty skin and shiny black.

Will was still breathing hard when Hannibal rested both folded hands on his chest, balancing his chin on them, looking up at with a loving, mischievous gaze. “We’ll have to order you one as well,” he said. “But with dog ears and a collar, perhaps?”

Later, after helping Hannibal unzip and peel off the catsuit, and showering together, they lay in bed, Will tucked under Hannibal’s arm now. “How was Minnesota?” he asked, gently stroking Will’s damp hair back from his forehead.

“Weird,” Will admitted. “I’ll tell you in the morning.”

“Goodnight, my love.”

“Goodnight, pretty kitty.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Will gets a stressful work call. Hannibal suggests role play to help him work through his issues.

October 2: Roleplay and Candy Apples

Will was outside with the dogs after getting home from Quantico, tossing their balls and frisbees with a tireless arm. It had been a long three months to be away, and he was worried that Winston was still holding a grudge, giving him this sad brokenhearted look with his big amber eyes every time Will left, even if it was just to go inside. Well, Zoe was doing great, considering her age, and that had worried him while they were away, so it was a relief to see her being a little frisky and playing with the others.

Just as he was gathering up the toys to put them back in the bin attached to the kennel, his phone rang. Jack. He answered quickly. “Jack? Did the results come back on those symbols yet?”

“Not yet,” Jack admitted. “Seems like they’re a bit more obscure than your average run-of-the-mill-vaguely-occult symbols you might see in new age or neopagan religions,” Jack said. “But that’s not why I called. I just found out Eldon Stammets was murdered in prison. Another inmate stabbed him with some kind of homemade weapon. I haven’t confirmed it but I heard it was his cellmate. By all accounts they got along famously, so the guards weren’t expecting trouble.”

“Huh,” Will muttered. “Well, I can’t say I feel too sorry for him.”

“It’s probably just a coincidence,” Jack said, “but I thought you should know. Since he came into our lives around the time Hobbs did.”

“Right. Where was he locked up?”

“Sussex,” Jack said. “I’ll keep you apprised.”

“Thanks.” Will hung up, shaking his head with a sigh.

Inside the house smelled wonderful, like melted caramel and chocolate. Hannibal had surprised him with an array of candy apples for him to take to his next D&D session – some were covered in white chocolate, dripping with red crystalline frosting to look like blood. Others were painted with little spiderwebs and spiders, and another batch looked like

eyeballs. The delicious scents of candy and melted chocolate and caramel still clung to everything, making his stomach growl.

Hannibal was in the kitchen putting away dishes from the dishwasher; Will murmured a greeting and helped until the chore was done. The sun dipped in the sky as Hannibal preheated the oven and arranged a roast in a pan. It was beef; they'd gotten up to some mischief in Italy but hadn't been back long enough to plan any murders stateside just yet. After securing it in the oven, surrounded by vegetables and sprinkled with herbs, Hannibal turned to Will and rested a hand on his cheek. "What's on your mind, beloved?"

"Hmm?" Will shook his head as if coming out of a trance. "Just work stuff," he said.

"Care to elaborate?"

"It's the usual shit. Murder and mayhem."

Hannibal paused what he was doing, looking Will over carefully. It was a long moment where he was very very still, a predator frozen just before springing upon unsuspecting prey. Then he took the roast out of the oven, covered it in foil, and put the whole pan in the fridge again. "Let's go into the city," he suggested. "I'll find a way to take your mind off of things."

"It's fine. I'm fine," Will insisted even as he trailed Hannibal to the door and let his husband help him shrug on his jacket. "It's just… I don't know. Something came back to haunt me."

Hannibal opened the door of the Bentley and ushered Will in. He didn't ask any further questions on the ride, preferring instead to reminisce about the honeymoon and how they'd fooled Inspector Pazzi into thinking Will could help him catch Il Mostro di Firenze. "When you asked him 'bowels in or bowels out?'" Will chuckled. "The look on his face was priceless."

"It was almost cartoonish, the look of disbelief," Hannibal agreed.

They shared besotted smiles as Hannibal slowed to turn down a side street. "You're taking me to your office?" Will frowned out the window at the stately brick building where Hannibal saw his patients. "Why?"

"Because," Hannibal said, nosing the Bentley into the parking place at the rear of the building labeled DR. LECTER, "I'm going to… how did you put it? Therapy the shit out of you."

Will busted up laughing despite himself. "Okay, what are we really doing?" He wanted to know as they went inside, Hannibal hanging up their coats and turning on the soft mood lighting.

"I told you. Therapy."

Will rolled his eyes, adjusting the vest he wore over a light blue Henley, then pushing up his sleeves a bit. "You're not my therapist. You haven't been my therapist since we went to Minnesota together the first time to investigate the Shrike, and you wanted to show off your better version by killing Cassie Boyle."

“I remember it well.” Hannibal poured them each a glass of wine from the sideboard.

“You told Jack the next morning after we fucked at the Super 8. You tied me up and shoved a ball gag in my mouth to keep Alana from hearing in the next room over.”

“A fond memory,” Hannibal agreed, watching Will drain half his wine and wander over to his desk, messing around aimlessly with the pencils and scalpel and paperweights before moving on to the stag sculpture. Will smiled to himself as Hannibal followed behind him putting everything right again. “You are correct that I am not your doctor and you are no longer my patient. Nor are we friends having conversations. However, I thought these surroundings might encourage you to open up regarding your work experiences since we returned to Virginia.”

“I don’t want to bring my work home with me,” Will countered, touching the tines on the stag’s antlers with an absent finger.

“But we’re not at home,” Hannibal reminded him, approaching slowly. “This is a neutral place where you’ve told me your troubles before.”

Will sighed, turning to look at him. “I can’t… *make believe* that you’re my therapist again. I can’t just… flip a switch, Han.”

Hannibal cocked his head, sharp cheekbone catching the light coming from the desk lamp. “You roleplay weekly with Mr. Price and Mr. Zeller,” he said. “Won’t you roleplay with me? Use that prodigious imagination of yours to cast our roles back to what they once were over a year ago?”

“You want to pretend it’s one of our first therapy sessions before we… hooked up?” Will raised an incredulous brow.

“Humor me.”

“All right,” Will sighed. Hannibal half-smirked and went over to the door to the waiting room and opened it, waving Will through.

“Seriously?”

Hannibal nodded.

“All right, all right…” Will went out into the dark waiting room and Hannibal closed the door behind him.

Then opened it. “Good evening, Will. Please, come in.”

Ugh. This was so silly. But when he saw the earnestness and love in Hannibal’s dark eyes, Will couldn’t help but give in. “Uh, hey, doc. Thanks for seeing me again, on this, our, um… third appointment.”

“My pleasure. Please, make yourself comfortable.”

And just like that, they settled into their chairs opposite one another. Hannibal even had a notebook and pen, though he kept them on the nearby table. “How was your week?”

“Uhm… weird, I guess.” Will slipped his lower lip between his teeth for a moment, not meeting Hannibal’s gaze. “I just got back from Minnesota yesterday.”

“A place you’ve been before.” Statement, not question.

“Y-yeah. And it was the Shrike that called me there again.” As much as Will hated to admit it, Hannibal had been 100% right. Pretending they were doctor and patient, in a clinical setting, made it easier. He told Hannibal everything about the corpse desecration scene.

“Do you think Abigail Hobbs could have done it? Jack seems to think it’s a possibility.” Will played with the stem of his empty wine glass.

“If so, it must have been very therapeutic for her. A way to reclaim her power. Though I’m afraid I don’t understand the occult references.”

“Me neither.” Will stood, suddenly agitated, and paced the office. “I can’t explain it but… something’s wrong. Something more than a Shrike victim’s family digging him up. Something more than Eldon Stammets getting shanked in prison.”

Hannibal got to his feet as well, pale brows raised. “Eldon Stammets? The mushroom farmer.”

“Yeah.” Will found his way to the ladder that led to the second floor balcony where Hannibal kept his patient records and rare books. He rested his hand on one of the rungs, deep in thought. “I mean, I’m sure it’s just a coincidence, but… two killers from right around the time we met… suddenly back in my life, in a way.”

“One was already dead. A case of corpse mutilation. The other man was a victim of prison violence. Deplorable but common enough.”

Will reclined back on the ladder with a sigh, dropping his hands to his sides and tipping up his chin to look briefly at the ceiling. “I know. Like it said… coincidence. There’s no way the man who killed that caretaker busted into a maximum security prison to stab Stammets. Besides, Jack heard it was his cellmate.”

Hannibal approached him where he was leaning back on the ladder, eyes glittery and predatory, filling Will’s space with his scent, shadow, and presence. “If you think it was random chance, then why are you agitated?”

Will heaved another sigh, stretching out on the ladder entirely, reaching up above his head to grasp a higher rung with both hands. “I just… I think I’m having trouble adjusting to being home. I… loved Italy. I feel guilty because… I almost left my dogs. But now that I’m back, I’m finding it very, ah… difficult to transition back to work life again.”

“Stress. It can be toxic to the mind and body.” Hannibal was even closer now, and there was a shift in the atmosphere between them that was far from clinical. “Your desire to control what

cannot be controlled is where most of your tension lies. I can teach you some relaxation techniques, if you like."

Will smiled with half his mouth, sending that hint of play. "Oh, yeah, Dr. Lecter, I-I think that would really help me."

"Hold out your hands, palms together."

Will obeyed. Hannibal slipped off his necktie and unbuttoned his top button. Taking the necktie in both hands, he looped it around and between Will's wrists, the silk hissing along Will's skin. Tying it tightly, he lifted Will's arms up and affixed his bound wrists to a higher rung of the ladder.

"Dr. Lecter," Will scolded. "This is some… very *unorthodox* therapy."

"Indeed. Do you trust me, Will? I am your doctor, after all."

"I suppose you know what's best." Like Will had a choice in the matter now that he was tied to the ladder.

"Good. Now, close your eyes. I want you to imagine yourself in a pleasant natural scene. Perhaps an ice cave – something beautiful and grand."

Will chuckled, but obeyed, closing his eyes and imagining a blue ice cave, like in a glacier, smooth and silent except for the penguins hanging out in it, grooming themselves or snarfing down fish. One was poised at the mouth of a long icy tunnel, lying on its belly, ready to launch. It turned to Will and said, " *Slide* !" Off it went, shooting down the ice tube like a cute little torpedo.

"Good," Hannibal praised him softly, stroking his cheek with the backs of his fingers. Will trembled at his touch. Or was that the coolness of the ice cave? He shivered again as Hannibal edged close enough for Will to feel his warm breath tickling the side of his face. He kept his eyes closed, still picturing the cave, and focused only on what he could feel and hear. The slight creak as Hannibal closed his hands around the side slats of the ladder, leaning in, the gentle whisper of lips over his, then trailing down his throat.

A warm hand lifted the hem of his henley, caressing softly along his belly and then around the bow of his back. Hannibal's mouth pressed against his throat, teasing with soft little kisses. Will sighed in lusty contentment, working his wrists a little in their silken bondage, leaning his cheek against Hannibal's as his husband eased open his belt, button, and zipper. He slid a hand inside Will's trousers, but over his blue boxers, fondling him, but with a kind of soft laziness that quickly made Will impatient, yearning for more of everything.

"Ah, ah," Hannibal warned, moving his lips away from Will's as he tried to deepen the kiss and rut himself into Hannibal's hand. "Relax. Picture the cave. This is a safe place."

"Doctor's orders?"

“Precisely.” Only then did Hannibal give him what he wanted, gripping the ladder on either side and pinning Will against it with his own body, ravishing his lips and throat. Will pulled on the surely-ruined necktie, but while the silk was slippery, the knots were good. He could feel the slats of the ladder digging into his back and shoulders and ass but he didn’t care. Just like Hannibal had described with the latex, he felt encased and held, even if his freedom was also restricted.

Hannibal slid his mouth down Will’s throat, then used the ladder to help him ease down to his knees where he moved Will’s shirt up to kiss his stomach, flicking his tongue intermittently, then biting him over the hip with enough force to make Will gasp, breaking the serene silence of the office. It was further destroyed when his husband at last freed Will’s cock from his clothes. “ *Fuck* ,” Will moaned when Hannibal’s tongue traveled from the root to the slit before swallowing him down, holding on to both sides of the ladder as he worked.

Enough with the ice cave. Will opened his eyes and saw Hannibal looking up at him, Will’s cock buried between those princely lips, and he lost it, tensing all over as he came with a staggered, ragged breath.

In the immediate aftermath, Hannibal turned him so his cheek was pressed into the ladder rung. Will held onto the rung his hands were tied to and steadied himself so his husband could fuck between his thighs, right under his ass cheeks, eventually showering the crevice with his warm emission.

“How do you feel now?” Dr. Lecter asked him in a mild, clinical tone, even as he zipped up his trousers.

Will turned again, twisting his bindings, feeling Hannibal’s seed trickling down his inner thigh and gathering in his boxers. “Unethical, but very effective. Love the, ah… side effects of your treatment, doctor.”

“I’m glad you were able to find some relief.” Hannibal went back to his chair and sat down, sipping his wine, leaving Will tied to the ladder with his pants down. “Now, where were we in our discussion?”

October 3rd: Mittens and “Hate” Sex

Chapter Summary

> “Still so tight,” Hannibal complimented, leaning over to bite the back of Will’s ear. Will moaned against the bed of leaves beneath him, trying not to betray himself. “Fuck you,” he sputtered angrily. Will raised his chest off the ground an inch but his only reward was being flipped over and held down with his legs open, knees bent, ankles still trapped by his jeans. Hannibal had him by one wrist but had to use his other hand to get his cock out. “It doesn’t appear that you will,” he said with a triumphant smirk. “But I’d prefer to see your face as I do.”

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Will’s hands were cold. He raised them to his mouth to breathe on them. Wearing gloves would have been a good idea – the black leather kind, the murder kind – but he didn’t want to have a barrier between him and his quarry. The slightest slip of a glove or the inability to grasp with all his strength might make all the difference.

The woods were dark and silent, the harvest moon large and full. Will’s breath curled out from between his lips as he crouched behind a tree, rising like smoke into the frosty fall air. At last, a cold snap. Pumpkin spice weather, Hannibal called it. It was a perfect night to be up to no good.

The crack of a stick alerted him. Will’s first instinct was to peer around the tree and scan the woods for his pursuer. Well, the lines between predator and prey were extremely blurry in this case. Will was hiding, yes, but he was also goading on the man in black that crept through the woods, trying to get the upper hand.

Another stick crack. Will turned soundlessly and crouched, waiting for the right moment. But the next sound came from a completely different direction. He rose up slowly, using the tree trunk for balance and glanced out at the little wooded valley carpeted with leaves – colorful, no doubt, though their vibrance was lost in the monochrome night.

A twelve-point buck stood at the top of the hollow, watching him, steam drifting up from its nostrils. Will felt a kind of otherworldly wonderment take hold of him.

And then the stag startled, turning away to run, white tail in the air. It was a warning to other deer, but it served as a warning to Will as well. A warning that came too late.

The man in black, both pursuer and quarry, caught him by his jacket and shoved him harshly against the tree, face down, scraping bark along Will’s cheek. Will managed to get out of the

hold, sliding around the trunk, but was sent sprawling down into the little ravine when his assailant attempted to put him in a chokehold that Will barely escaped.

As he rolled through the leaves, Will's mind cleared. There was only one instinct alive in his reptile brain. Fight.

When the man in black followed him down the slope and stood over him in a pose of triumph, Will feigned being dazed. When his pursuer bent over to grab him, Will rolled away and kicked out with one booted foot, catching the man in the hip and knocking him off his feet. Will leapt on him, trying to get a hold of his wrist to press his face into the dirt and twist his arm behind his back in a classic cop hold. It should have worked, but his opponent was laying at an upward angle on the ravine, and used the incline to brace himself. After a few moments of sweaty struggling, cursing, grunting, Will's quarry bunched his muscles and flipped them both over. Rolling with a speed remarkable for his size, he landed on top of Will, pinning him down by the wrists on the carpet of leaves.

Will fought back with everything he had, losing his stocking cap in the process, and clawing off the man's hat and the black mask he wore on the bottom half of his face. Hannibal's countenance was pure glacial murder, his expression cold, aristocratic, lips princely and cruel. He leaned in, burying his face in Will's neck, breathing in the sweat of his exertions and the remnants of the aftershave he liked Will to wear.

When Will tried to get out from under him again with a series of frustrated grunts, Hannibal squeezed his wrists mercilessly and bit him just below the ear, trapping the sensitive skin there in a painful pinch. Will yelped and froze up for a moment, long enough for Hannibal to flip him face down in the dirt and try to yank down his jeans. Will squirmed and fought, scattering dried leaves as he flailed, digging into the cold wet earth of the forest floor with his fingers and knees.

He snarled when Hannibal clasped a fistful of hair and pulled. The bright pain rippled over his scalp and he submitted briefly, breathing hard as his husband pulled his pants open.

Will sucked in a breath through his teeth when Hannibal worked a finger into him. "Let me in."

Will relaxed begrudgingly, not that he was admitting defeat — not yet.

Hannibal's finger was joined by another. They slid in with relative ease, the way lubricated in advance. "Prepared a bit, did you? I hope you gave it your all."

"You prepped, too," Will accused him. "I know you did."

"You're very unpredictable, Will," Hannibal told him. "It was anyone's game." Will balled his fists against the forest floor, tensing his quads, considering how to get out from Hannibal's grip now that he had two fingers in his ass.

"Still so tight," Hannibal complimented, leaning over to bite the back of Will's ear.

Will moaned against the bed of leaves beneath him, trying not to betray himself. “Fuck you,” he sputtered angrily. Will raised his chest off the ground an inch but his only reward was being flipped over and held down with his legs open, knees bent, ankles still trapped by his jeans.

Hannibal had him by one wrist but had to use his other hand to get his cock out. “It doesn’t appear that you will,” he said with a triumphant smirk. “But I’d prefer to see your face as *I do* .” Will clawed at his jacket as he could, trembling in anticipation. And then the agony and ecstasy of being so forcefully filled and shamelessly taken as Hannibal drove into him, both of them panting the crisp air in and out of their open mouths. They shared a violent kiss that ended with Hannibal jerking his head back, blood coating his lower lip. “Feisty,” he said appreciatively before delivering another forceful thrust that left Will gasping up at the night sky.

“Get off me!” Will tried to be commanding even as Hannibal fucked him harder and faster now, sweat of his own glistening on his forehead in the moonlight, his perfect hair tangled and twisted with leaves, all Chesapeake Ripper, especially from this angle. Even as the order left Will’s lips, he arched his back and whined appreciatively when Hannibal let go of one of his wrists to stroke his cock for him. Will’s bodily tension dissolved and he lay back, letting himself be driven down into the damp, loamy forest floor with each powerful stroke.

“It’s not like you to give up before it’s all over,” Hannibal panted.

Will smirked up at him. “Who said I’m giving up?”

Hannibal’s response was to pull almost all the way out and the ram back in. Will shouted a half-formed curse then emitted another frustrated growl.

“Waving - the - white - flag?” Hannibal asked him, breathless but conversational in between beautifully brutal thrusts.

“Kiss me, you fucking monster,” Will snarled, then howled when Hannibal yanked his hair again. Hannibal smothered his cry with his own mouth, penetrating with tongue now as well.

And that was when Will made his move, executing a reversal that caught Hannibal totally unawares. His head thudded against the ground when Will flipped him over, cock slipping out of Will’s delightfully abused hole.

“Oh shit!” Will whispered, breaking character for a second, perched on Hannibal’s chest “Too rough?”

Hannibal smiled lovingly up at him from the leaf strewn ground, showing his teeth. “Unexpected tree root,” he whispered back, lifting his hand to his head. “No permanent damage.”

They resumed the struggle but Will now had the upper hand by a sizable measure. And, as it turned out, for all of Hannibal’s teasing Will about secretly wanting to submit, he certainly didn’t seem too put out by being overpowered. Well, not feeling put out, but he *put out,* you know what I’m sayin’? *‘Nawhatimean?*

In fact, after a couple of minutes, the Chesapeake Ripper lay flat, the backs of his hands on the ground, and invited Will to have his way, which he did, but only after pulling Hannibal up at the waist for a long, affectionate embrace. Will lowered him down gently, hand cradling the back of his head, then eased his way in.

“Not so gently, beloved,” Hannibal reminded him. “Enjoy your spoils.”

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After limping out of the woods and back to the car, Will followed Hannibal’s instructions and checked him for a concussion, which he did not seem to have. Rather, he had a good sized goose egg on the back of his head where he’d knocked it on the tree root. Will’s cheek and neck were scratched by errant branches but he was otherwise no worse for wear. Sweaty and filthy and wonderfully exhausted, they sat in the Bentley with the heat on, waiting for the car to warm up.

“Your hands are like ice,” Hannibal said, taking Will’s in his own and rubbing them.

“You know what they say. Cold hands, warm cock,” Will said. “I mean, heart.”

“Both,” Hannibal said. “Regardless, we can’t have you with frostbite. Open the glove box.”

Will did. Inside he found a pair of knitted mittens. They were made to look like brown and tan dogs with floppy ears and felt eyes, little red tongues hanging out.

Will chuckled. “You keep these here in case, ah… the car breaks down or something? Did Aunt Louise send these?”

“No,” Hannibal smiled, running a hand through his wild hair in an attempt to smooth it. “Those are for you.”

Will laughed delightedly as he pulled them on. The way the mittens were shaped made them into little puppets with the thumb section opening and closing the mouth. “Wood woof,” Will grinned. Hannibal reached for him but one of the dog puppets nipped at his hand with a growl. “Oh, don’t mind Lefty, he’s a rescue. It, ah… takes him a while to get used to new people. No, Lefty, bad dog.”

Hannibal put the car in drive. “Strange. I spent so many hours with him, you’d think he’d be used to me.”

Will glanced at his husband. “Hours?”

“I made them,” Hannibal revealed.

“What?” Will barked. “Uh-uh. No you didn’t.”

“I did,” Hannibal insisted. “A yarn boutique opened up across the street from my office. All of their fibers are completely natural and produced in the United States and Canada. I stopped in, and saw the pattern. I’ve been working on them on nights you’ve been away.”

Will wanted to cry. They were so stupidly cute and sweet it made him sick.

“Knitting is like praying,” Hannibal said, pulling out onto the highway. “A repeated pattern, like using a rosary’s beads to count Hail Marys. While we both know that the capricious God above doesn’t care to listen to prayers, I thought of you with every stitch, Will.”

Will lifted up one of the puppet mittens. “Thank you,” he said in a gruff doggy voice, then dragged the felt tongue over Hannibal’s cheek, making slobbering sounds. Lowering his hands to his lap, he said, “Seriously though. Thank you. They’re… I love them.”

“Enough to wear them to the next crime scene?”

Will laughed, tossing his head back against the seat rest, thinking of himself kneeling over a body wearing doggie mittens. Or interviewing a witness. “I’ll have to train them. Oh look, Lefty’s got no manners.” Will snuck his mittened hand along Hannibal’s thigh then between his legs, giving his bulge an affectionate squeeze.

When they got home, Will checked his phone for messages while Hannibal drew them a bath. There was a text from Jack.

Eva Greene broke out of Baylor correctional in Delaware. Nobody knows how or where she is. Lock your doors.

“Shit,” Will rasped.

Hannibal returned from the bathroom, shirtless, bits of leaf still stuck to his hair. “What is it?”

“You remember the Lost Boys?”

Hannibal nodded.

“Their *Mommie Dearest* just escaped from prison,” Will said grimly.

October 4th: Pumpkin Patch and Teratophilia

Chapter Summary

> The stagman uncurled his long limbs and slipped into the water. Bending its deer-like bipedal legs, it submerged to its chest and beckoned Will closer, holding him tight in its long uncanny arms. Will felt safe and secure in this monstrous grasp, relaxing against the creature's chest and embracing in return.

October 4th: Pumpkin Patch and Teratophilia

"We shoulda pre-gamed before we came," Zeller said, sipping his hot cider with a longing look. "Or brought a flask. This shit would be so good with whiskey in it."

Will had to agree, but the point of going to the pumpkin patch wasn't to treat it like a frat party. Zeller was probably just feeling fifth-wheel-ish as he sat in the wagon on straw bales surrounded by couples enjoying a romantic hayrack ride – Jimmy and Oliver Price, Maeve Katz and Franklyn Froidiveaux, and Will and Hannibal. Beverly Katz was there too, but she was intently chatting up the guy driving the tractor, a blond, ruddy-cheeked fella wearing jeans and flannel, perfectly matching the pumpkin farm's scenery and the whole "It's fall y'all!" vibe.

Will added things up in his head. Was Zeller the seventh wheel, then? And Bev was the spare tire on the back of the jeep or something? What kind of vehicle was this, anyway?

"Hey, Franklyn," Will said, leaning up and putting his elbows on his knees. "I'm, ah… my *condolences* . Heard what happened to your paladin."

"He died as he lived. Defending the innocent and spreading the good word about the great and powerful Poseidon." Franklyn raised his hand to brush a tear from his cheek. Maeve wrapped her arms around his soft middle and rested her head on his shoulder. They were wearing matching sweaters that said "Pumpkin Spice and Everything Nice" in stitched cursive, surrounded by fall leaves and, of course, the orange gourds in question. "I have to say that Dr. Lecter's candy apples did ease my pain a little." It should have been a joke, but Will thought his friend was dead serious. He bit the inside of his lip to keep from smiling.

"I'm pleased they brought you some relief," Hannibal said with the same level of solemnity.

Will leaned back against Hannibal as the wagon bounced along the rutted road, giving them a tour of the pumpkin farm, which also had some livestock and apiaries. Hannibal was as dressed down as Will could get him, but was still wearing a cinnamon bark-colored sweater-

vest and a tan blazer. Will was rocking the jeans and flannel – this time of year was his wardrobe's time to shine.

When the ride was over, he let Hannibal extend a hand to help him off the wagon like they were in some kind of Victorian Masterpiece Theater show. Beverly straight up hopped over the side and landed gracefully on the gravel, sauntering up to the group. "Got his number," she said with a sly grin.

Now it was time to shop. The lawn of the farmhouse was a cornucopia bursting with arrangements of different pumpkins, all species: traditional orange, crazy Frankenstein green, green-orange and warty, white, and pale yellow. Hannibal instructed Will to get a little red wagon from the sales barn; Will then followed him around like a pack animal trying to get all the pumpkins and gourds and decorative corn cobs to fit in the wagon, utilizing all the skills he'd picked up playing tetris in fifth grade on his friend's gameboy.

"This thing is getting heavy," Will said, trying to navigate the wagon over the gravel drive of the pumpkin farm.

"Almost finished, beloved." Hannibal paused in front of a large cart bearing enormous traditional pumpkins, round and swollen, with twisty stems, the size of basketballs or bigger. "And two of these," he decided, picking out the ones he wanted.

"Those ain't goin' in the cart," Will told him flatly, looking at the overloaded wagon.

"Of course not." Hannibal took the handle of the wagon from him, then nodded towards the pumpkins. "Will you need to make two trips, or can you handle it?"

Will gave him a withering look. He supposed there was a little bit of dirt on the bottoms of the pumpkins from where they'd sat on the ground, and heaven (or hell) forbid it get on Dr. Lecter's immaculate blazer. With a sigh, Will hoisted both pumpkins up onto his shoulders and held them there like they were massive pauldrons on a suit of autumnal armor. They made their way to the sales barn, but had to wait in line as a bunch of Karens took forever to check out, buying little decorative signs and pillows from the pumpkin patch's shop featuring "clever" sayings in scripty "wine mom" font.

Will had to adjust his load several times, eventually shifting the pumpkins to his chest where he held them against himself over his pecs, trying not to sweat or make it seem like he was about to drop them. He had to take a lap, putting them up on his shoulders, then holding them to his chest again. "The things you do for me, darling," Hannibal said as he, at last, pulled the wagon up to the checkout.

"The things I do for my sugar bear," Will agreed sweetly, even as his muscles were beginning to fail.

Zeller got in line behind them with Beverly, each holding a case of locally-brewed pumpkin beer. "Hey Will, nice pumpkin tits!" Beverly folded in half with laughter, her dark hair streaming over her face.

“Z, you should go back in the corn maze and find that scarecrow in the blonde wig,” Jimmy suggested as he and Oliver got in line with their own overflowing wagon of fall gourd species. “Because she’s your best chance at getting a date for Friday night.”

“Just don’t bring her home for a romantic rendezvous in front of the fireplace,” Oliver added. Picking up a decorative witchy broom, he tapped it on Zeller’s head. “ *How about a little fire, scarecrow* ?” he cackled in a perfect Wicked Witch of the West impression.

Back home at the acreage, all of the pumpkins and gourds and whatnot had to be placed around the property in little decorative groupings, the rest brought inside for a dinner-table centerpiece. Will’s hard work and patience was rewarded with another perfectly cooked dinner and an enthusiastic blowjob before bed.

“Goodnight,” Hannibal crooned, stroking Will’s hair gently back from his forehead. “Goodnight… pumpkin tits.”

Will elbowed him, but then allowed himself to be spooned until they fell asleep.

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Will lowered the gun. Garret Jacob Hobbs slumped against the kitchen counter and slid down in the corner, gurgling his last breaths. “See? See?”

Will tried to stop the bleeding, cupping his hands around the bloody gash on Abigail’s throat. “Hannibal!” he cried. But this time, Hannibal wasn’t there. And Abigail exsanguinated in his arms, spreading a huge pool of blood across the kitchen floor, soaking him to the skin. It just kept coming and coming, more and more and more blood.

Will glanced over to see the edge of the crimson pool touch Hobbs’ body. But the body was gone. Impossible. Terror clawed at his throat, combatting the overwhelming grief that blanketed him as he held the dead girl in his lap, rocking her like a baby. The pool of blood covered the entire kitchen floor now. But its surface was disturbed, as if something undulated beneath, a still lake troubled by a school of fish near the surface.

Or a monster.

From the bloody pool rose Garret Jacob Hobbs, naked now, arms stretched out, fingers splayed. He was covered in the eerie symbols that had decorated his body at the cemetery, and his mouth and eyes were shards of black mirror. The dragon emblem between his eyes glowed with some kind of uncanny spiritual fire.

And he was not alone. As Hobbs hovered in the air, floating, toes pointed, just touchings the pool of blood, another figure rose in the same manner. Eldon Stammets. And now Eva Greene. All of the animated corpses were covered with the same symbols, the mark of the dragon on their foreheads. Will saw nine versions of himself reflected in the shards of black mirror.

He clung to Abigail, his breathing rapid, panicked. “What do you want?” he tried to say, but it came out a soundless whisper.

An inch at a time, the dead murderers lowered back to the pool, standing in the inch or so of blood as if they hadn't risen from its depths. And they lunged for him, tearing Abigail away, and dragging him to his feet, clawing at him. They were going to take his eyes and his tongue. Change him. Mark him for the dragon.

The Dragon.

The Great Red Dragon.

Will tried to scream, but again, couldn't make a sound.

With a mighty crash, a dark figure smashed through the kitchen window. It was a magnificent black stag, a version, perhaps, of the one he'd seen in the woods the night he and Hannibal had been playing their sexy game of chasey-chase. This one was thickly built, with a massive rack of ebony antlers, its fur feathered in some places with the black plumage of the most lustrous raven.

It fixed its baleful obsidian eyes on the murderers for a long moment, as if giving them a chance to surrender. Then it struck, jabbing the tines of one antler into Mary Kathleen Worthington's shoulder. The horns sank into her flesh with sickening ease, and when the stag jerked its head, she flew across the kitchen, through the door, and crashed so hard into the dining room table that it splintered to pieces. Stammets let go of Will and lunged for the strange stag, but it reared up on its hind legs, lashing out with one razor-edged hoof. Stammets' skull caved in. A second blow threw him into the pantry door, which also splintered apart, depositing him in a pile of fallen cans and broken glass jars.

Hobbs roared, lifting his knife as if to slit Will's throat. Will, slippery with blood, managed to fall away, hitting the bloody floor with a thud. This gave the stag a perfect opportunity to open its jaws. It had shark's teeth, not the flat grinding molars of an herbivore. The jagged mouth closed around Hobbs' throat and the creature shook its prey, tearing his gullet out so completely Will could see his spine.

The stag loomed over Will where he cowered on the floor in the puddle of blood. For a moment, Will was terrified he was going to be next. But the stag only sniffed him, then pushed its velvet nose lovingly into the side of Will's neck. It reared back on its hind legs again, but not to strike. The creature was changing, the fur retracting into the skin, the bones busily rearranging. The snout shortened, and four legs became two.

A humanoid figure stood before him now, the rack of antlers still atop its head. The black body was muscled, covered with a smooth ebony hide. It loomed tall and thin, the shoulders still hunched in a feral posture, limbs and hands and feet disproportionately long. It had a trail of fine jet-black hair that eased down its belly until it joined with more dark, silky hair that traveled between its legs. Nestled there was…

Will looked, then pretended he hadn't. But that one glance, even in the nightmare gloaming of the Hobbs kitchen, had made his pulse pound.

The stagman slowly bent, fixing Will with its unearthly pearlescent eyes. Its facial structure was so familiar… and when Will took its long, gnarled, claw-tipped hand, its eyes shifted,

darkening, pigment flooding the orbs to form an iris and pupil.

Hannibal's eyes, warm amber and maroon, looking at him with all the sweet adoration they usually held.

"You saved me," Will tried to whisper.

The stagman opened his arms, and Will came to him without a moment's hesitation, despite his monstrous proportions. The creature lifted him easily, like a child, holding him bridal-fashion. Will slung his arms around the stagman's long black neck, burying his face in his velvet hide-skin. Smelled like his husband, too.

The stagman carried Will out into the woods, which ceased to resemble Minnesota and instead took on a fairytale forest quality. The trees were thick and ancient, and the shadows swarmed with fireflies. The moonlight sparkled on a gorgeous waterfall, beneath which was a clear pool, edged with smooth rocks, its bottom the softest white sand.

The stagman set him down. Will peeled off his bloody clothes as the creature crouched on a nearby rock, watching him undress. He waded into the pool, delighting in the strangely warm water that washed him clean, pausing to stand beneath the waterfall. When he came away from the cascade, wiping water from his eyes, he saw the stagman was still watching him. Its expression, while alien, emoted a certain desire that neared covetousness. Will waded over to the rock where it crouched and reached out a hand, stroking his cheek, shaped so similarly to Hannibal's. "Come in," he invited.

The stagman uncurled his long limbs and slipped into the water. Bending its deer-like bipedal legs, it submerged to its chest and beckoned Will closer, holding him tight in its long uncanny arms. Will felt safe and secure in this monstrous grasp, relaxing against the creature's chest and embracing in return.

The stagman gathered Will's face in its enormous bony hands, stroking his cheek, neck, hair, the claws tracing over his skin without causing any pain or distress. The threat of them, however, was exhilarating, and Will felt his breath quicken. The long fingers closed around his waist and the stagman leaned in. When its ebony lips parted, Will caught a hint of fang teeth, though they were more vampire than shark in this form, two sets of canines, the front teeth broad but sharp as well. He trembled but leaned in too, resting his hands on the creature's smooth, bony shoulders.

The kiss was tender, tentative at first, the beast seemingly taking care not to scare Will or threaten him with his teeth. But Will found himself going deeper. The monster tasted like blood and the freshest, most delectable raw meat, beyond any sushi-grade salmon or steak tartare. And his tongue was quite skilled, teasing around Will's mouth, moving against his own…

Holy shit — that tongue, it just… kept coming…! Will felt it slide deeper into his mouth. Into his throat…! He caught himself before he gagged and relaxed as he'd learned to do.

The stag man slowly retracted its long, powerful tongue from Will's throat and mouth, then broke the kiss to look at him, head slightly cocked as if studying Will's expression. Will

nodded eagerly and the stag man leaned in again, making a bestial keening sound as he undulated his strange tongue along Will's neck and Will stroked his antlers. He closed his fingers around one antler near where it grew from the ebony skull and worked it sensually like he would an erect sex organ, which drew more pleasured animalistic growls and grunts from the creature.

With a sudden splash of water, the monster lifted him out of the pool and spread him out on the mossy bank, the earth beneath him soft and covered with springy plants and silky flowers. The stag folded down its long limbs and knelt, spreading Will's legs and sniffing the air as if scenting him.

"Oh, fuck… yes…!" Will faced the glowing cosmos above and moaned up into the aurora. The stag's prodigious tongue was hard at work licking him everywhere — inner thighs, along the shaft of his cock, all over his balls, along his perineum and finally devouring his hole with sinful enthusiasm, undulating, changing speeds, teasing, then lapping with more pressure. Will gripped the stag man's antlers as he buried his face in Will's crevice, and held on for dear life as the creature's tongue pushed inside with the sure thickness of a human-sized cock, though longer and so much more mobile. Will lost his hold on time and space as the pleasure built and spread and promised to never end. He felt like he'd been orgasming for hours when, at last, the tongue returned to the creature's mouth and he loosened his grip on the ebony antlers. Will was slick all over, breathing hard, exhausted by the seemingly unstoppable nirvana.

The stagman raised himself on his strange, knobby knees, a long black shadow, and curled his cruel thin hands around Will's thighs, keeping them open. Will propped himself up on his elbows to see and was greeted by a magnificently alarming sight.

The anthropomorphic shadow-stag had an absolutely colossal cock. It was huge and thick and black, coming to almost a point in the front, veiny and thick, dripping with slick monstrous seed. "I… don't know… I don't think I can…" Will stammered. But the stag held up a bony finger to his lips and shushed him. The creature cradled his face with one hand, stroking his cheek reassuringly, and used its other to guide its enormous member to Will's opening.

He tensed, waiting for it to hurt. Waiting to split and scream. But he didn't. Somehow, he took it, as much as would possibly fit inside. There was discomfort. But it coexisted with the delicious feeling of being stuffed absolutely full, and his already tender prostate was about to undergo another ordeal.

The stagman sighed blissfully and began to fuck him, slowly at first. He lifted Will with his impossibly strong arms and held him close, contorting his own long spine to find the best angle. It was so much — too much — and Will nearly wept with the overstimulation. But he heard himself begging for more, digging his grip into the creature's hide. It seemed impossible to orgasm again, but it happened, and he was being pumped full of the creature's hot, thick seed, something unholy and otherworldly…

"Will… wake up. Will…"

He opened his eyes to find himself in bed. Hannibal was a human and this was Baltimore. He was drenched in sweat and fucking hard as hell. “It seemed like you were having a nightmare,” Hannibal said. “But this might say otherwise.” He touched Will’s erection through his boxers. Will shuddered violently with a little gasp. “May I assist?”

“Please,” Will begged.

“And you’ll tell me the dream?”

“Yes, yeah, just—“

Hannibal was already disappearing beneath the covers and sliding Will’s sweaty boxers off.

October 5th: Leaf Piles and Collaring

Chapter Summary

> His husband appeared at the doorway to the living room to find Will sitting in an armchair with a glass of whiskey, legs crossed, face stern and unsmiling.
> "Good evening," Hannibal greeted, observing the tableau with a small smile.
> "Good evening, what?" Will said, swirling his whiskey in the glass.
> "Good evening, sir."

October 5th: Leaf Piles and Collaring

He'd had, at the very least, a half-hard cock all fucking day. It'd started that morning when they were both leaving for work. Will was doing a lecture at Quantico and Hannibal had a full day of appointments booked. When Hannibal had paused to hug him before handing him his carefully packed lunch and heading out the door, Will had seen something metallic shift above his perfectly pressed shirt collar. During the embrace, Will had clandestinely pressed a hand against the back of Hannibal's neck. Beneath the circle of tie silk and the collar, he could feel the thin, elegant band of metal circling his husband's throat, hidden oh so discreetly beneath his dress shirt and Will's favorite champagne-colored tie.

But nothing was said. Hannibal simply wished him a good day, kissed his cheek, and drove off in the Bentley.

All day long, Will had had to suffer the secret pleasure of his knowledge. Beneath Hannibal's perfect, polished exterior, beneath his person-suit, he was wearing a rose-gold sub collar decorated with twists of sterling silver and a leash ring. When clasped, it locked, and Will had the key tucked in a little wooden box on his dresser. He couldn't stop fantasizing, even as he was in mid-lecture about horrendous murders; his mind was a carousel of visions of Hannibal delivering his therapy sessions in his fancy office, legs crossed, hands clasped so elegantly, buttoned up in his suit, the picture of poise and professionalism. All this, secretly wearing a collar that was engraved on the inside: *PROPERTY OF WILLIAM J. GRAHAM.*

When he got home from Quantico, Will had to keep himself occupied until Hannibal came home. He grabbed a rake from the shed and created several piles of leaves that he left at strategic places around the property. Hannibal had said it would create a fall look to complement the pumpkin arrangements and explained exactly where he'd wanted them. Will had initially been skeptical and said he'd "put it on his to-do list" – they had a large property, and leaves weren't going to hurt the lawn. There was no real reason to rake. But he did it now, working up a sweat, just to have something to do.

An unexpected boon from the work was how the piles affected the dogs. Will had no idea how much they loved leaf piles. He spent the remaining time until Hannibal's return drinking iced tea and watching them romp and frolic. Buster was small enough he could burrow into the pile and hide, only to have another dog blast through and send him running. Winston just wanted to lay on the leaves, but nobody was going to let him, annoying him until he chased them off. When the piles were destroyed, Will simply raked them back up again and let the dogs go for it. Zoe sat at his side and barked disapprovingly at the others, as if speaking on Will's behalf. *He spent so much time making his pile and now you idiots are ruining it!*

This helped Will pass the time, and soon enough his watch told him Hannibal would be home in half an hour or less. He went inside to exchange his jeans and flannel for a black v-neck sweater made of a thin, silky weave and black trousers. A little grooming, and he was ready for his property to return home.

He heard Hannibal come in and set down his keys and briefcase on the designated side table in the kitchen. His husband appeared at the doorway to the living room to find Will sitting in an armchair with a glass of whiskey, legs crossed, face stern and unsmiling.

"Good evening," Hannibal greeted, observing the tableau with a small smile.

"Good evening, what?" Will said, swirling his whiskey in the glass.

"Good evening, sir."

Will gave a slight nod of approval, though his face remained stony and unchanged. "Go put on something soft. White, maybe."

Hannibal's smile crept up another tick as he disappeared down the hall to the bedroom. He returned in a cream-colored robe made of a thin, clingy material. And his collar, of course.

Will shook his head.

Hannibal slipped the robe off, revealing a sleek pair of matching silk underwear that cupped him against every curve, showing off the outline of his cock. The material was thin and sheer, and Will could see the shadows of his anatomy. "Turn around," he ordered.

Hannibal did, and Will surveyed his ass tucked into the tiny silk creation. Since Hannibal wasn't looking at him, he could emote, and did, licking his lower lip and biting it for a moment, imagining himself tearing them off with his teeth. "Kitchen," he directed. "Crawl."

His husband knelt and crawled after Will, who went to the kitchen to retrieve a white chef's apron. He motioned for Hannibal to stand, and slipped it over his head, leaning in to tie it around his waist. He heard Hannibal's breath quicken, knew he was being scented, that Hannibal wanted to touch but couldn't. Will pulled back and ran his fingertips over the edge of the rose-gold collar, then hooked his finger into the ring, dragging Hannibal's face down to his. Hannibal closed his eyes as if expecting a kiss. Will brought their lips within fractions of an inch from touching, then said, "Cook me some dinner."

Hannibal nodded, and Will left him to it for a while. He put on some music – rough, smoky Delta blues – and settled in a kitchen chair to watch the good doctor work: cooking a delicious meal wearing nothing but an apron and skimpy little underwear thinner than parachute silk. A few times, Will got up to watch him as he chopped vegetables or pan-seared the meat, and helped himself to a long, covetous grope beneath the apron, gathering Hannibal's cock and balls into his palm and massaging them, pressing his own bulge against his husband's silk-encased ass. He leaned in and gently slipped the metal collar between his teeth and pulled on it, applying just a little tension to remind Hannibal it was there.

Hannibal suffered his evident, mounting arousal with the patience of a saint, though Will delighted in seeing the blush in his cheeks and hearing the change in his breath.

Time to eat. Will sat and let himself be served at the head of the long dining room table, its shiny surface adorned with the autumnal centerpiece featuring pumpkins, vines, berries, leaves, and mums and lit by orange candlelight. Hannibal stood aside as Will surveyed his plate and wine glass. "Go get your leash," Will said, gesturing for the door with his chin.

A few minutes later, it was dinnertime. Will enjoyed rosemary lamb, new potatoes, steamed greens, and artisanal bread, while Hannibal sat on the floor at his side, a matching rose-gold chain attached to his collar, the end looped around Will's wrist so it jangled every time he lifted his fork to his mouth. He carefully cut up his sizable portion of lamb, and hand-fed half of it to Hannibal, who rested easily against the side of Will's leg. One piece at a time, gently sucking Will's fingers clean until Will's cock fairly pulsed, demanding the same treatment.

Will set down his silverware and gave the chain a gentle pull. "Dessert," he ordered, though gently.

Hannibal didn't hesitate, sliding between Will's legs on the floor and opening his pants to give him pleasure, teasing the head with his aristocratic lips first, brushing them across the slit and just beneath. Then a little further in, flicks of the tongue. Will sighed, leaning back on his chair and resting his elbows on the arms, gripping the handrests as Hannibal took him deeper in maddening little increments. Will couldn't keep up the dom facade – he found himself praising and stroking Hannibal's hair in the moments before he orgasmed.

Hannibal didn't abandon him immediately; he kept Will's softening cock in his mouth for a good minute, then gently released it, lovingly tucking him back in. Will scooted his chair back and beckoned, and Hannibal crawled up for a kiss. He moaned softly against Will's neck when Will touched him through the silk again, back to front and back again.

Will was just about to order him to the bedroom when he heard his phone ring where he'd left it in the kitchen. It had to be Jack; Will had his phone set on "Do Not Disturb" and the only numbers that rang through in that case were Jack Crawford's, Hannibal's, his father's, and Aunt Louise's.

Hannibal got to his feet and Will nodded, throat dry, releasing the leash. He hurried to the kitchen and picked up. "Jack."

"Will." Jack paused with a sigh. "Elliott Buddish's ashes were stolen from his wife's home less than six hours ago."

“The Angel-Maker?” Will’s anxiety spiked. Hannibal was suddenly there, holding him from behind as if to steady him.

“Right,” Jack confirmed. “He was cremated after we found him dead in that barn. His wife had his ashes in their home. She was afraid that putting them in a cemetery might invite vandalism. Someone broke in and stole the urn. Nothing else.”

“Shit,” Will rasped, running a hand through his hair.

“I’m calling a meeting tomorrow morning. My office, 9:00, the whole team. Bring Hannibal, if you can. We could use his insight.”

“Got it. Yeah, uh… see you then.” Will hung up. He sighed, leaning back into Hannibal and tossing his phone back on the table.

“Imagine a circle,” Hannibal murmured softly into his ear as he enclosed Will from behind in his bare arms. “Your favorite color. Dark green.”

Will nodded.

“Imagine a circle around that circle. It is a paler shade of that same color.”

“Okay…” Will furrowed his brow, but closed his eyes and imagined it anyway.

“And surrounding both, like an archery target, is yet another circle. This one is the palest of all, almost white. Do you see it?”

“Yeah, I see it.”

“The darkest green circle in the center represents the areas of life and the world over which you have direct control. The next concentric circle symbolizes areas of influence. These are parts of your world that can be shifted, guided, perhaps, depending on your actions, although the outcome is not guaranteed.”

“Lemme guess,” Will muttered with another sigh. “The palest ring represents all the shit I have no fucking control over.”

“Well done, beloved.” Hannibal kissed his temple and pressed his cheek against Will’s, then stroked his hair.

“How about what’s outside that final ring?” Will asked. “In the completely white space?”

“Chaos,” Hannibal said. “The whimsical forces of a capricious god who is beyond measure in his wanton malice and matchless in his irony.”

“The ‘dark matter’ out in space,” Will said, turning in his husband’s arms, resting his hands on Hannibal’s bare shoulders. “Which, ah… constitutes *85%* of the universe, by the way.”

“Does that concern you?”

Will nodded. “I mean, it’s been a couple of months since my last existential crisis, so I’m probably *due* .”

It was Hannibal’s turn to sigh. “It’s outside of your locus of control, my love. It is unknowable. Just like these incidents regarding the mortal remains of past murderers whose cases you worked.”

“Or the living ones I caught,” Will said, biting the inside of his lip after the last word. Then he smiled, looking into Hannibal’s earnest eyes, thinking about how well they matched the different shades of brown and dark red he’d seen in the swirling leaf piles that day. He held out his hand, and Hannibal placed the chain leash in it again. Will clipped it to his collar. “I think I know something that falls, ah… *well within* my control.”

Hannibal nodded and got back down on his knees. “There’s no place I’d rather be.”

October 6th: Dubcon and Scary Movies

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has to have a tooth extraction and reacts to the IV drip by becoming vulnerable and emotional, needing comfort during a scary movie. It turns Will on like… A LOT

Tw dubcon if you didn't read the chapter title!

October 6th: Dubcon and Scary Movies

"I gotta say," the office assistant leaned over the desk to speak softly to Will. "I have never in my twelve years here seen anyone show up for a tooth extraction wearing a three-piece suit."

Will watched Hannibal carefully remove his suit jacket and hang it on the office's coat tree before following the hygienist back into the oral surgeon's operating room. "Yeah, that's my man," he said with a loving, sideways smile. "How long d'you think it'll be?"

"About an hour. Make yourself comfy. Do you want a coffee? I have pumpkin spice!" The secretary shook a K-cup with an orange top between his fingers.

"Sure, thanks." Will sat down to wait. He picked up a Martha Stewart Living magazine but quickly abandoned it. Martha Stewart didn't have shit on Hannibal when it came to cooking and home decorating.

He'd told himself he wasn't going to worry about it today, that he was only going to focus on Hannibal and his needs, but he got his phone out and flipped through some of the crime scene photos Beverly had sent. Another corpse desecration. It was Elliott Buddish's brother, who had died of a heart attack only a day after the Angel-Maker's ashes had been stolen. His body had been removed from the morgue at the hospital and brought to a field, where it had been given a similar treatment to Garret Jacob Hobbs'. The main difference here was that the body was covered in a layer of ash before the symbols were applied.

Whoever was doing this couldn't have Elliott Buddish himself, since he'd been cremated. Had to make do with the brother and use the ashes to make sure they knew who the intended victim of the desecration was.

Make sure WHO knew? Jack's voice in his head.

"Us," Will murmured aloud before taking a big sip of pumpkin spiced coffee. "The Behavioral Science Unit."

“Mr. Graham-Lecter?” The guy behind the desk called over. “Your husband is in the recovery room now. Doc says everything went great. He won’t come around for another half-hour or so.”

“Right. Lemme run to the pharmacy and get his meds, and I’ll come back and pick him up.”

Will did just that, returning promptly to the oral surgeon’s office and trailing after the secretary who brought him to the recovery area, a room with vinyl cots like you’d see in the school nurse’s office. “I’d give it a little more time, but as soon as he’s good to walk, you can take him home.” The man smiled. “Doc says he was an absolute doll during the procedure. So polite, even thanked him for pulling his tooth.”

Well, good. Will had been a little worried that Hannibal might confess a crime or two under IV sedation. Will went over to the cot where Hannibal was stretched out, elegant hands laced together on his midsection, legs crossed at the ankle. To Will’s surprise, he was awake, looking at the maple tree out the window as its red leaves danced in the breeze, catching the sun, nature’s stained glass.

Will sat down on the provided chair and patted his hand. Hannibal turned to him, and Will saw then the trails of tears running down from the corners of his eyes, though his face was mild and undistressed, one side a little swollen from the packing that plugged the place where his long-neglected wisdom tooth had once nestled.

“Hey, sugar, what’s wrong? Are you in a lot of pain?”

“Will.” Hannibal’s face broke into a wide smile even as more tears fell. He struggled to sit up, but Will gently guided him back down. “I thought… you went home and forgot me.”

Oh wow. This, Will was not expecting. Hannibal coming off of his IV and being all loopy and emotional. He looked like a shivering little puppy left alone on the streets. Will lifted Hannibal’s hand and held it between his own, kissing it. “I’d never leave you, darlin’. I just had to go get your medication.”

“But you were gone for hours.”

“I was gone for 20 minutes.”

Hannibal shook his head firmly, a lock of carefully coiffed hair falling over his forehead. “No, I’ve been here all day like this.”

Arguing was not going to have any effect whatsoever, so Will just agreed. “I’m so sorry I kept you waiting.”

Hannibal sniffed. Will handed him a tissue from a nearby table, and he dried his eyes. “Well, you ought to be.”

“Can I take you home now?”

“If you promise, Will, if you promise not to leave me again.” Fresh tears threatened.

Will kissed his hands, one after the other. “I swear. I’ll, ah… stick on you like glue, okay?”

Hannibal nodded, though his expression was still wary and wounded. He stood up and moved easily enough, going to the front of the office and putting on his coat while Will signed the final papers and got all of the supplies and info about aftercare, including the fun little water squirter bottle Hannibal would have to use to clean out his socket after eating. Armed with this, mouthwash, the big-ass ibuprofen he’d gotten at the pharmacy, and a Hannibal of indeterminate loopiness, Will drove home to the acreage with Hannibal passing out in his seat almost immediately, snoring at an alarming volume.

When they got home, Will considered leaving him to sleep in the car while he got the house ready, but remembered his promise. He hemmed and hawed for a few minutes, sitting in the garage in the Volvo before sneaking out of the car. He crept up to the kitchen door, keeping an eye on Hannibal, who was still asleep. Will darted inside and went down to the basement – not to their sex dungeon, but the storage room, where he still had an old TV from his house at Wolf Trap. He’d barely used it then – it’d lived upstairs in the bedroom he never slept in – but watching a movie seemed like just the thing for Hannibal in this state. Maybe convince him he wasn’t alone if Will had to slip out and take care of the dogs.

When everything was ready, he gently opened the passenger side door and stroked Hannibal’s already bruising cheek. He woke with a groggy grumble and rubbed his eyes one handed. “It’s nighttime,” he said. “We must have been driving for hours.”

“It’s not nighttime,” Will promised, helping him out of the car. “We’re in the garage.”

“Oh, I see.” Hannibal looked out through the kitchen window, brow furrowed in thought as if trying to tease out the details of time passing.

“Here.” Will gave him some ibuprofen, but skipped the tylenol with codeine. Hannibal was reacting strangely enough as it was. Will brought him back to the bedroom where he stood, frozen, staring at the TV perched on a table at the foot of the bed. “Will,” he whispered. “Someone put a TV in our room. What if they’re still in the house?”

“That was me,” Will explained gently, helping Hannibal out of his coat.

“Are you sure?”

Will bit back a smile. “Yeah, I’m sure. C’mon, you need to rest.”

Hannibal was compliant, letting Will undress him to his briefs and climb into a maroon silk pajama set. Will stripped down to his tee-shirt and boxers and coaxed the deadly cannibal onto the bed to watch TV. “I thought you said it wasn’t night time,” Hannibal said with a hint of suspicion.

“It’s not,” Will told him patiently. “But you just had your tooth extracted and you need to rest.”

“That’s the treatment I’d suggest. If I were my own doctor,” Hannibal said, nodding as if this confirmed everything. He slid down onto the comforter with Will.

Will turned on the TV. They didn't have cable or anything, so all he had were the channels he could pick up with the digital antenna he rested on the windowsill, trailing the cord to the back of the set. He found a symphony performance on a public access channel and set the remote down on the bedside table, slipping Hannibal into his arms.

"You know I'd never leave you somewhere, right?" Will said, pressing his lips against Hannibal's hair.

"Of course not. You promised you wouldn't."

Hannibal slept on and off for a couple of hours and Will was able to go and let the dogs out without alarming him. Hannibal had planned ahead and made himself some various soft foods to eat during his dental convalescence, and Will managed to get him to eat some chocolate mousse, helping himself to some leftover lamb and potatoes. Hannibal seemed to lose some of his loopy, dazed bearing. Will had a few little naps too. It was nice, like this, just being completely lazy without feeling guilty at all.

At one point Will woke up with the heavy feeling that time had passed. It was dark out, going on midnight. Hannibal was sitting at the end of the bed, his rapt attention on the television screen, which was playing whatever the public access channel played late at night.

"Oh, hey, *Carnival of Souls!* " Will exclaimed, excited even as he yawned. "It's my favorite."

Hannibal slowly turned to him, haloed in the black and white shadows of the old horror movie. "Your *favorite* ?" he whispered. "Will, this film is… utterly terrifying."

Will realized how pale Hannibal looked, and how big his pupils still were. That IV drip had really done a number. He turned back to the TV, and Will saw him — the Chesapeake fucking Ripper — jump when the ghoul haunting the main character suddenly appeared as a demonic reflection in her car window as she drove. Hannibal took a breath as if to steady his nerves and ran a hand through his hair, making it stand up wildly.

"Are you… *scared* ?" Will slid down carefully to the end of the bed and put his arm around Hannibal's middle.

"It's awful. She's slowly separating from humanity. She was trying to shop for dresses but nobody could hear or see her. And then suddenly they could once more. She's afraid she's losing her mind." Hannibal leaned into him, gripping his thigh as the eerie organ music began.

"Let's turn it off, then," Will suggested gently.

"No!" This was emphatic. "I have to see what happens."

"Han…"

His husband muttered something in Lithuanian. Will took him by the arm and gently drew him back towards the pillows. "Just lay with me, okay?"

Hannibal did, tucking himself under Will's arm. He could feel the dread rolling off of Hannibal as the tension in the old black and white movie grew and grew. He clung to Will desperately, even hid his face in his chest a couple of times.

It was, without a doubt, the absolute cutest fucking thing Will had ever fucking seen. He felt like he was going to explode with love. Hannibal was NEVER like this, never vulnerable or needy or fragile.

Fuck. He was getting so hard, just reveling in it. "Sshh, kitten," he murmured as Hannibal muttered something and covered his eyes during another of the pavilion scenes. He stroked his husband's hair, caressed his body encased in the silk pajamas. Fuck, why was this so *hot* ? "It's okay, Hannibunny." All the pet names he never would have dared to use…!

Will took one of Hannibal's hands as a show of support, but then drifted it down and opened the palm, pressing it against his erection. Will emitted a lusty sigh, moving Hannibal's hand beneath his own and grinding up into it. "You feel what you're doing to me?" he murmured against the top of Hannibal's head. Hannibal didn't respond — the movie was ending, the main character's body being pulled out of the river.

"She was dead all along," Hannibal whispered. "God truly is matchless is his irony… such… wanton malice!"

Will sat up, bringing Hannibal up with him. "Sweetheart, are you crying again?"

Hannibal nodded, letting Will brush his tears away. "It's so *sad* , Will."

"Yeah," Will said absently, lowering Hannibal down on his back and kneeling over him. His boxers felt like a prison. He arched down and kissed the tears from Hannibal's sharp cheekbones. Then his lips. Gently, caressing him all over through the silky pajamas.

Hannibal whimpered and turned his head away. "It hurts," he said, raising his hand to the side of his face.

Fuck, Will had almost forgotten about the tooth extraction. "I'm sorry, babe… where… uhm, could I kiss you somewhere *else?"*

Hannibal made a sound of distress as Will, not waiting for an answer, slipped his husband's pajamas and briefs off, kissing down his stomach and trying to awaken his interest. "Do you think we're dead and we don't know it?" Hannibal whispered as Will spread his legs wider and started eating him out.

"No, no," Will promised, getting up to squirt lube into his hand.

Hannibal's forehead wrinkled and his bruised mouth became a pout as his eyes drifted shut. He gave a little hitched sigh when Will started fingering him open. "Are you sure?" Hannibal asked hesitantly, and its vulnerable cadence made Will want to devour him, bones and all.

"I'm sure, I'm sure," Will promised, pulling down his boxers and stroking his cock with a lubed hand. "Oh my God," he moaned as he pressed in. His husband was *very relaxed* in this

state, despite his anxieties about being dead and not knowing it, and bottoming out was easy.

“That man who lived in her boarding house,” Hannibal murmured, staring up at the ceiling even as Will picked up his pace, selfishly taking what he wanted, “was *rude.* I would have murdered him the first night. Tricked him out to the pavilion and cut off his legs first.”

“Oh yeah, darlin, I know you would’ve,” Will praised him, kissing his neck, trying to be gentle.

“It would be amusing indeed to watch him try to dance with no legs, once he became a phantom like the others.”

Will’s passion reached its peak and he climaxed hard, feeling his toes curl, pumping his husband full. “I’m sorry,” he murmured into Hannibal’s chest after collapsing on it. “I didn’t mean to show you a scary movie.”

“That’s certainly *not* what you should apologize for,” Hannibal sniffed.

“Listen, I just—“

“What you should be contrite about, William, is leaving me in that waiting room for hours and hours,” Hannibal scolded sleepily.

“I’m so sorry. I’ll make it up to you.” Hannibal didn’t answer. He was deeply asleep, mouth slackened. Will rolled over and succumbed as well, despite the faint eerie organ music that still wound its way around his head.

October 7th: Nutmeg and Stuck in a Wall

Chapter Summary

> Will discovers a crawlspace in the foundation of their home and gets stuck when the wall crumbles a bit! Whatever will Hannibal do?

October 7th: Nutmeg and Stuck in a Wall

Will woke to Hannibal kissing his forehead, seated on the edge of the bed. “Will. It’s almost nine.”

“Mmmmfff,” was Will’s response. He wrapped an arm around Hannibal’s middle, pulling him down onto the bed again. His husband smelled like his usual cologne with a layer of brown sugar. He’d really gotten crazy about his baking lately. Must be that lard he’d rendered from their last victim before the wedding, kept in the freezer, just waiting to be used to make the most delicious baked goods ever. Hannibal said it made a wonderful substitute for Crisco shortening.

“Mr. and Mr. Price are expecting us for brunch,” Hannibal reminded him.

“Right, right, yeah…” Will still didn’t move. Hannibal slid out of his grasp and turned him over to kiss him, though gently. He was still recovering from his tooth extraction, though the bruising along his jaw had mostly faded.

“Will.”

“Okay, all right.” He sat up, rubbing his face and hair. Hannibal disappeared back into the kitchen and Will threw on some sweat pants and a sweater to take the dogs out.

When he came back in, Winston snaked his way past his legs and disappeared down the stairs into the basement where they had a finished second living room, the sex dungeon, and storage and utility. “Hey!” Will called after him.

“Strange. I wonder if an animal has gotten in.” Hannibal was grating fresh nutmeg at the kitchen counter, assembling an Armenian nutmeg cake to bring to Jimmy and Oliver’s place for brunch. Will watched him pick up the nut-shaped spice and drag it along the fine grating tool, creating little piles of brown shavings. It smelled bittersweet and delectable, so vital and fresh.

“Dunno. He’s been acting weird lately.” Will paused to pour himself a cup of coffee. Hannibal stopped what he was doing to add in a little cream and sprinkle the surface of the

beverage with the nutmeg.

"Aw, thanks, darlin'." Will tried it and made a sound of approval. "Guess I, ah… better go see what's so exciting about the basement."

Will went down the stairs, turning on lights as he went. The way Winston had been acting was a little… creepy, if he was being honest. Barking at things that weren't there. Staring at corners. Jumpy. Not like his usual steadfast self. The other dogs seemed perturbed, but only, Will thought, because of how Winston was acting. Like he was sensing something that wasn't there.

He found the dog in the storage room, which was lined with shelves and plastic tubs. These could be pushed to one side of the wall and draped with plastic when they needed it for… other purposes. Murdery purposes. There was a convenient drain in the floor, and let's just say that some of the tubs labeled "XMAS DECOS" were not, in fact, stuffed full of garland and fake mistletoe.

Winston was seated at the far end of the room where some of the original foundation was exposed. Will had discovered that the '70s ranch-style house they'd mostly bought for its location near both Baltimore and Quantico and the acres of land around it had been built partially over the foundation of a previous building, an old farmhouse or a dairy barn, if Will had to guess. The old stones made a nice spooky murder room backdrop for sure. But it was here that Winston fixated, staring at the foundation wall as if seeing something invisible to Will.

"What is it, boy?" Will approached, kneeling to pet the dog. Winston whined and pawed at the old stones. Will bent over to look more closely. Winston was right, there was something wrong here. The mortar had flaked away in a large section. Strange, though – there weren't any crumbles on the floor. Then again, the roombas Hannibal deployed daily on both levels of the home would have taken care of that, hiding the slow deterioration of the wall.

"Well, shit," Will cursed, poking around the stones. This one was particularly loose. He pressed on it, just a little, and it fell… *inward.* But this foundation should have been right up against the ground!

"Some kinda crawlspace?" Will peered through the hole, smelling stale air and cold moldy stone. He pushed on another nearby stone and it fell inward as well. He tried another, and another, cursing. The last thing he needed right now was the damn house falling apart. He took out his phone and flipped on the flashlight app, trying to see through the hole and examine the crawlspace within. Will dragged a five-gallon bucket over and overturned it so he could use it for a step stool, then reached his hand through the hole to the cool interior of the mysterious space. It was cold and damp, the air full of particulates. Even with the light it was hard to see anything except a dirt floor up on a higher level than the floor in the room he was currently in. The hole wasn't far above it.

Will tried swinging his arm around to throw more light around, but the angle wasn't working. He pushed in another couple of stones and climbed halfway through, extending his arms into the space, trying not to be afraid of spiders. He rested his chest on the scattered stones he'd pushed in and edged forward, shining the light around. It was shallow – he could see the

stone wall opposite, could touch it if he crawled in some more – and low-ceilinged, though very long. His light couldn't reach the end of the weird little passage.

A grating sound, and something heavy dropped on his back and pinched against his hip. A couple more stones had fallen. He better get out of there before the wall collapsed.

As Will tried to back out, he found, with no insignificant amount of panic, that he couldn't move. He might be able to keep going forward, but the way the fallen stones had wedged, he wasn't able to get back out. Things got worse when he struggled, and the bucket slipped out from under him. "Fuck!" he snarled as he could feel more stones shift. Winston barked. "Winston! Go get help!" he commanded, thinking there was no way it was going to work. He opened up his phone and dialed Hannibal, hoping the call would go through.

It dropped several times, and Will was about to let himself be afraid when he heard Hannibal's voice behind him. "Will?"

"I'm here!"

A hand on his backside. "Are you all right? What happened?"

Winston barked, as if to remind them that he'd saved the day.

"I found some loose masonry. There's a crawlspace back here I didn't know about," Will confessed. "I know, it was stupid. I'm kind of wedged – can you help me? It's the one by my hip – it fell sideways, I think. You might be able to lift it back into place and I can slip out."

"Yes, I think that would work," Hannibal said.

Will waited, sneezing a couple of times with the dust his movement was kicking up. "Is it gonna work?" he called. "Han?"

"I'll return in a moment, darling. Don't panic." He heard Hannibal leave the room, Winston at his heels, barking as if to say, *dude, you're supposed to save him, where are you going?*

Will sighed impatiently, wincing at the pinch in his hips where the weight of his legs crushed them against the unforgiving stone. The crawl space was only getting creepier. Though he couldn't see anything besides the dirt floor and the long stretch of stone opposite, he felt a nagging eerie feeling tickle along his skin, and kept hearing little scratching noises. Mice?

Will.

Was that a… whisper? His… name?

Will jumped a mile when a hand touched his backside again. "How are you faring?"

"I'm fine," Will said, shaking his head and bracing himself against the cold clay-like dirt of the crawlspace floor, ready to slide out once Hannibal moved the stone that had his pelvis trapped. He heard some dragging sounds and asked, "What's that?"

"I'm getting something to stand on so I can reach you more easily."

“Okay,” Will said, biting his lip for a moment.

“What’s in the crawlspace?”

“Nothing, as far as I can tell,” Will called back. “It, ah, runs along the west side of the house, hugs the foundation. Maybe up to the garage. Just… lost space, I guess, from the first house that was– hey!” Hannibal was sliding down his sweatpants, peeling them off entirely in fact, leaving Will’s bottom half in boxers and his socks.

“Obstructing the view,” he explained.

“Oh,” Will said with an apologetic chuckle. “I thought you were… hey, wait a goddamn minute…!” Hannibal pulled down his underwear now. Will’s cock was pressed against the cold stone wall, hanging on Hannibal’s side of the opening. He shivered as it brushed the foundation wall. “What the *fuck* , Han?”

“This is one of the most unique situations I’ve ever had the pleasure of stumbling across,” his husband explained, running his warm hands up Will’s thighs and cupping both of his ass cheeks, giving them a gentle squeeze or two, easing them apart. “It seems so unlikely – like something that would happen in a book or a film.”

“What kind of books are you reading?” Will demanded, shivering a bit as he felt Hannibal kiss along the rounded top of his backside. “You cannot be serious.” And yet, his objections were silenced when Hannibal deployed his clever tongue, at the perfect angle for eating Will out within an inch of his life, licking little abstract patterns on his hole and massaging his tongue along Will’s balls and up his perineum. “Are you insane?” Will panted, sweat dripping from his brow onto the dirt floor of the crawl space.

“By the legal definition, no. I’m well aware of what I’m doing.” Will heard the squirt of a bottle of… hand sanitizer, or… fuck, what was he thinking? Of *course* it was lube. This was confirmed when Hannibal anointed his opening very thoroughly, working lubricant up inside with his fingers but at a slow, sensual pace.

Will’s hardening cock butted up against the stone wall he was trapped in and he folded his arms down on the pressed dirt floor, burying his face. He wasn’t about to give Hannibal the satisfaction of knowing how good it felt, his talented husband playing his ass like a theremin. “What is this?” he said, words interrupted by little gasps as his inner anatomy was so thoroughly explored. “Puh-payback for changing your name in my phone to ‘Hannibunny’?”

“Rabbits are prey animals. I prefer it when you reference me as something more *apropos* . ‘Bear’ is acceptable, ‘sugar’ or otherwise. They have very broad palates, bears.” So mild and conversational as always, even as he took his fingers out of Will’s ass and inserted something else – a sex toy, from the feel of it. “I had purchased this for your birthday, but I suppose I’ll let you open it now.”

“Oh, wow, what a, uhm… *sacrifice* , wouldn’t want to put you out,” Will said, voice soaked in sarcasm. He grunted a little as the toy was inserted, but the vibration level was just right – not too much, not too little, the Goldilocks setting, and Hannibal knew what he liked. It felt like a prostate massager, but once it was in the right position, it didn’t just vibrate – it paddled

back and forth, milking him at a steady, mechanical rate that was so much more reliable and orgasmically efficient.

“Happy birthday.”

“Thank you!” Will gasped, digging the fingers of one hand into the dirt at the bottom of the crawlspace. “Oh shit–”

Hannibal guided the massager just right, using a doctor’s knowledge of the human body, working with the vibration and the stroking wiggle motion of the toy, applying a little pressure of his own here and there. It wasn’t long before Will was half-screaming into the dark void of the crawlspace, his cock leaking and leaking, his leg muscles cramping as he tensed in the throes of a passion and pleasure that blazed a trail along every nerve in his body. Fuck, he could feel his orgasm in his fucking eyeballs…!

Hannibal removed the toy and kissed his asscheek again. “How was it?”

“Good, obviously,” Will grunted. “I’m almost not mad at you for leaving me in here. Almost.”

“I’ll do my best to earn your full forgiveness.” The jangle of a belt and unmistakable sound of a zipper. The next sensation Will experienced was, as he suspected, Hannibal’s cock headed in where he was already lubed and stretched and insanely sensitive. Hannibal bottomed out, holding the top of Will’s ass and the hip that wasn’t trapped by the rock that wedged him through the wall. Will mewled; the toy had left him so sensitive it was almost too much. He squirmed, digging both hands into the dirt, pressing his face against it, moaning like a porn star as he was well and thoroughly fucked. Unbelievably, he came again when Hannibal reached around to grasp his cock and work it a little. Then it was all about cashing in their tickets to Poundtown; as usual, Hannibal paid for first class.

At last, Will heard his husband zip up and felt his sweatpants being returned to their original position, sans underwear. Now the shifting of the wedged-in stone. There was a little painful scraping along his hip, but then he was free. Hannibal wrapped an arm around his middle and steadied him, helping him to the low coffee table he’d apparently been standing on to fuck Will, and then down to the concrete floor of the storage/murder room. Will pocketed his phone and tried to give Hannibal a sour look.

“You’ll change it to ‘Hannibear’, won’t you?” Hannibal requested, gently brushing dirt from Will’s cheek.

“I should change it to ‘Hannilamb’,” Will grumbled.

“Are you hurt?”

“No. I mean, I might’ve pulled a muscle from cumming so hard,” Will said as they went back upstairs. Winston was relieved that Will was all right, and gave him a few licks before heading back outside with the pack. “Now I have a wall to re-mortar,” Will groaned as Hannibal undressed him for a much-needed shower.

“Why patch it up? You could trick me inside and give me a similar experience,” Hannibal offered, and Will wasn’t sure if he was teasing or not.

“You little shit,” he said lovingly as they stepped beneath the rush of hot water together.

October 8th: Cobwebs and Gore

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal caught a fly in their spiderweb...

As Will waited for the president of the school board to wake up, he watched a spider spin a web in between two of the lengths of chain that kept the man suspended from the ceiling. “Huh,” he chuckled softly. *A spiderweb within a spider’s web.* One web already had some nice, juicy prey trapped in it. He wished the little house spider well, though he hadn’t seen any flies in the basement.

Maybe the spider would have better luck in the crawlspace. But he’d repaired the wall, mortared it shut himself while Hannibal watched, enjoying, as he usually did, Will’s sweaty body during manual labor. Never lifting a hand to help, of course, but always nearby with iced tea or lemonade, kisses and ass-gropes.

Will himself was cuffed into restraints that trapped his wrists and ankles against the frame of a metal cot, upon which rested a plastic-covered mattress. He was naked, trembling a little – with anticipation, not as a result of the temperature. The basement room was unfinished, but Hannibal had space heaters going so Will – and, presumably, the man in chains – would be comfortable.

The victim was suspended above Will, held in place by a series of chains and ropes that connected to hooks and pulleys fixed to the ceiling. He was shirtless, but wearing his tighty-whities. Objectively, he wasn’t bad looking – the man was a football coach, after all, and kept himself in shape. He dangled over Will, face slackened, eyes closed, arms tied behind his back and feet hanging slightly higher, gathering blood to flush his face. Now, well – he was just meat. A fly caught in Hannibal’s web. Their web.

Finally, the victim woke, blinking his sleepy eyes rapidly, his panic possessing his body like an invading demon as he thrashed in his bonds. Will watched this with delight, but tried to keep his expression neutral. “What the hell… what is this? What’s…” As his mind cleared, the drugs wearing off, horrific understanding came to his bloodshot brown eyes. “The man… m-my car broke down and h-he came to help and-and shoved this needle in my neck! Is that how he caught you?”

“No, he, ah… *enticed* me with a breakfast scramble,” Will said.

“Drugged your breakfast? Oh my God. Oh sweet Jesus deliver us, please!” The man started praying, which was very boring. “It’s the Chesapeake Ripper, isn’t it?” he blubbered when he was done, tears falling on Will’s bare chest. Ah, that felt nice.

“It is,” Will confirmed, trying his best to also look scared. Then, “Why do you think he chose you?”

“I don’t know!” the man wailed. “I don’t know, I-I didn’t… I didn’t do anything wrong… I guess I should have been more careful – I’m too trusting of strangers. Oh Lord, please, please, I’ll do anything, I’ll always do your good works, please let me out of this!”

“I mean, do you think it, ah… maybe had something to do with you trying to ban *every book* in Baltimore about or written by queer people… double points if they were Black?”

“W-what? N-no, I-I’m trying to protect the city’s children from-from *pornography* !”

“If you don’t like pornography, you’re really gonna hate what happens next,” Will said with a chuckle.

“What happens next?” the man whimpered, eyes wide and bulging with the inclined way he was suspended and pure, unadulterated terror.

“I happen.”

Hannibal came through the door, naked except for his rose-gold collar and a pair of matching nipple clamps, the chain winding up through the leash ring on the collar. He had a knife in one hand and smelled divine, freshly showered and coiffed for the occasion. He jangled softly as he moved to stand next to Will and the hanging victim.

“You look…” Will bit his bottom lip, cock twitching. “Mmm. Damn.”

“Thank you, darling.”

“Wait, what– you’re the guy – you’re the one who pulled over to help me and–” Hannibal knelt next to Will and pressed a kiss on his forehead, stroking his hair back, teasing his lips with a fingertip. “He’s… you’re…”

“The Chesapeake Ripper,” Will explained, as if talking to an idiot, which he was, “is my husband.”

“Would you like to pray to God one more time? To see, perhaps, if your ‘good works’ have earned you a miracle?” Hannibal let him wail on for part of a minute, kneeling close enough to Will that he could curve his restrained hand and play with the clamp and the chain while Hannibal toyed with his hair, watching the book banner plead for his life.

No miracle happened. Hannibal gasped in amorous distress as Will yanked on the clamp as he stood up. Then he took the hanging man by the hair and slit his throat, stepping back to watch.

Blood showered down on Will’s naked body. The force Hannibal had exerted made the victim swing back and forth over Will, soaking him with gouts of warm red from head to toe. Will writhed in his restraints, delighting in the spurting vitality that poured over him, opening his mouth to catch some fresh, his cock filling out.

Hannibal arrested the swinging motion of the exsanguinating victim long enough to bury the knife in his side and free up his own hands. He put his foot up on the edge of the cot, and adjusted the vibrating plug he had inserted in his ass. As he watched Will squirm in the shower of blood, he adjusted the toy to his sweet spot, shuddering suddenly as he came, cock dribbling, adding to the mess on Will's scarlet-stained chest. "The only time," he panted, removing the toy and setting it aside, "you have ever looked more beautiful to me, beloved, was on our wedding day."

"Little bit like comparing apples to oranges, but thanks, sugar bear." Will tested the strength of his cuffs, the metal cot frame groaning a bit. The ultra-conservative book banning asshole hanging from the ceiling was dead, though blood still dribbled from the smile on his neck. Hannibal knelt on either side of Will's hips now, letting the final droplets of blood splatter over his bare back and shoulders, staining his hair and arms. His kiss was sticky with gore and tasted like iron and copper and righteousness and Will moaned into his husband's mouth as they traded tongues greedily.

Hannibal's hole was ready and, like Hannibal, the consummate host. He slid down on Will's bloodsoaked cock with deliberate slowness, making Will beg for it before encasing him entirely in the tight, hot, perfectly lubed space. Blood still dripped intermittently from the lifeless body above, the man's blank, spiritless eyes staring down at them as they fucked, smearing themselves with his blood.

Hannibal stroked his own blood-dabbled cock as he rode Will, flexing his powerful thighs, making the cot squeak indecently. "Yeah, give it to me," Will half-growled, half-begged. "All over me, darlin', please…!"

Ah, the magic word. Hannibal spilled, shooting a great rope of seed up Will's already filthy chest, mingling the fluids together. Will tensed in his restraints, the ropes of his tendons and ligaments standing out, and felt himself wash away in a tide of agonized bliss, soaked in love and delight.

And blood and cum. Lots of that, too.

Hannibal collapsed over Will, smearing them and his jewelry further with the menagerie of fluids they'd collected, giving him an exhausted kiss through a bloody smile. "All of the public libraries in town are building special collections of the books that this man and his bigot cohorts would like removed from schools," Hannibal told him after a few minutes needed to catch his breath. "I made a sizable donation to the cause last week."

"And now you've made another donation," Will said with a smirk, jutting his chin up at the dead man. Hannibal kissed him again and got up on his knees with a little groan, unbuckling Will's restraints. "We're so normal, aren't we?" Will joked as Hannibal freed his wrists. "I love how *normal* we are."

Hannibal chuckled as he eased himself off the cot and freed Will's ankles. "Normal is an illusion. What's normal to the spider is chaos to the fly."

"Did you just quote *The Addams Family* ?" Will laughed incredulously as Hannibal helped him to his feet, wrapping him in a tight, bloody embrace.

“Another of your favorites,” Hannibal reminded him. “I’m a student of your tastes, Will. And speaking of tastes, I’d better get the liver and kidneys in the refrigerator.”

“Oh, and grind me up some burger,” Will requested as they stepped into the utilitarian basement bathroom to shower. “I want to make tacos.”

October 9th: Stripping and Haunted Highway

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal shows off his grace and athleticism on a stripper pole. Will gets spooked on the drive home.

October 9th: Stripping and Haunted Highway

The cracked asphalt parking lot of The Lumberyard was well-lit with massive stadium-style security lights, but the building itself – which resembled a windowless industrial warehouse – was dark and silent. Will pulled the Volvo around back and parked right behind the rear exit. As they got out, he realized he was grinning like a loon at the prospect of tonight's plan.

The back door of the "gentleman's club" was cordoned off with crime scene tape, but someone had already breached the seals. Zeller, probably. He'd told Will about this place, a strip club seized by the FBI for its connections to human trafficking, but the case being delayed due to possible mafia influence. It was sitting empty now, everything as it was when the big raid happened.

"You said Mr. Zeller told you about this place?" Hannibal said as they slipped inside, both wearing black for trespassing. "Do you think he brought someone special here?"

"Just his left hand," Will snarked as he flipped on his phone light and found the utility room. He opened up a fuse box and snapped a few switches. The lights in the club came up, as did the hum of the soundsystem. "He probably came in to sniff panties or something."

"We've all had the urge," Hannibal said as they stepped out into the main room of the club, which featured three stages, padded booths, tables and chairs, and a long bar covered with broken glasses. The club lights swirled and pulsed, tinted shades of red and purple, a disco ball suspended from the center over the main stage caught fragments of light. It smelled like stale beer and old body odor, but it was all theirs for the night.

"Whose panties are you sniffing?" Will demanded.

"Only yours, darling. Pour yourself a drink," Hannibal suggested, brushing his lips over Will's. Then, he disappeared backstage.

"Fuck yeah," Will celebrated under his breath, slipping behind the bar and finding a bottle of decent whiskey. Snagging an unbroken glass, he whispered amber liquid into the crystal, then approached the main stage. There were a few dollar bills scattered on the floor, though the stage was clean – Will imagined as soon as the cops burst in, the dancers grabbed what they

could before fleeing. But some had been missed, and he went around the club picking them up, rolling them into a nice fat wad in his pocket.

He'd just settled into a seat right at the edge of center stage when the sound system cranked on, the opening notes of "Six Underground" by the Sneaker Pimps. It transported Will right back to college, but he was happy enough to let this particular day supersede any memories he might have associated with the song.

A few moments later, Hannibal stepped out from backstage. Will put a hand to his chest as if his heart would fall out at sight of the thing of beauty that strutted through the undulating shadows, looking at him with those loving bedroom eyes. His husband had brought his own shoes, assuming that none of the ones left behind by the fleeing strippers would fit. They were peep-toe black platform stilettos with red bottoms, a stripe of red coming up the heel as well. They forced Han's already graceful legs into a position of beautiful strain, making the muscles of his calves stand out. He was draped in a robe made of shimmery gold fabric and adorned with ostrich feathers at the sleeves and neck. It was clearly too small for him, but he'd still attempted to tie it around himself, the belt drawing the fabric tightly over his waist.

Hannibal put a hand on the stripper pole in the center front of the oblong stage, and gave it a test spin, holding on as he made a slow circle around, giving Will a view from every angle.

Will adjusted himself, pulling at the crotch of his jeans and reclining back in his chair, tongue stealing between his lips as he gazed up adoringly. Hannibal leaned back against the pole, sliding up and down a little in time to the music, one hand grasping it above his head, the other teasing open his robe tie. He squatted, running his hand down the pole over his head, then slowly rose and opened the robe entirely, at last revealing the outfit he'd bought and hadn't shown Will until now.

Yep. That was Hannibal Lecter if he was a stripper version of himself! Tight black booty shorts, suspenders, and a collar bucked around his neck that looked like the triangles of a dress shirt collar with a red silk tie attached. He even had the 1950s dad sock garter things that drove Will absolutely feral.

"Oh baby, what you do to me," Will called up to him over the music, pulling out his wad of crumpled dollars, tossing a few on the stage. Hannibal smiled down at him, flinging the robe off and grasping the pole. He hooked a leg around it and extended the other, spinning around in a slow descent that ended with him kneeling on the stage, facing Will. Will whistled loudly and tossed some more bills as Dr. Hannibal Lecter, respected psychiatrist and member of the Baltimore Arts Council, crawled around on his knees to collect the money, sticking it sexily in the band of his booty shorts before getting up to grip the pole with the inside of his knee and perform another spin.

"Jesus Christ," Will blasphemed in a sumptuous moan as Hannibal faced away from him, pressing the pole between his ass cheeks and bending over to grind against it.

Hannibal knelt on the stage and undid the collar, tossing it aside, and crawling along the confetti of crumpled bills toward the edge of the stage. Will got up and met him there. Hannibal ran a hand along Will's cheek and cupped his chin. "Private dance?" he asked.

“Oh hell yeah.”

Hannibal slid off the edge of the stage with Will’s hand steadying him. He took Will by the shirt and tossed him into an armless lap dance chair, then made a slow, sensual circle around him, dragging his large warm hand across Will’s chest and the back of his shoulders. He paused behind Will and leaned against him, circling his arms around to unbutton the first few buttons of his black shirt, slipping a hand inside, a slow caress down to his navel and back up to the side of his neck.

If Will had the physical ability to purr, he had no doubt he’d sound like a fucking boat motor. Hannibal leaned down again, kissing his neck, running his hands down Will’s arms, then back up his chest, tilting his chin up, stroking his cheeks and then his hair. Coming around the side, he lifted one long, long, sexy fucking leg and rested the bottom of his shoe on Will’s thigh, inches from his hardening dick. The threat of the red stiletto was intoxicating. Hannibal ran his own hand up his calf and along his thigh, then fell into Will’s lap, arms around his neck. Will instinctively grabbed him around the hips and back, but Hannibal snaked a hand into his hair and pulled it hard. “No touching,” he warned.

“ *Fuuuuck* ,” Will moaned, dropping his hands to his sides, then reaching around behind the chair and clamping them together to make sure he behaved himself. Hannibal rotated his hips in a slow grind to the music, rubbing his bulge against Will’s. “Can I at least tip you?”

“Of course,” Hannibal allowed, and Will took his time slipping more dollars in the waistband of the booty shorts and in the sock garters.

“I’m gonna ruin these pants,” Will warned when Hannibal got up and stood before him, facing away, leaning way over to touch his toes and then slowly rising, gliding his hands along his own legs, so shapely and perfect in the heels. He sat back on Will’s lap, facing away, and rotated his hips again, grinding his ass into Will’s throbbing cock through their respective garments. Will’s hands unconsciously slid around his waist but Hannibal gripped him painfully by the wrists and forced them away. “I’ll have you thrown out,” he warned. “This is a *gentleman’s* club, sir.”

“Sorry, sorry, sorry,” Will panted, holding up his hands like he was being held at gunpoint. This became infinitely more difficult when Hannibal leaned back against his chest and folded his arms around Will’s neck, grinding his whole body along Will’s with the tireless athleticism of a champion-swimmer-cannibal-serial-killer. At last, he turned in Will’s arms, put his hands on his shoulders, and stood, resting his scandalous shoe on Will’s belt buckle, pressing down just a little against his erection.

Will stuffed the rest of the money in the sock garter. “You cleaned me out, sweetheart,” he admitted, breathing hard, face hot and flushed, desperate to touch and be touched.

Smiling, Hannibal unclipped the suspenders and tossed them away, then unsnapped the side clasps of his booty shorts. One motion and they fell away with a flutter of dollar bills. Will kept his hands up even as Hannibal knelt and crawled up to him, unbuckling his pants and at last freeing him. Climbing back onto Will’s lap, he drew their lengths together and repeated some of his lap dance moves, grinding them both through his hand in time to the sultry music. Will came within half a minute, after being so teased and pent up, his hands fluttering

against Hannibal's bare back for a moment before he was reminded again he wasn't allowed to touch, this time by a bite to his neck. He gripped the legs of the chair as hard as he could and let Hannibal do what he wanted, which was to finish, soaking Will's half-buttoned shirt.

" *Please* ," Will whined as Hannibal recovered, draped over him.

"You may."

Will circled his husband in a firm, grateful embrace, smelling their mingling colognes and the musky scent of sweat and sex.

"Remind me," Hannibal breathed into his neck, "to bake Mr. Zeller another batch of those cookies he likes."

Will chuckled and promised he would.

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After a partial clean-up in one of the bathrooms, they stole the sexy robe, re-locked the door, and headed home. It was a delightfully spooky October drive through the darkened countryside back to the interstate, the owners of the Lumberyard apparently valuing privacy. They passed harvested fields on both sides of the road, and then entered a wooded area full of bare trees, very dark, as there was no moon tonight. The Volvo's headlights could barely cut it through the velvet blackness.

Will sighed happily as Hannibal clasped his hand for a loving squeeze. "Hey, I just thought of something," Will said, adjusting his grip on the steering wheel with a chuckle. "Chesapeake *Stripper* ."

"You've just now made that connection?" Hannibal teased.

"Yeah, well, guess I'm not all smart like you," Will shot back snarkily. When he looked back at the road, he noticed a figure standing on the gravel shoulder, his thumb stuck out. Will slowed instinctively, though he had no intention of picking up a random hitchhiker, especially considering he was so obviously splattered with cum.

But then, he saw the hitchhiker's face, uplit by his headlights as they closed the distance.

It was Garret Jacob Hobbs, staring at him with a twisted grin on his face, eyes clouded blue, blank and corpse-like.

Will slammed on the brakes. The car skidded to a stop, pitching them both forward against the protective trap of their seatbelts. "What the fuck?" Will managed, panting, sweat pouring down his face.

"What was it? Why did you stop?"

Will slowly turned to Hannibal, who was looking at him with question and concern. "...you didn't see that?"

“See what?”

Will cleared his throat. “A… man… on the side of the road?”

Hannibal shook his head slowly, putting a reassuring hand on Will’s shoulder. “No. I didn’t see anyone.”

Will emitted a strangled little laugh that was utterly joyless. “My eyes must be, ah… getting tired,” he said. “I thought I saw a hitchhiker.”

“Oh, a phantom hitchhiker. I read an article just yesterday about one that appears in the Bridgewater Triangle. He resembles the lumberjack on the Brawny paper towel package.”

Will’s laugh was more genuine this time as he let his foot off the brake and slowly accelerated again. “That’s, uhm… I couldn’t really see what he looked like.”

“No more scary movies. Doctor’s orders.” Hannibal settled back. He unstrapped one of his high heels and lifted his foot into his hand to rub it as if it was sore.

“Aww, you gave yourself a little blister dancing for me.” Will glanced back up from Hannibal’s foot to the road again.

This time, there was a naked man kneeling in the center of the pavement, his back flayed open, the strips of skin lifted in the air to make angel wings.

Will didn’t hit the brakes this time. Didn’t swerve. He just drove straight through the specter of Elliott Buddish. It disappeared before the car would have hit it, though Will’s body was wracked with a tremendous chill as if they’d just driven through a cloud of liquid nitrogen.

“What’s the matter?” Hannibal’s hand on his thigh. “Will?”

Will slowly eased the car to the shoulder and turned to his husband. “Can you drive? My eyes are… playing tricks. I must be tired…”

“In these shoes?” Hannibal motioned down to his stripper heels. “Absolutely not.” Then, “I’m joking, Will.”

They got out and traded places, Hannibal switching out his shoes for his boring oxfords. But driving in platforms like that was not advisable, surely.

“Why don’t you catch a nap?” Hannibal suggested as he pulled the Volvo back out onto the road.

“Good idea.” Will rested his head back on the seat, but sleep never came.

October 10: Mulled Cider and Fucking Machine

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will debut their new fucking machine, HAL 9000.

October 10: Mulled Cider and Fucking Machine

"Are you ready?" Will bit his lip, looking at the heavy metal box on the floor of the sex dungeon. It was tipped with an equally space-age looking lime green dildo. The whole thing resembled like… a sex bazooka or a torpedo or something, and it had taken hours to assemble.

"Yes," Hannibal assured him from where he was kneeling on the floor, wearing his cat ears and nothing else. They were both sweaty and stimulated from foreplay. Hannibal backed up until the end of the dildo had breached him, then gave Will a signaling nod. Will lay down in front of him, spreading his legs. Hannibal nuzzled his cock and kissed his thigh. "Go ahead, Will."

"This thing is… heavy duty. It looks like a fucking power tool," Will said dubiously.

"That's exactly what it is. A *fucking* power tool," Hannibal said.

While Will was quite literally concerned that a robot was going to ruin his husband's hole forever, it was also pretty damn hot wondering if Hannibal could take it or not. "Okay. Here we go." Will switched on the machine. It began to move, the robotic arm pumping the dildo steadily into Hannibal's ass with a perfect automatic rhythm. Hannibal dropped his forehead against Will's thigh for a moment, breathing hard, letting out a whimper or two before moaning his mouth open wider. This he used to swallow Will's cock and go to work as he was being penetrated so efficiently by the machine, looking up at Will as he did with shining eyes.

"Your… multitasking is… phenomenal," Will panted as he propped himself up on his elbows to get a better view of the fake cock disappearing in Hannibal's juicy ass while he was serviced. "Do we… give it a name? Not HAL, okay? I don't wanna be like, 'stop fucking so hard' and hear it be like, uhm… 'I'm sorry, Will, but I'm afraid I can't do that..."

Hannibal was in the middle of deepthroating when he had his first prostate orgasm, and Will had to admit that he was warming up to this fucking machine thing. The sight of Hannibal being spit-roasted was already hot as fuck, but then him absolutely choking on Will's cock, losing his carefully crafted poise as he was gripped by the robot's relentless pleasure, was on

a whole ‘nother level. Will made things even more difficult by shooting a huge load down his throat at the same time, bringing tears to Hannibal’s eyes.

Another lovely autumn Sunday afternoon of sexploration and bonding time. It was almost enough to make up for the increasingly disturbing dreams Will was having. Dreams that were bleeding into waking life. After their shower, they sat outside on the back deck in the warm sun, protected from the cold breeze by big fuzzy sweaters and cozy socks, drinking Hannibal’s signature mulled cider spiked with rum. Hannibal had served it in clear mugs so that they could enjoy the aesthetic value as well, the dark golden liquid decorated with whole cranberries, star anise, and stick cinnamon.

Hannibal stretched his arm behind Will on their outdoor couch where they cuddled together, feet propped up on an ottoman. “This batch must not be as good as the first,” he said, taking another sip of his mulled cider.

“What?” Will shook his head. “No, it’s great. Just as good, if not better.”

“The first batch made you smile after nearly every sip,” Hannibal noted. “This one hasn’t.”

Will sighed. “I’m sorry, I’m just… distracted.”

“Allow me to guess. It’s ‘just work’ and you don’t want to talk about it.”

Will lifted his mug to his lips with both hands, sipping for a long, thoughtful moment. “I’m starting to sound like a broken record, huh.”

Hannibal nodded, then leaned in to kiss his temple. He didn’t press. Didn’t say anything more. But Will still felt his question like a physical touch. A loving caress, like Hannibal’s tongue had undulated along the base of his cock earlier, how his hand toyed with the hair on the back of his neck now. “I’ve been seeing… things,” Will admitted. “That aren’t there.”

“That night on the road,” Hannibal said softly.

Will nodded, taking another sip to buy himself time and liquid courage. “I saw Garret Jacob Hobbs,” he finally said.

Hannibal only nodded and continued stroking his hair.

“And then I saw the Angel-Maker,” Will blurted before he could change his mind. This seemed to genuinely surprise Hannibal, his pale brows climbing higher on his face. “In the road. But it couldn’t be real. So I didn’t stop. And I ran the car right through him. Because he wasn’t real.”

Hannibal set down his mug and put a hand to Will’s forehead, a little frown crossing his princely mouth. “Aside from the hallucinations, how have you been feeling?”

“Fine,” Will said. “I know what you’re thinking. The encephalitis is back. But I have no other symptoms. It’s… spooky. I mean, last night when I was outside making leaf piles for the dogs, I swear to God I saw Eldon Stammets rise up out of one of them, covered with… fucking *mushrooms* .” Will rubbed his face miserably.

“Even with no other symptoms,” Hannibal reasoned, “it would be best if we gave Dr. Sutcliffe a call.”

Will sighed out a sarcastic little laugh. “Oh, so he can start sending us both dick pics again? Swear to God, we have one little threesome with that guy and he thinks we’re all dating or something. Which I’m sure his wife would find, ah… *super interesting*.”

“I’ll speak to him about professional boundaries,” Hannibal promised. “He *is* one of the top neurologists in the state.” He shrugged with a playful little smile, squeezing Will close. “And a top, which is… useful at times.”

Will laughed genuinely this time, lifting his cider back to his lips and taking a long drink. He looked at Hannibal and gave him a big, crazy smile. “Mmm! Fucking *DELICIOUS* !”

“Now you’re being a brat,” Hannibal told him. “And I know a certain robot in the basement that might have something to say about your behavior.”

“Uh oh,” Will giggled as Hannibal set their drinks aside and pulled him up to his feet with just the right amount of playful force. “Please don’t tell HAL!”

“Convince me not to,” Hannibal suggested, taking Will’s hand and passing it over the front of his trousers.

“I’ll see what I can do…”

October 11th: Sensory Deprivation and Vengeful Ghost

Chapter Summary

Hannibal ties Will up and deprives him of his senses of sight and hearing for sexy reasons. But this liminal state makes Will vulnerable to spiritual attack.

October 11th: Sensory Deprivation and Vengeful Ghost

"You're late, asshole," Zeller called the second Will stepped through the door.

"Yeah, I know, I know." Will hurried to his place at the gaming table, fumbling open his satchel and getting out his character sheet. Everyone was already gathered at Zeller's dining table, dice, books, and figurines out, Franklyn wearing a jaunty pirate-style tri-corner hat in order to channel his NEW new character, Flanagan O'Seamustead, a half-elf cavalier (the Dragonborn has been turned to stone by a basilisk last week). "I brought cookies, if that helps."

"Did your *Hannibunny* make them?" Eddie, Jimmy's brother, asked, tossing his curly mullet over his shoulder.

"Yeah, he did."

"Okay, you're forgiven," Zeller said quickly, popping up to open the box Will had set on the counter on his way in.

"Hey, uh, Franklyn?" Will pulled a small box out of his bag. "These are for you. Kind of a… condolence gift, I guess. For your paladin. Since I wasn't around when he crossed the, um… rainbow bridge."

"Oh, Will, you shouldn't have." Franklyn reached out and picked up the box. Maeve watched intently as he slipped off the ribbon and opened the lid. Franklyn gasped, his eyes widening as he removed the new set of dice from within, holding them up for everyone to see. "They're CHEESE!" he cried.

"Don't eat them," Will warned immediately. "They're just cheese shaped."

"I love them! How sweet and unexpected!" Franklyn jumped up for a hug but had to settle for patting Will on the shoulders.

"May they roll in your favor," Will said with a little smile.

"All right, we left off with you losers skulking outside the Forbidden Tower," Zeller said through the cookie in his mouth, flipping through his notes behind the DM screen. "Trying to

make a plan to not get killed by a necromancer."

"If he's even a necromancer," Maeve argued. "Those were just rumors around the tavern."

"Then how do you explain the empty graves at the old burying ground outside of Lavendervale?" Jimmy pointed out.

"That's over a hundred miles from this tower," Will said, consulting his hand-drawn map.

"He doesn't want a mob with torches showing up at his door," Franklyn said. "He needs the village nearby for supplies. They just think he's eccentric. They'd be having kittens if their own relatives' graves were disturbed."

"No, he definitely stole all those skeletons and zombies from Lavendervale and brought them back here to do his bidding," Eddie decided, crossing his arms over his leather vest and Metallica tee-shirt. "So when we get in there, guys, you can kiss using your precious swords and daggers goodbye. Blunt weapons only, unless you have something magic or blessed. Protect Jimmy – he's our only party member who can Turn Undead now that we've lost…" he nodded toward Franklyn, who nodded grimly, a little tear coming to his eye.

"Remember, the zombies and skeletons will go down if we get to the necromancer himself," Maeve reminded them. "And wizards are squishy. If I can get behind for a backstab, he's done for."

"Not a bad idea," Will agreed, looking over his bard spells.

After the session was over, Will waited for Hannibal to come pick him up in the Bentley. They'd both decided that it was best that Will avoid driving at night if at all possible.

On the way home, Hannibal confessed he'd had a somewhat frustrating day at the office, and communicated a need for some release at home.

"What do you have in mind?" Will asked, arching an eyebrow with a little smile.

"I'd like to surprise you, if you're up for it. I would understand if not. I know you've been dealing with some uncertainties lately."

"No, I'm good. Sounds fun."

At home, after a glass of wine and some time with the dogs, Hannibal took him to the bedroom and retrieved one of Will's sub collars from the array hanging from the hooks on the back of the closet door. This one was silver, very ornate, with blue gems inlaid, surrounded by Versailles style gold designs – purchased not because it suited Will's style, but because it suited Hannibal's, as it was for his gaze only. Will shivered a little as the cold metal touched his skin. Hannibal slid his arms down Will's shoulders from behind and embraced him, kissing his neck above and below the collar. Will hadn't been told what to do, so he waited, though not patiently, as Hannibal slipped his green henley over his head, slowly, raising it an inch at a time, lips still working Will's throat over.

Ah, so it was going to be the tease-torture. Will knew he was in for the long haul – Hannibal did love his edging, which made sense for a guy who so enjoyed playing God.

Hannibal took him by the hips now, and at last gave him a proper kiss, guiding him back to the bed where he gently eased Will onto his back. From here, he reached between the headboard and mattress and pulled up the simple but sturdy restraints, strapping Will's wrists in. Now he worked his way down Will's chest, visiting each nipple, circling it with his tongue until it stood erect, breathing warm air onto them that, in its absence, left Will shivering as the cooler air returned.

Kissing his hip bone, Hannibal opened Will's pants and slid them off, along with everything else, Will's cock bobbing in greeting once freed. But where it was at last liberated, Will's ankles were now strapped to the bedframe with little slack, leaving him spread-eagled and nude.

Blood eagle. No, don't think about that. Will forced himself to return to the present and ignore the images of the Angel-Maker's phantom in the road. *Not a phantom* , he scolded. *Hallucination. It's just some super fun encephalitis. Son of Encephalitis, Part Deux – The Brain Fever Boogaloo.*

Hannibal, still fully dressed and looking calm and collected despite the outline evident in his trousers, sorted through the sex toy armoire until he came up with a nostalgic item – the black prostate massager with peroneal stimulator that he'd put in Will's ass right before a meeting with Jack last fall. While they'd been talking, Hannibal had remorselessly teased Will with the remote in his pocket, forcing him to try not to have an orgasm in front of his boss.

"Hello, old friend," Hannibal said as he retrieved some lube and worked the toy into Will's hole, getting it in just the right place. Will sucked in a breath as it pulsed a vibration, then ceased. Hannibal slipped the remote in his pocket.

Now this was new. Hannibal blindfolded him, then slipped Will's noise-canceling headphones over his ears and paired the device with his phone. Will's ears were suddenly full of nothing but the rush of white noise.

Hannibal kissed him, then moved one headphone to the side to say, "I'm going to start dinner. I'll come and get you when it's ready. Try to be patient."

Will nodded obediently, and the headphone was replaced.

He didn't hear Hannibal leave because he couldn't hear anything at all. The white noise melted away, and while it didn't sound like silence, he no longer registered it as noise. It was a good blindfold, too, velvety and thick, held against his head with an elastic strap. Will waited in tense anticipation for the vibrator to go off. But it didn't, and he relaxed a bit, wondering if the kitchen was far enough away that the connection wasn't working.

Then: BZZZZZZZ!

Will gasped, though he couldn't hear himself make the noise. The vibrator pulsed against his prostate, firing him up and making his toes curl. He began his ascent to climax, only to have

the toy die back and then switch off. He whined in disappointment, knowing Hannibal wanted to hear that – otherwise he would have stuffed a ball gag in Will's mouth, too.

He shifted, trying to see if he could get the toy to press somewhere good in the meantime. Just when he was about to give up, the toy went off again, with a stronger vibration, though for a shorter time. A tiny break, then several low-vibe pulses, just to tease him further. It was maddening, and made a thousand times more so by the fact that touch was one of his only remaining senses he could use. His mind was completely blank, his ears deaf to everything but the rushing sound of the white noise, his vision uniform darkness.

The next time the vibrator started, he got *so close* . He must have moaned, because it died just before he came. "Fuck!" he cried, though again, he couldn't hear himself.

The next break was longer than all the others had been. "Please?" he begged, though he was well aware that doing so might elicit a punishment. But nothing came. He floated in the nothingness for what felt like ages and no time at all, drifting, letting his mind wander. He visited the ice cave and said hi to the penguins. Going down the ice slide, he popped out under the aurora borealis and looked up at the stars. His visions were soothing, a self-imposed guided meditation, something Hannibal had taught him to do. If Hannibal waited much longer, though, Will was going to be so relaxed it would take quite a bit of work to edge him back up again.

Now the peaceful arctic scene in his head was gone. Blackness once more.

Then, a golden pendulum sliced across his inner vision. Once. Twice. Three times. The empathy pulse?

A new scene took shape. He was looking at himself as if he were standing in the corner of the bedroom, a soul outside his body. There he was, restrained on the bed, naked, wearing his sub collar, the headphones, and the blindfold. But he wasn't alone.

Garret Jacob Hobbs stood next to him, a leering specter smiling down at Will's helpless body. He was clearly dead, skin pale and waxy, dressed as he was the day Will had shot him. The holes in his chest were still there, though the blood had dried.

Next to him, another figure flickered into view. Eldon Stammets, dead as well, naked and covered with loam and mushrooms, shedding clouds of spores with the slightest movement. Across from him now stood Eva Worthington, mother of the Lost Boys. She was dead, too, a small bullet hole in her forehead that opened into a gaping exit wound, the back of her head a mess of blood and hair, as if she'd been executed by one of her adopted children. And at Will's left was Elliott Buddish, the Angel-Maker, an angel himself now, his flesh wings dripping ichor, hands folded in prayer.

You're asleep, Will told himself. *This is a dream. All you have to do is wake up.*

He urged the Will on the bed to move, scream, do something. But his body wasn't responding. Instinctively, he thought, *well, of course I can't move. I'm not in my body. I should get back in there.*

Will slipped past and climbed onto the bed from the end, trying to ignore the leering corpses of killers. He lay back down in the same position.

BZZZZZTTT!

Will could have cried from relief. He couldn't see anything, but he was back in his body, anyway, awake and getting teased again by the toy in his ass. He took a shaky breath and let the massager do its thing, milking him toward orgasm. Closer… closer…

Someone touched him. Stroked his face. He leaned into the touch. Hannibal's hands were so cold. He must have gone outside to check on the dogs, or maybe he'd been rearranging meat in the freezer. A chilly finger slipped along the band holding the blindfold, then eased it away from Will's eyes.

Will's breath died in his lungs as if a heavy boulder had been dropped right on his chest. The phantoms were there, all four of them, standing around him, leering down with dead, cloudy eyes that somehow conveyed a sense of deep malice.

And then, in one coordinated movement, the ghosts of murderers past all bent over and seized him.

(to be continued…!)

October 12th: Somnophilia and Jack o' Lantern

Chapter Summary

The ghosts left behind traces of themselves in this world…

October 12th: Somnophilia and Jack o' Lantern

Will struggled against his bondage and the feeling of their frozen fingers clawing at his bare skin. He couldn't hear himself if he was yelling, but he could smell them, their rot and old blood. He squeezed his eyes shut when Garret Jacob Hobbs reached out for his face, trying to get a breath to scream.

Someone tore the headphones from his ears. And it all stopped. The frozen, scratching hands evaporated, the smell of rot along with it. Will opened his eyes to see Hannibal leaning over him with grave concern etched on his features. He quickly unclasped the restraints and gathered Will in his arms. "What's wrong? What happened?"

Will reached between his legs and pulled out the toy, then pressed his face into Hannibal's shirt, breathing raggedly. "Will, please. I'm sorry, I was in the kitchen – I had no idea, why didn't you call for me?"

"I tried!" Will gasp-sobbed.

"What happened?"

Will attempted to explain, but Hannibal shook his head. Will realized he must not be making any sense. Hannibal tried to get up off the bed but Will clung to him. Hannibal put an arm around his shoulders and guided him over to pick up his medical bag, then deposited Will back on the bed, wrapping a blanket around his shoulders. "I'm going to give you something," Hannibal told him with gentle, clinical mildness. "Don't fight me, Will."

Well, he was still wearing his sub collar, after all, and its metallic weight made him automatically compliant, despite the chaos that raged in him. He took a breath and nodded, watching Hannibal tie off his arm and give him a small injection of something. Will felt hazy and languid immediately, his head drooping, tears dripping down his cheeks.

Hannibal gathered him up and took him out to the living room sofa, instinctively knowing, it seemed, that it was better to be away from the physical place where Will had had his episode. He folded Will against him, wrapped in the blanket, and held him tight. "Please forgive me," he said softly, stroking Will's hair. "I didn't know you were in distress."

“It’s okay,” Will managed, now that his breathing had evened out. His muscles were relaxing one by one, and he felt himself sinking into the artificial relaxation of the drug he’d been given. “It’s okay, you didn’t know.”

“Can you tell me what happened?”

Will did, to the best of his ability. “It was… so real. I could feel their hands on me. I could *smell* them.”

“It’s a good thing we have your scans scheduled for next week,” Hannibal said, running the backs of his fingers down Will’s stubble, creating a soothing raspy sound. “Now that we know what to look for, I’m sure treatment can begin right away after we see Dr. Sutcliffe.”

“This doesn’t feel the same.” Will knew, somewhere in the dark backstage of his mind, that there was no way to know exactly how a swollen brain would feel, and that this might very well be encephalitis again, just with a different set of symptoms. It was likely, in fact – if his immune system had betrayed him once, it was many times more likely to do it again.

“I’ll call Jack in the morning,” Hannibal said. “Tell him you’re out sick for the next few days. Cancel my appointments and stay home with you.”

Will thought about protesting, but only nodded. His vision was swampy, the world hazy and inconclusive as the drug worked through his bloodstream.

“I’m going to let the dogs in,” Hannibal said after a time. “They can keep you company while I tidy up. Then we’ll try and go to bed.”

Will nodded. Hannibal lowered him onto the couch and stretched him out, still burritoed in the blanket. He got up and went to the door to call the dogs. They came bounding in, smelling of fresh, cool fall air and doggo, swarming over to Will on the couch, nosing and nuzzling as if asking what was wrong. He extended a hand a little from the burrito to pet them. Buster jumped up and lay down on his thighs after doing several doughnuts, and Winston licked his temple.

Will drifted in and out of sleep until Hannibal came back to get him. The dogs went obediently to their beds in the basement, and Hannibal helped Will back to their bedroom. Hannibal had changed the sheets and blankets, switched out the pillowcases, and put on a set of green silk pajamas and matching robe. A set of three candles burned on a little table next to Will’s nightstand.

It was a cheesy little candle holder that Will had bought on a whim last time he was at the grocery store and feeling impulsive at check out. It featured three jack o’ lanterns sitting in a row, with places for candles behind them. Will had chosen it because the pumpkin in the middle literally looked like Hannibal for some reason that neither of them could quite put their finger on. It was something about the little leaf hanging from the stem at just the angle where Hannibal’s hair always fell on the right side of his part. The expression, too, made it look like it was giving the other pumpkins therapy. When lit, the candlelight shone through the ceramic pumpkin shapes, bringing their cutesy little expressions to life. And Hannibal had filled them with pumpkin spice candles, no less. The sight of the dumb little decoration

made Will smile wider than he thought he could given the circumstances. The room felt… *exorcized* . Clear and safe again.

Hannibal sat him down on the bed and went to the bureau to grab him a pair of boxers and a tee-shirt. Will slipped the blanket off his shoulders. When Hannibal turned, the garments in hand, he froze. His face transformed from a look of soft, loving care, to a stern visage of concern.

“What?” Will blinked slowly. “What?” he repeated.

Hannibal switched on the bedside light and turned Will’s shoulder so he was facing it. Will looked down at himself.

His skin was covered in marks. Bruises shaped like hands wrapped around his forearms, and there were scratches on his belly like someone had dragged their nails across it with merciless force leaving red welts behind.

Will’s world tumbled out of reality, bouncing along like a kid’s lost kickball. Hannibal was saying something about stigmata, and the power of the human mind to have a direct impact on the flesh, how Will’s brand of empathy might give him a unique set of psychosomatic issues, especially if the encephalitis was back.

“You need rest.” He was vaguely aware of Hannibal kneeling at his feet, holding open his clean boxers for him to step into.

“No.” Will pulled up his feet onto the bed like a petulant child. He felt dizzy and strange, drugged and languid, but anxiety still buzzed just at the corners. “N-no, no, no, just… please…” He sank heavily back on the fresh, cool pillows. Hannibal took off his robe and got them both into bed, Will trembling as his bare skin spread against the soothing expanse of clean sheets. He felt uncanny and agitated, the scratches on his chest and belly aching with a dull burn, babbling now about how Hannibal’s pajamas hurt when they touched the wounds. “Just – skin – just – warm…!”

Hannibal dutifully took off his pajamas and got back into bed naked, holding Will against his chest, tucked under his arm. “Is this better?”

“Yeah,” Will sighed. He couldn’t explain it, but Hannibal’s skin and chest hair didn’t irritate the scratches at all. He needed his husband’s touch, no barriers between them. No barriers. Inside. Cradled, consumed. He drifted, felt Hannibal ease beside him, the candles burning low, filling the air with sweet spice, such a far cry from the charnel stench of the ghosts.

Will’s mind was syrup, too slow and sticky to argue with himself when he called them ghosts instead of hallucinations. What if… what if they were still there? Lingering at the edge of the bed, invisible but present, waiting to attack again?

“Will, you’re shaking,” Hannibal said softly into his ear. “Are you cold?” He passed his palm over Will’s forehead. “No fever…”

“Fuck me,” Will blurted, shoving himself up on one shaky elbow and drawing down the blankets.

“Darling, you need rest. This will all be sorted in the morning.”

“Please…” Will spread himself out over Hannibal and kissed him, though it was admittedly sloppy and uncoordinated. “Please, I need you, I need to f-feel you…”

“I gave you a strong dose of benzodiazepine,” Hannibal told him. “If you’ll just relax, beloved – let it work and stop fighting.” He reached behind Will’s neck and unclasped the collar, setting it on the bedside table. “Go to sleep.”

Will muttered some further protests, but Hannibal pulled him in as the little spoon and held him close, tucking the blankets all around them. He felt as if he were at last drifting away, catching the elusive shadow to bring himself the bliss of sleep, but it escaped once more, despite the drugs in his system that urged him onward toward the twilight shores.

Will managed to work a hand free and took Hannibal’s in his own, clasping it over his chest. They lay there for a few minutes, but Will still felt the edge of his agitation, the ache of something unspent. He drifted Hannibal’s hand down and curved his arm, pressing Hannibal’s fingers against his opening. He was still lubed from the toy, and felt a surge of triumph when his husband murmured an appreciative sound, circling his hole with the pads of his first two fingers.

“Unethical,” he murmured against the back of Will’s ear, even as he fingered Will open further, making him tremble.

“Like that ever stopped you,” Will urged, his face flushing, body fighting the sedative.

“If I give you what you want, do you promise to go to sleep after?”

“Yes, doctor…!” Will gasped when Hannibal added another finger.

The world spun crazily for a moment, and Will found himself beneath the good doctor, legs open and draped over Hannibal’s elbows. He heard himself mewl out a needy whine as his husband pushed in, breaching the first two rings of muscle and fucking his way in. “Harder,” Will urged dreamily even as the bedframe began to knock into the wall.

Pure pleasure. Everything went bright white, then faded away, the afterimage of a camera flash. And he was sinking into darkness, further and further away from the waking world even as Hannibal’s lips found his.

October 13th: Lost Souls and Heartbeat

Chapter Summary

Will comes home late and finds a way to make it up to Hannibal and really get his heart racing. Bonus foot fetish content!

October 13th: Lost Souls and Heartbeat

"So… you wanna talk about it?" Jimmy asked as he pulled off the freeway at Will's exit, his Subaru whispering through traffic.

"Talk about what?" Will was half asleep in the passenger's seat, arms crossed, head leaning against the cool expanse of window.

"I dunno. Whatever's… going on with you." Price signaled and changed lanes.

"Well, it's not every day your all-time-favorite D&D character retires," Will said, suppressing a burp. He'd had way too much to drink at Zeller's and had to get a ride home. "I mean, Gullivar Hollandaise… is a legend. Remember that time he saved everyone by giving the king of Illium a back massage and singing him a song? Or how he used to get up on Zakar's shoulders and shoot his bow while Zakar was like, dual wielding his scimitars?" Will sighed. "I'm gonna miss him."

"Will, you didn't *have* to retire your character. Zeller only makes people do that when they get ridiculously OP because the player is gaming the system," Price reminded him. "You chose to draw from the Deck of Many Things. High risk, high reward, I know, but…"

Will had drawn the card that made his character a wealthy landed gentleman with a keep and a village under his control. He could have left someone in charge and continued adventuring, but… "I wanted him to have a happy ending," Will admitted. God, was he tearing up? Fuck, he was just as ridiculous as Franklyn. "I wanted him to live. Not go out in a blaze of glory. He's a hobbit. Deep down, under that, uhm… adventurer's spirit, h-he just… wants the good life, Bilbo Baggins style. Good food, good pipe weed, good friends, music and dancing. I mean, you know he's gonna make that village the most fabulous destination ever." He sniffed. "You guys will have to come back and visit, okay?"

"Will," Jimmy said, shaking his head. "Look, you have a degree in psychology. You have to know that the things we play out as our characters in this silly little swords-and-sorcery dice game have real life connections. Franklyn basically courted Maeve through his character. It was the beautiful story of forbidden love, the paladin and the assassin. The unlikely pairing

of gorgeous but shy Maeve Katz and socially awkward but irrepressibly outgoing Franklyn Froidiveaux. Hell, I practically came out through gaming back in high school! I was playing with Eddie and our friends when he was home from college for the summer, and my elf mage was cruising for chicks at the tavern. Eddie did a random roll to see what kind of sex workers were available from the list in the book, and he rolled for a 'sly pimp' instead of a 'strumpet' and… well, Elivar Goldsong decided he was ready to experiment."

"Okay, so, what are you saying? Yeah, Gullivar's bisexual, and so am I, everybody knows that." Will's mouth tasted like nachos and whiskey. He stole one of Jimmy's breath mints from the box tucked in the center console.

"My point, dumbass, is that you're worried that you're not going to get a happily ever after." Jimmy pulled off the side street and up the long winding drive to the house on Will and Hannibal's acreage. "Which, what gives? You just married *a doctor* last summer. A doctor who can *cook* . Who clearly adores you and apparently has no problem with the seven dogs thing. Are you guys… having problems?"

"No," Will denied immediately, though he could tell by the way Jimmy clucked that his one-syllable lie hadn't been very convincing. "I mean…" He sighed, raking his hands through his hair. He wanted to spill his guts to Jimmy, let his whiskey-loosened tongue wag, but stopped himself. "Thanks for the ride. Seriously. I shouldn'tve let Z open that bottle of *alleged* 'good stuff' to celebrate Gullivar."

"Any time, sweetie. Hey." Will paused, his hand on the car door. "Don't fuck this up," Jimmy suggested, motioning through the windshield in a sweeping gesture to the acreage, house, dog kennel, Hannibal, their life.

"I won't," Will promised, to both Jimmy and himself.

The house was dark, only a few lamps on, and the light over the stove in the kitchen. Will unlocked the front door, as he was not entering through the garage, and slipped off his shoes, leaving them on the rug before padding quietly across the darkened living room. "I'm home," he called, though softly, in case Hannibal was asleep. It wasn't super late, but maybe his husband had an early appointment the next morning. Nobody in the kitchen or the dining room. He hung up his coat and dumped off his satchel, then headed for the bedroom.

Hannibal was on the bed in a dark green silk pajama set with a matching green smoking jacket over it, feet bare, a case file of some sort propped up on one bent leg, reading by the soft light of the bedside lamp. Will slunk in, trying not to think about how adorable Hannibal looked with his little matching sleepwear, waiting up for his return, a glass of wine at his side.

Hannibal didn't look up when Will entered, just flipped a page in the file. "Welcome home," he said.

Will steadied himself with one hand on the closet door frame and peeled off his socks, tossing them in the laundry hamper, which was, in true Hannibal fashion, fancy despite its utilitarian existence – made of hammered gold-colored metal and embossed with GL initials.

Closing the lid and looking down at the monogram, Will felt a surge of love and an equal flood of guilt. This all drained down into his cock.

“Have you eaten?” Hannibal asked, lifting a pencil and making a mark on a small-size yellow legal pad that sat on the bed next to him.

“Are you going to cook for me?” Will asked with a lilt of hope, unbuttoning his shirt. He approached the bed and leaned in to kiss Hannibal on the forehead.

“No. I was asking if you’d eaten.”

Will’s eyes caught one of the photos in the case file. It was a photo of a family dinner table, the food rotting, the mother, father, and siblings face down on their plates with holes in their heads. The Lost Boys file. Hannibal must have taken it from Will’s drawer in the file cabinet that lived in their little home office.

“What are you doing with this?”

“Working.” Hannibal made another note on his pad.

“I ate at D&D,” Will said, catching Hannibal’s chin in his hand and guiding his face away from Norman Rockwell with a bullet, looking him in the eye. “But I’m hungry again. Not for food, though.”

He leaned in for a kiss, but Hannibal put his palm against Will’s mouth to stop him. “You didn’t come home last night.”

Will grabbed his wrist and massaged his palm with his tongue, working the tip between each of Hannibal’s fingers before sucking his index down and giving it a preview. “I’m home now,” he purred.

“I had to find out from Jack that he took you out of lecture yesterday to investigate Eva Worthington’s murder scene,” Hannibal said, his mellow, accented voice losing its patience and edging with anger as Will climbed onto the bed and pushed his knee down to sit on his thighs. “Will. Will, wait…!”

Will paused, Hannibal’s velvety robe tie half open. Hannibal closed up the case file and pushed it under the pillow on the opposite side of the bed, then, mercifully, opened his arms. “I’m sorry,” Will said, even as he finished opening Hannibal’s smoking jacket and fell into his embrace, rubbing his thigh and ass through the silk of the pajamas, kissing him with sweet roughness. “We drove up to West Virginia. Spent most of the night… at the scene…” Hannibal sighed as Will snuck his hand between his legs and stroked him through the silk. No underwear, he noted, feeling the satiny outline of Hannibal’s awakening beneath his palm and fingers. “Crashed in a motel, went back in the morning. By the time we got back it was time for D&D, so we just went to Z’s.”

“What you saw at the scene disturbed you. Made you disassociate. Your mind was in survival mode.” Hannibal’s agitation with Will’s asshole behavior wasn’t exactly disappearing under this treatment, but it was certainly uncoiling as he let Will lick his neck and open his pajama

top to suck on and bite the bony rise of clavicle as he ran his hand through Hannibal's chest hair. "I'd like to believe… that's why you didn't… call…!" The final word caught in his throat when Will closed his mouth over one nipple and edged it with the point of his tooth. "You were afraid of intimacy."

"Afraid of…" Will scoffed. He rolled off of Hannibal long enough to kick off his jeans, then spread himself over his husband's warm body again, relishing in the layer of silk against his bare legs. He rutted himself against Hannibal's growing bulge, making his husband tip his chin toward the ceiling with an appreciative groan. "I'm trying to *get* intimate."

"You know I mean in the emotional sense." Hannibal gathered Will's face in his hands, looking him in the eye again. "If you contacted me you'd have to talk about it. And you don't want to talk about what you saw in those woods in West Virginia."

Will bit the inside of his lip. "Do you want me to *stop* ?" he asked, trying to sound annoyed to disguise the huskiness of threatening tears.

"I didn't say that. I want to know what happened."

"Somebody killed Eva Worthington," Will said. Then he finished opening Hannibal's pajama shirt and slid back to fold down the waistband of his silky pants. Hannibal reached down and caught him by the hair. "Ow!" Will complained as he twisted.

"I know the outcome. I want to know *what happened.* "

"Ow - ow - ow - *Jesus* , Hannibal!" Will wrapped his hand around Hannibal's wrist, trying to get him to ease up.

"Usually you like this," came the deadly calm voice.

"Fuck!" Will cursed. "Okay!"

Hannibal's fingers relaxed, and when Will sat up and looked at him, there was only loving sorrow in his eyes. It was his turn to say, " *Please* , Will."

Will felt a great weight shifting in him, like he was finally collapsing under it after trying to hold it above his head. He folded down onto Hannibal's chest, resting his ear over his husband's heart, listening to its steady metronomic beat. Just a little elevated – though it never rose above 68 when he killed, Will had heard and felt it quicken many times during sex, and now it was elevated, likely due to frustration. Angst. His fault. He'd been a total asshole, and yet here was Hannibal, holding him, caressing his shoulder blade and stroking through his hair now, not pulling it.

"She was found in the woods by deer hunters," Will heard himself say, powerless against the horrific images that swirled in a gruesome carousel in his mind. "Dead awhile. Killed not long after the escape. She was, ah… shot execution style, but i-it didn't happen there. Body was moved. The, ah… the *staging* happened in the woods, though."

“She was found painted with the symbols, wasn’t she?” Hannibal’s voice was as soft as his hands as he soothed Will with his touch. “Black mirrors on her eyes and mouth. The mahjong symbol on her forehead. Just like…”

“...Garret Jacob Hobbs,” Will whispered. “And Elliott Buddish’s brother, covered in his ashes.” He cleared his throat. “Probably won’t be long ‘till we find Stammets’ body just like the others.”

“It seems likely.” Then, “You see an extra layer of connection, outside of the physical evidence. Because these are the figures of your hallucinations and your nightmares.”

Will nodded against his chest. Hannibal’s heartbeat was just as soothing as his hands and his voice, his familiar scent. Will closed his eyes and imagined it pumping blood in and out, the valves opening and closing, feeding oxygen and precious nutrients into every inch of his husband’s body and brain, the exceptional, unearthly being that Hannibal was, his beautiful monster, exquisite creature, his lover and his caretaker – above all else, his *partner* . In crime, and everything else. “I don’t deserve you,” he said suddenly, feeling the sting of tears in his eyes.

“We deserve each other,” Hannibal vowed, holding him tighter now. “Symbiotic. Conjoined. Neither of us would survive the separation, Will, you know that, don’t you? Have I ever given you reason to think otherwise?”

“No,” Will murmured miserably, turning his head so his other ear could hear that savage, merciful, sublime heart. “I didn’t call to tell you what happened because… if I said it out loud, it was *real* . It’s so stupid – I was stupid – i-it was just stupid *denial.* Basic a-and… pathetic and–”

“Understandable,” Hannibal cut in. “This is a struggle for you. For both of us.”

“I wish to God Sutcliffe had found something physiological to blame this on,” Will said, his voice half-muffled by the way his ear was pressed over Hannibal’s heart. “I’d take encephalitis over… what, mental illness?”

“Good thing you have the best psychiatrist in Baltimore on retainer.”

Will rested his chin on his hands, folded on Hannibal’s chest. “Best in Baltimore? You’re feeling humble tonight, I see.”

“On the East Coast?”

“You want me to say you’re the best in the country,” Will teased, rubbing a tear off of his cheek and smiling anyway.

“Perhaps the entire continent,” Hannibal said with a self-satisfied smirk. “But I don’t know many of my Canadian counterparts.”

“Hmm.” Will put his ear back down against Hannibal’s chest, sinking back into the delicious sound of that miracle muscle flexing. Time to make it go faster. He shifted and slid his hand

down Hannibal's pajama bottoms, playing with him, rubbing his cock, fondling his warm, heavy balls, stroking the space where his thighs met. "There it goes," he said as he heard Hannibal's pulse tick up a little.

Will abandoned his task, but only to take off the rest of his clothes. Sliding back on the bed, he picked up one of Hannibal's feet and started rubbing it affectionately. He flexed the perfectly manicured toes, then massaged them one at a time before working Hannibal's arch with his thumbs, which earned him a moan of pleasured relief. Will picked up the other foot and repeated the process, pushing nice and hard the way he knew his husband liked.

Then, Will raised Hannibal's left foot to his mouth, kissing it tenderly from ankle to the end of his big toe. Looking Hannibal directly in the eye, he slid it into his mouth.

"Will," Hannibal gasped, then paused for a second to collect himself. "You don't have to. I understand it isn't erotic for you."

Will's response was to suck. Hard, then easing up, undulating his tongue beneath the toe pad before answering. "Yeah, but it is for *you* . And I've been a complete douchebag, so let me make it up to you."

"You were… rude," Hannibal agreed, reclining on the pillows as Will stuffed each toe in his mouth individually, applying his vast array of oral skills, slipping his tongue between each digit in turn.

"So rude," Will agreed, gently laying Hannibal's foot to the side and picking up the other one, deploying his best work again. Hannibal was practically squirming, holding the pillow behind his head with one hand and grabbing at the bedspread with the other. Will paused his oral ministrations and went back to massaging with his fingers so he could say, "Look at these… fuckin' *adorable* little piggies," he said. "I'm gonna take 'em all the way home…" He gave each one a kiss before sticking the littlest one in his mouth again and sucking hard.

"You ought to behave badly more often…!" Hannibal managed, trailing a hand down his own chest and across his belly. "If only to apologize."

"Remember in Florence during the honeymoon when we went to the Uffizi gallery? We were sitting in front of, uhm, *Primavera* — and you said something like 'to market to market to buy a fat pig, home again home again jiggety jig' and it was… completely *non sequitur.* Like, I don't remember what we were talking about but it made *no* sense."

"Vaguely," Hannibal said, biting his lip as Will gently did the same to each of his toes. "My memory of that moment is… unreliable. As I recall, we had wine for lunch that day."

"That was every day," Will reminded him and they laughed. Hannibal's smile turned into a moan, however, when Will planted his tongue against his heel and dragged it up the arch of his husband's foot, looking steadily into his eyes as he did before drawing the big toe into his mouth again.

Will abandoned him breathing hard, and crawled up to listen to his heart again. "Oh, that got you going, old man," he teased. "And look at this…" He fondled Hannibal's hard cock

through his silk pajama pants again, finding the green material stained dark with precum. "You're so wet…" He peeled down the silk at last and opened up his mouth, descending on Hannibal's cock with all the attentive apology he'd lavished on his feet.

When he finished, Will dutifully helped with cleanup and tossed the wet pajama bottoms in the hamper, bringing him another pair. Hannibal was laying on his back, a blissful look on his face. "What about you, darling? You're in a state."

Will pulled out a pair of boxers and a tee shirt to sleep in. "Don't worry about it, I'll just hop in the shower quick."

"Nonsense. Come here."

"No, no, I was the incommunicado bastard who made you worry."

"I propose a compromise. I'll lay here and you may avail yourself of me."

"You and your Masterpiece Theater dirty talk," Will smirked, though he eagerly grabbed some lube and rolled Hannibal on his side, fucking his slicked thighs until his own release. Now Hannibal lay tucked under his arm, an ear against his chest, both of them naked except for Hannibal's open pajama shirt.

"Whew," Will managed, still panting from the finish. "You take my breath away, sugar bear."

"Quite literally, it seems." Hannibal adjusted where his ear was on Will's chest. He went quiet a minute as if listening.

Will still worked to catch his breath. He'd had too much to drink tonight, not enough water. Late nights on the road. He was more tired than he thought.

Suddenly, Hannibal got up. He tossed the pajama top into the hamper as well, then grabbed his doctor's bag, bringing it back to the bedside. From within he withdrew his stethoscope and fitted it into his ears.

"What? What are you doing?" Will wanted to know, letting Hannibal guide him to a sitting position. "We gonna play doctor next? I'm kinda tired from-from the trip…"

"Shhh." Hannibal moved the stethoscope over the front of his chest, then his back, then front again. Removing the ends from his ears, he took Will's hand. "Don't be alarmed. You have a heart murmur."

"Something's wrong with my heart?" Will felt it stumble in his chest.

"I told you not to be alarmed," Hannibal scolded gently, putting his stethoscope away and tucking them into bed. "A murmur itself isn't innately dangerous. It concerns me because I haven't heard it before, and because of your recent troubles. We'll schedule some tests tomorrow. Perhaps there is a physiological matter to blame for all of it. The way you spoke earlier, it seemed as though it would be a comfort if it was."

"Yeah…" Will said absently as his husband held him close. "Sure. A comfort."

They were almost asleep when Will mumbled, “So no insight a-at all… on the jiggety jig thing?”

“None,” Hannibal murmured back.

October 14: Fall Harvest and Orgasm Denial

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is a pumpkin spice slut just begging to get strapped to a fuck bench.

October 14: Fall Harvest and Orgasm Denial

Will wasn't surprised at all to see all the awards and degrees on Dr. Madrigal's wall. Of course Hannibal had gotten him in almost immediately with one of the top cardiologists on the Eastern Seaboard. He didn't make eye contact as she spoke, choosing instead to shift his gaze from one award and certificate to the next, finally settling on a picture on the doctor's wall that showed a very different type of accomplishment – all this, and she had four children.

"Hypertrophic cardiomyopathy," she said, despite his lack of attention-related body language. Hannibal was attentive enough, and she was probably speaking to him directly as a fellow professional. "It's causing a thickening of Will's heart muscle and some left ventricular stiffness. The result is likely a lack of oxygen to his muscles and organs. Now, considering he hasn't had many symptoms like dizziness or shortness of breath – the other night notwithstanding – in my professional opinion, the oxygen levels of the brain couldn't be altered enough to induce hypoxia-related hallucinations."

"How did I get it?" Will asked, glancing at the doctor's warm, understanding expression just long enough before looking away again.

"It can be genetic. Dr. Lecter tells me you don't know much about your family history on your mother's side?"

Will nodded. "But my dad's people are… shockingly healthy, uhm… given their lifestyle. No heart problems."

"Sometimes it develops for a reason we don't understand," Dr. Madrigal told them. "I know that's not what you want to hear."

"What's the worst case scenario?" Will looked at his hand now as Hannibal clasped it, resting it on the arm of his chair.

Dr. Madrigal was soft and caring, but Will liked that she didn't fuck around either. "The worst case scenario is death," she said. "You are at an increased risk for sudden cardiac failure, especially if your heart is under a great deal of strain. However, I think this outcome is unlikely given your general overall health and the mildness of your cardiac-related

symptoms. Going forward, we're going to monitor you closely, and work on some lifestyle changes. Mainly, I want you to limit your salt intake, and keep your exercise gentle. No bodybuilding or marathons, all right? And, if possible, try to reduce your stress level. Sudden shocks to your system, and the ongoing strain of these nightmares and hallucinations are going to make your condition more dangerous." To Hannibal: "A lot of my friends in the psych community have had luck prescribing Abilify, as I'm sure you know."

"Anti-psychotics," Will muttered. "Awesome."

After the appointment, Hannibal tried to cheer him up by driving them out of Baltimore to a nearby small town that happened to be throwing a fall festival in the town square. It was a beautiful day, the air full of dancing leaves, the breeze making whorls of rich yellow, crimson, and ochre. They got hot ciders and stood around the little stage, listening to the bluegrass band for a while. He put on his bravest face and prettiest smile, trying to reassure Hannibal that he was okay.

They voted on their favorite entries in the pumpkin carving contest. Will cast his vote for the one carved like a witch's face, turned on its side so the stem could be used for a long hook nose. Hannibal chose the one depicting the cartoon character Hello Kitty, the cutest one of the bunch, just to make him laugh.

They wandered the vendor booths for a while. Will lost track of Hannibal for a little bit while he was talking to a lady about her homemade dog biscuits and chew toys, eventually buying way too much of everything. Laden down with a full shopping bag, he found Hannibal chatting up another vendor, a girl and her mother and grandmother selling straw and corn husk handicrafts including dolls, woven decorations, and wreaths. The youngest saleswoman was showing Hannibal a display of creations – braided twists of straw and sheafs of wheat bent into heart shapes and tied with different ribbons. "And so," she said, her dark eyes wide as she sold her story, "when the lads were walking through the fields after the harvest, on the way home to meet their sweethearts, they would pick up the fallen straw and weave them into these tokens. They're called countryman's favors. Each of the ribbons has a special significance."

Will smiled, watching Hannibal interact with the artisan. Folksy straw art was so definitely not Hannibal's taste that he knew she didn't have a chance in hell of selling him anything, but he was so patient and sweet, letting her tell him the story of her work. Will wandered off again and came back with an apple fritter just as Hannibal was paying the girl some money and taking a countryman's favor with him. He brought it to Will and arranged it gently in the front pocket of his shirt. "I chose an orange ribbon. It symbolizes the blazing sun, around which we all revolve in an endless cycle."

"Oh, so, I'm like the sun?" Will scoffed, his mouth half-full of apple fritter.

"Yes," Hannibal said simply, taking the fritter from his hand and replacing it with a napkin.

"Hey!" Will protested as Hannibal tossed the rest of his pastry in a trash bin.

"Dr. Madrigal suggested some lifestyle changes to improve your cardiovascular health," Hannibal reminded him.

“Apple fritters aren’t salty,” he complained.

“Not exactly nutritious, either.”

On the way home, Will sat in the passenger’s seat, playing with the straw heart, admiring the intricate braids that held the strands together. “This was… sweet. Thanks.”

“Corn dollies and various straw creations were a part of harvest celebrations in Europe for centuries, until mechanization,” Hannibal told him. Will grinned. He absolutely loved Hannibal’s little info-dumps. “Many times, the final husks of the harvest were gathered and made into a creation, then brought inside and sheltered for the winter. It was believed that the spirit of the grain resided in the stalks, and would be homeless without somewhere to stay during the colder months. Corn dollies were thought to bring good luck and fertility to the home.”

“Well, I don’t know about fertility,” Will said. “The dogs are all fixed and we don’t have the requisite parts.”
“A pity.” Hannibal reached over and stroked his cheek a moment, listening to the rasp of stubble.

“I’ll take some of that good luck, though,” Will said, tickling Hannibal in response with the ends of the straw favor.

Later, at home, Will went outside to run the dogs and cut up a big dead tree bough that had fallen off of one of their maples. After stacking the wood in the pile near their fire pit, he came back inside to find Hannibal lounging on the couch, obviously waiting for him, reading a book with a cup of tea nearby. He was dressed in black boxer-briefs and a fucking adorable chunky wool sweater – green, tan, and orange, with foxes and autumn leaves and super floofy charcoal gray socks. Cozy but seductive, throwing his leg up on the back of the couch like some kind of pumpkin spice slut.

“Hey,” Will said, leaning against the doorframe. “Looks like that straw thingy worked. I’m lookin’ at some real good fortune.” Then he sighed. “Too bad I’m not supposed to, ah… exert myself.”

“So exert me,” Hannibal said, setting down his teacup and reclining, tucking his arm behind his head.

Will’s cock agreed that that was a really good plan. “You’re such a problem solver. But you better be careful what you promise – think you can take it?” He approached the couch slowly and held out a hand.

“I can take anything you need me to take,” Hannibal vowed, the words laden with double meaning. “And it will be a pleasure, not a burden.” He clasped Will’s hand and stood, leaning in to give him a cinnamon tea kiss.

“I love you,” Will said with a dreamy smile. “Now come downstairs and get strapped to the fuck bench.”

“Certainly.”

A few minutes later Hannibal was, indeed, strapped to the fuck bench – a black padded surface to lay face-down on, similar to a massage table. There were ergonomic leg and arm rests fitted with bondage straps, and it was adjustable to the fucker and fuckee’s height. Hannibal was at just the right angle to get railed, and there was a hole cut in the table for his erection to hang through, though right now he still had his underwear, sweater, and socks on. Will opened up a cabinet and selected a blindfold, though he hesitated before putting it on. “Is this okay?” he asked. “I know you usually like one, but… I dunno, since last time I sort of…” he shrugged.

“Yes, please.”

Will slid it over his eyes and smoothed his hair down, then buckled the final strap, which held Hannibal’s neck down against the padded surface below, restricting his movement entirely. They didn’t always use this one, but Will wanted it now. He knew why – he wanted complete and total control over something when he had little of it elsewhere. That was becoming quite the theme in his life lately. Luckily he had a partner who didn’t mind it. Loved it, in fact. Had been nurturing his dominant side lately so that their sex life was on more of an equal footing.

Will took off his shirt and hung it on the back of their bondage chair and stretched out his back and neck. Taking his time, he perused the array of impact implements hanging in neat rows on the dungeon wall, then opened a couple of drawers in a bureau, looking through the toy collection. He chose a relatively simple black anal vibrator with a pickaxe-shaped handle on the end for easy adjustment. It paired with his phone so he could control the speeds not only of the vibration, but the thrusting. This little pocket rocket could mimic a certain amount of fucking, and it was easier than getting HAL out.

Will gathered the needed supplies, then strolled back over to Hannibal, who waited patiently in his restraints, ass in the air, blindfold over his eyes and a placid smile on his face. Will stroked his hair back from his forehead. “You ready to be a good boy for me?” he asked, soft and sweet.

“Always,” Hannibal promised as Will ran the back of one finger down his smooth cheek.

Will leaned in and spoke so his breath whispered across Hannibal’s upturned ear. “Whatever you do,” he began, then corrected himself, “whatever I do to you, *do not come* . Understand?”

“I assume there will be dire consequences.”

“Oh, definitely,” Will assured him. He ran his hand slowly down the back of Hannibal’s neck, breaking contact with his skin only as his fingertips passed over the strap holding his neck down. A delighted smile played across his face as he saw Hannibal’s hands briefly form fists in their restraints. Will teased up the back of the sweater and stroked his spine down to the supple rise of his ass, so gorgeous in black. Hannibal always wore color – it was as if he was trying to distance himself from the morbid association of the darkest shade. Not just as a mechanism for blending in and keeping people guessing, but because that was how he saw life. In color. But damn, he did look good in black, too, especially his backside. Will trailed two fingers along the soft cotton of his boxer-briefs, feeling out his crack, then pressing the

fabric with his thumb until he found Hannibal's hole, rubbing it gently through the fabric barrier. Hannibal sighed, and a brief glance showed his cock growing, though it was still impeded by the undergarment.

Will wound back and gave his thick ass a good, solid slap just to watch the way it moved before returning to his tease, tracing out the curves again with both hands but not removing the cloth barrier. Now he reached between Hannibal's legs and closed his hand gently around his bulge, hefting it lovingly, then massaging it. "This isn't gonna be easy," Will warned him with a naughty little smirk. "Your balls feel pretty full, babe."

"What is life without challenge?"

Will chuckled. He picked up a pair of scissors from the wheeled cart that sat next to the fuck bench where he'd brought over his supplies, like a surgeon with his tools. Hannibal shivered when the cold blades of the shears touched his skin, but Will only used them to cut off his underwear with a series of slow snips. Now, with unfettered access to those sweet cheeks, he helped himself to another handful, kissing each one in turn before cupping Hannibal's balls again. "Yeah… really full. You're suffering. Too bad it's only gonna get worse."

Will took his time lubing up, teasing with his fingertip, then easing in to his first knuckle. More lube, everything so slick. "You're still so tight," Will marveled.

"Anal kegels," Hannibal sighed through a longing moan. "I do them all day in the office, patients none the wiser."

Will hummed, imagining his husband sitting there talking to some bored rich housewife about her problems while squeezing his ass open and shut nonstop throughout the session, perfecting his hole. "That's hot," he admitted. Slipping in another finger, he said, "Show me what you got."

Hannibal clenched around him, and Will whistled appreciatively. This feat earned Hannibal a third finger, which made him whimper, shifting his head as he could where his neck was restrained on the bench.

"You might want to, ah… start thinking about baseball, or whatever it is you do when you're trying not to orgasm." Will slipped the toy into Hannibal's ass and cleaned his hands with a wet wipe before getting out his phone and firing up the toy, cycling through the vibrations and different levels of thrusting. Dragging over a chair, he sat and watched from afar as Hannibal struggled to follow his directive, sweating, writhing in his bonds, stifling needy little mewls. "When I'm trying not to blow my load, I think about the various stages of decomposition, and try to name every insect involved with each," Will teased him.

"I'm trying to remember every composition by Johann Sebastian Bach in chronological order," Hannibal told him.

"Good luck," Will said, shifting the speed of the sex toy again. Hannibal gritted his teeth and took a few deep breaths.

Bach must have worked, because Hannibal really did last quite a long time. To the point where Will was getting too hard for comfort. At last, he leaned in and grasped Hannibal's cock with a lubed hand, and stroked him. Hannibal swore in French, then Italian, his toes curling in the socks, legs trembling.

"All right," Will said, as if it was a big inconvenience. "Go ahead. You can finish."

The last word had scarcely left his mouth before Hannibal released, spilling long ropes of cum on the dungeon floor. "I was right, you were pent up," Will said, unbuckling his belt. "Bet you feel better."

"I'll feel even better in a moment," Hannibal said as Will eased out the toy and replaced it with his own cock. "Mmm. Just right."

Will began thrusting, but not wildly – he was still aware of the doctor's orders regarding overexertion. But the way Hannibal's ass clamped down on him ensured he didn't have to do much to pump his husband full.

Later, after a bath, they got dressed again to make dinner together. "Surprise," Hannibal said, pulling out another sweater. It was much like his, clearly the same artist, but this one had pumpkins on it instead of foxes. "For my darling… pumpkin tits."

"Damn, that straw charm is working," Will joked, sliding the jumper over his head.

Hannibal paused as if deep in thought. Then he shook his head, a small movement, and gave Will a kiss. "Mr. Henderson's shoulder roast tonight, I think."

"Sounds perfect." They went to the kitchen hand in hand.

October 15: Will-o-Wisp and Noncon (simulated)

Chapter Summary

Will wants to prove to Hannibal that he's not fragile, so he coaxes out the Ripper. But there are mysterious lights in the woods...

October 15: Will-o-Wisp and Noncon (simulated)

The safe word, as always, was *Florence.*

Will might have been locked in the trunk of the Bentley, his hands and feet zip-tied, a strip of duct tape over his mouth, but he was actually getting exactly what he'd wanted. As the bounced along, his body banging against its confines, the plastic of the ties digging into his skin, he reveled in his moment of victory. He'd worn Hannibal down. And now, he was going to prove to his husband that he wasn't fragile. That this heart thing wasn't going to change their lives. That the hallucination shit was going away.

Truth be told, the antipsychotics seemed to be working, as much as the nausea sucked. This he told himself, knowing that even though he couldn't *see* anything, he could *feel* the phantoms of the dead murderers here in the dark, as if they were crammed into the shadows of the trunk, riding next to him, eyes reflecting like night creatures' in headlights. *Could* . If he let himself. But they weren't there, not real, and the meds were working. Everything was going to be fine, and he was going to prove it tonight by coaxing out the Ripper.

At last, the Bentley came to a stop. When Hannibal popped the trunk, Will struck out with his bound feet. Hannibal sidestepped it easily and leaned in to haul him out by one arm and the back of his pants. He dropped Will unceremoniously on the concrete floor of the garage. Will struggled to free himself, but the Ripper pinned him down, sitting on his hips, trapping his bound hands behind him.

" *Bonsoir* , Agent Graham." Hannibal reached into his suit jacket's inner pocket and removed a sleek metal case. Popping it open, he pulled out a syringe and squirted a little of whatever was inside out of the hollow needle. Will struggled, twisting this way and that, until the Ripper caught him by the chin and held him so tight he could feel the insides of his cheeks cut against his teeth. Will cried out into the duct tape over his mouth as the needle breached his skin and pumped his veins full of… something, he didn't know what.

And he truly didn't. While Hannibal had carte blanche to do as he pleased unless Will said *the word* , he hadn't known that Hannibal was including drugs as part of the experience,

though it wasn't like giving his victims cocktails of mind-altering substances wasn't in the Chesapeake Ripper's repertoire.

Will didn't feel like he was gonna hallucinate or had been given something like sodium amytal. Whatever had been in the syringe relaxed him, made him a little woozy. Pliable. Thoughts slower.

Heartbeat nice and slow, even if things got heated.

Will cursed into the tape as Hannibal hauled him over to the side of the garage. There was a trapdoor here hidden under a disassembled ice fishing hut, and Hannibal pulled it open. Blackness within. He shuffled Will's feet in first, then shoved him through it.

Will fell through to the basement room with the drain and the old foundation wall (though he landed on a mattress, not directly on the concrete floor as a real Ripper victim might have). Still the sense of vertigo and falling was destabilizing. Groaning, he rolled over on the mattress, trying to get up. He'd managed to get to his knees and shuffle off the mattress, looking around for something on the metal shelves that might be useful for cutting through zip ties when the door opened. Here was the Ripper, his fine clothing protected by a zip-up plastic suit. Unarmed, but oh so menacing with his black, shark-like eyes and sharp cheekbones, looking twice as bulky somehow. Will's cock throbbed with sudden want.

"You've spent the last six months searching for the Chesapeake Ripper," Hannibal said, walking slowly forward to where Will was struggling to his feet. "And you've found him." Reaching down, he peeled the tape from Will's mouth with agonizing slowness.

"Be careful what you wish for," Will murmured breathlessly when his lips were free.

"Indeed." Hannibal dodged as Will stood up quickly, trying to head-butt him, and shoved him face down on the mattress. From beneath he withdrew a set of real restraints, leather, buckles and chains, and secured Will's wrists together more firmly.

He turned Will over and stood, casting his shadow over him. Will lay on his side, feeling heavier and heavier as the medication worked through him, his bound legs bent, staring helplessly up at the murderer that only smiled politely down at him. "I'd love to have you for dinner, Agent Graham. Won't you join me?"

"C-cannibal *puns* ? Really?" Will spat, turning on his side, though his head still drooped against the mattress.

"I'm afraid I must insist you accept the invitation. You are my guest, after all. Please, relax. Make yourself at home and I'll see to the preparations."

Will watched as the plastic-suited murderer brought in two chairs, a small table, and a bowl of what looked like… soup? Hauling Will up, he placed him gently in the chair, easily deflecting him by the chin when Will tried to bite his face. He settled in the other chair with a squeak of protective plastic, and lifted the soup spoon to Will's mouth, cupping his face and guiding the spoon into it.

Will's mouth filled with a warm herbal broth. While the herbs were fresh, the soup itself was woefully watery and lacking flavor or salt. In between bites, Will managed to say the most cutting thing he could think of to insult this monster. "Soup's not very good."

Hannibal's smile only climbed higher. "It's a parsley and thyme infusion. More for my sake than for yours."

"Y-you're flavoring me…?" Will tried to move his chin out of the way again, but Hannibal's hand was firm, forcing his mouth open, again cutting his cheeks against his teeth.

"That's enough for now." Hannibal set the soup aside and put Will back on the mattress, dragging a chair over to sit next to it, crossing his legs with another soft sound of his plastic murder suit. "While that settles in your system, I thought we could enjoy each others' company. I will admit an interest in you, Agent Graham. How did you find me?"

"I got in your head," Will said flippantly, though his mind and lips felt slow. "That's what I do."

"So I've heard. The hero agent who suffers the power of pure empathy. Risks his sanity to catch men like me. I will admit, I find it intriguing."

"I know you. I see you," Will said. "I told Jack Crawford my suspicions. He's going to know what's happened to me and come for you. But if you start running now, you might be able to disappear."

"I suppose you think I'll dash away this second, leaving you alive," Hannibal mused.

"You can't… blame a guy for hoping," Will muttered through gritted teeth. "But I thought, y'know, if you had packing to do, at least it might be *quick* . As opposed to being eaten one limb at a time."

"There's always time for a snack," Hannibal told him. "I think I'll saw your skull open. Fry pieces of your brain in drawn butter while you're still alive."

He got up from his chair and went over to the tool table, lifting up his bone saw and examining it. He positioned it on the table and pulled out a chair for Will, approaching him again to, theoretically, hoist him into it. As he manhandled Will, who attempted to struggle, his hand passed over Will's groin and stopped. The Ripper leaned in and inhaled, his subtle smile widening. "This is unexpected," he said conversationally, even as Will squirmed out of his grasp, falling back on the mattress, bound arms trapped behind him, sweat pouring from his brow. "Agent Graham, when you used your prodigious empathy to find me, did something unexpected happen? Perhaps when you got inside my head, you liked what you saw, despite your moral reservations?"

"W-what?" Will shook his head violently no. "You're a monster. Y-you barely qualify as human."

"Then explain to me why you're experiencing sexual arousal at this moment."

“What?” Will snapped, trying to edge further backward on the mattress. Hannibal caught him by the shirt and shoved him down with a hand on his chest, slinging a leg over his with another rustle of plastic. “You’re sicker than I thought, Dr. Lecter, if you think I’d ever…” His words tilted into a half-strangled moan when the Ripper gently folded his gloved hand between Will’s legs. “Get off me,” he snarled, trying to keep his thighs closed.

“Your body is betraying you, Agent Graham.” Hannibal did release him, however, getting to his feet. He slowly stripped off the plastic murder suit, a clear and sinister indicator that Will wasn’t going to die just yet, but that there were other plans. He folded it carefully and placed it on the table next to the bowl of herbal infusion, then slipped off his coat and tie, rolling up his sleeves. “Would you care to hear my diagnosis in your case?”

“You don’t know me,” Will growled as Hannibal knelt down on the mattress next to him again, caging him in with his knees and outstretched arms. “You don’t know anything about me.”

“When you look at me,” Hannibal said softly, the coldly mild therapy voice taking on a seductive, velvety cadence. “And I look at you, we are, the both of us, standing before a two-way mirror. Staring at one another and our own reflections simultaneously.”

“I’m *nothing* like you,” Will argued, shying away, pressing himself back on the mattress, trying to inch away as Hannibal leaned in, tracing a hand down his cheek, then grazing it along the slope of his throat as he angled his chin, trying to avoid the touch.

“Who among us doesn’t want to be understood?” Hannibal’s voice had dropped another octave and Will felt it curling in his ear as the cannibal killer’s hand, so large and dangerous, circled his neck, giving it a predatory squeeze. He brought his face closer, nuzzling against the side of Will’s face with his own, despite Will trying to twist away. “You know me. You see me. And when you look at my work, you find it beautiful, don’t you?”

“No,” Will denied.

“When you assumed my point of view to try to catch me, I imagine part of your drive to do so had less to do with protecting the world from me, and more to do with hoping we’d be face to face like this one day.” Hannibal’s hand left his throat and combed through his hair, closing tightly in the curls, tilting his head back by force. “Is this what you imagined?”

“You won’t get away with it,” Will protested. Hannibal tried to kiss him, but Will kept his mouth tightly shut. The Ripper settled for his neck, massaging the skin with his broad, warm, wet tongue before closing his lips against it and leaving a mark behind. Will tried not to make a sound, but a low hum snuck into his throat.

“You’re certainly in no position to stop me,” Hannibal reminded him as he sat back and unbuttoned Will’s shirt, spreading it open, revealing the healed shadows of the mysterious scratches he’d sustained during the sensory deprivation incident. “But that’s what worries you. You don’t want me to stop.” He slid his palm flat down the bare plane of Will’s chest and belly, thumbing his nipple. “Are you sexually attracted to all of the killers that you profile? I’d like to think that our connection is special.”

“We don’t *have*... a-a connection!” Will tried to roll away, struggling fruitlessly in his bondage and zip ties. “Get off me, you sick fuck.”

“No connection. Hmm.” The Ripper opened Will’s pants. “Oh, Agent Graham. How delightful.”

Will was wearing a pair of tight red silky boy shorts with lace at the waistband and trimming the edges of the leg holes, the scarlet stark against his pale thighs. “You must have known something like this would happen. Did you wear these for me?”

“No,” Will tried to deny, though it came out a pleased sigh as the Ripper groped him with loving firmness through the sensual fabric.

“You’re enjoying this in spite of yourself,” Hannibal noted. “Delighting in wickedness. And *wet,* too — are you like this for all your murderers? Wet and moaning like a whore? The Bridgewater Stalker — did he make you wet and desperate? How about the Valley River Killer? Or is it just me?”

“S-stop,” Will tried as he was fondled, Hannibal’s face back in his neck, tantalizing him again in all of his most erogenous zones. “Stop!”

“Answer me.” Painful twist of his nipple.

“You, just you,” Will whimpered. “I mean, none of you…!”

Hannibal smirked, that Cheshire smile.

“Please,” Will begged.

“And what are you begging for?” Hannibal flipped him on his stomach and yanked his pants down, forcing Will to kneel and lean forward face down on the mattress, silk-and-lace-clad ass in the air. “Begging for me to stop? Or to give you what you want? I’m not sure you’re entirely certain.”

“No, no, no, no…!” Will chanted as he heard the unmistakable snick of a folding knife opening. Cold metal on his skin, sliding slowly up his inner thigh. Maybe it was the dull side of the blade but maybe it wasn’t, getting closer and closer to his undercarriage. He ceased all movement except his trembling, which happened against his will. The tip of the blade slid up along the curve of one ass cheek before hooking into the lace of his underwear. The knife must have been incredibly sharp, for it slid through the fabric with very little resistance. Hannibal made a similar cut on the other side, then tore the scrap of scarlet fabric away completely, leaving Will bare, his shame on full display, his desire evident, hanging heavily between his legs.

Hannibal slipped the knife against his throat and curled his hand around Will’s cock, spreading his beads of precum down his shaft, working him into fuller hardness. Will whimpered and sucked in several begging breaths. The Ripper’s hand drifted back, inching behind Will’s balls and along his perineum before teasing the pucker of his hole. “I know

what you and Jack Crawford were planning," Hannibal revealed as he toyed with Will's ass, threatening to finger him dry. "What is it they say in old spy movies? A honey trap."

"No, no… we weren't planning—!"

"Let me guess. You would slowly reveal to me through our sessions that you were succumbing to your monstrous urges. Seduce me, gain my trust, and then find enough evidence to implicate me. But does Jack know? Does he know how *willing* you were to take on such a task? I suppose the whole plan was your idea, Agent Graham."

"I…"

"The FBI's expert profiler. Empath on call. More like the BSU's willing little *slut* ." The knife left his throat, which was a relief. Hannibal used it to cut the zip tie that held his ankles together in order to pull off his jeans entirely. Will yelped when the Ripper's finger breached him, burying his face in the mattress. Didn't want to give him the satisfaction.

Relief as the digit was removed. But then Will trembled when he heard Hannibal spit into his hand, rubbing it on his hole, a symbolic gesture of degradation and coming pain. He heard the Ripper open his own trousers, felt his thick cockhead against his unprepared entrance. "Relax, Agent Graham. I'm sure you know this will be much worse if you don't relax."

"Fuck you," Will spat.

"I don't see how." Hannibal's hands on his hips, caressing and spreading his cheeks. "Back up onto me."

"No!" Will tried to shimmy forward but Hannibal took him by the chain that connected the wrist restraints.

"You call *me* monstrous." Hannibal's cock butted against his hole again. "Why are you so aroused, then? How damaged and strange you must be to enjoy this… especially from a man like me."

"I don't—!"

"You do. I'm sure you jumped at the chance to throw yourself at me. Tell me, Will, how many murders must a man commit to gain access to what I'm about to claim as my own? Ten? Twenty? My number is far higher. Does that arouse you further? I suspect it does." Hannibal spat on his hand again and pushed the head of his cock in, just the tip. Will cried out, tears filling his eyes at the aching burn. "Help yourself, Will. Any good whore knows that it'll hurt less once I'm completely inside."

Will gave in and shifted himself back, forcing himself to take the Ripper's length inside himself. The intimate pain made him tear up; the mattress was wet from his cheeks and nose. "I can't…!"

"You will."

Tears streaming from his face, Will forced himself back on the Ripper's cock, trying to stifle his sounds of anguish. He felt split. Speared. Stabbed, as if this prodigious murderer was cutting him open. "Please," he begged.

"What is it you're asking for?"

"Please move."

He felt a hand stroke the bow of his back, slipping up his spine. "You'll have to be more specific."

"Fuck me!" Will cried, voice laden with the strain he felt. "Just do it!"

"Of course you'd beg for it," Hannibal said as he gripped Will by the hip and the chain between his cuffs. He began to move, though with agonizing slowness. "One does wonder if your proclivities extend to others beyond serial killers. Are you quite popular at the BSU? Spreading your legs in service of the federal government?" Hannibal's final word was twisted with pleasure as he started fucking in earnest, abusing Will's hole mercilessly, filling the basement room with the wanton slap of skin on sin.

Beneath the version of himself he was portraying, Will was elated. He was taking it. All of it. And not only was fucking the Chesapeake Ripper instead of his loving husband hot as fuck, he was proving to himself and Hannibal that he wasn't made of glass. Heart murmur, hallucinations, whatever, he'd figure it out.

"What did you think when you saw my victims?" Hannibal panted, ramming into him. "Tell the truth… Agent Graham. When you saw my design…!"

"It was beautiful!" Will half-growled-half-sobbed.

This admission earned him a hand around his cock, the movement of Hannibal's hips rocking him through the grip. He trembled, seized, came, so hard he felt his calf muscles lock up. The added tightness squeezed the Ripper's cock inside and milked his pleasure from him as well, filling Will with what felt like a prodigious amount of seed.

"I've changed my mind about the fate of yours, Agent Graham," Hannibal murmured after pulling out and flipping Will onto his back for a kiss that he allowed. "Your brains are no longer on the menu."

***

It had been a wonderful roleplay, and it was a beautiful clear night. After supper, they built a fire in the fire pit and cuddled up on a padded chaise lounge with more mulled cider. "How do you feel?" Hannibal asked as Will shifted uncomfortably in his arms for a moment before settling back in.

"Sore," Will admitted. "But that's, ah… what I wanted."

Hannibal beamed down at him a moment before Will got comfortable again, and kissed the place where hairline met forehead. "How were your side-effects today?"

“For the Abilify? Not great, but I forgot all about them when we were playing. And now, I feel fine.”

“No hallucinations?”

“Not since I started the meds. But I don’t think they’ve built up enough to actually work yet…?”

Hannibal nodded. “You’ll feel the full effects in four to six weeks, though some patients have reported symptom relief within a few days.”

“Hmm.” Will drained his cider, then snuggled up again.

It got late, and even serial killers have to get up and work in the morning. Hannibal went inside with the cider cups, leaving Will to put out the fire. When he was finished, Will paused, stretching, and looked out over their property – the old farm that had somehow not been overtaken by housing subdivisions, though residential neighborhoods surrounded it on all sides. Their little bit of country in the city, best of both worlds.

He was just about to go inside when he saw something like a flashlight bobbing through the trees in the little scar of woods the property still had. He tracked it as it moved, disappearing behind tree trunks and re-emerging on the other side. Was someone on their property?

The light stopped, as if it knew it was being observed. And then it floated up slowly, sliding soundlessly through the tree boughs until it was above the top of their oldest oak, much higher than any person could ever climb, especially while holding a flashlight.

“What the fuck?” Will murmured. Was this it? Was this the time he was *finally* going to see a UFO? He’d been waiting ever since *X-Files* had aired on TV and he’d arranged his Sunday nights to make sure he didn’t miss an episode.

Will set off across the lawn toward the woods, keeping his eye on the light. It dipped low again and hovered at the treeline, as if waiting for him. “Is… somebody there?” he called, voice trembling.

The light whirled and danced and bobbed as if it had some kind of intelligence. Like it was amusing itself until he could catch up with it. But just as Will neared, and realized that yes, this was a ball of blue-tinged light that was floating around like a massive firefly, it sped off into the trees. “Wait!” he cried, plunging in after it, hurrying through the undergrowth. The thing – wisp? – seemed to wait for him to catch up and then zoom ahead again, teasing him, leading him –?

Suddenly, something crashed through the underbrush, headed straight for him. He only had a second to react, raising an arm in defense. The wisp zoomed up right into his face, blinding him, just as something solid impacted him from the side. Will stumbled and fell, scraping along a tree trunk and landing hard on his hip. “What the fuck–!”

Winston. The dog had its jaws around the arm of his coat and was dragging at him. Not in aggression – the dog was whining piteously, dropping the coat sleeve from his mouth to lick

Will's face before latching on again and trying to drag him along the ground.

Will managed to get up on his knees, crawling the direction Winston seemed to want him to go. He knelt and murmured soothing things to the whining dog as he licked and pawed at Will, yipping out little desperate barks.

Will slowly got to his feet and looked around. No glowing orb, wisp, UFO, spook-light, whatever it was. But there was something dark on the ground right near where Winston had tackled him.

Winston barked a warning, but Will hushed him, creeping closer. The dark thing wasn't a thing so much as it was an opening full of shadows. Will pulled out his phone and flipped on the flashlight.

First, all he saw were ancient, splintered boards, broken and scattered. Further examination revealed an old well that must have been dug when the farm was a homestead centuries ago. It had been properly boarded up at some point, and a layer of dirt had kept it hidden from them when they'd bought the property. He'd had no idea it was here.

Or why it was open now.

Or why a glowing light had led him right to it.

"Hoping… I'd fall into it," Will murmured as Winston pawed his leg. Will turned to the dog, dropping to his knees and hugging the animal tightly. "It was trying to kill me," he rasped, tears springing to his eyes. "You saved me, boy. You saved me. You saved my life."

Winston licked his face. *Just returning the favor,* his doggo kisses seemed to say.

October 16: Hallowed Ground and Public Sex

Chapter Summary

Hannibal returns to Castle Lecter to find arcane knowledge that might help Will. They find it, and Chiyoh, which is good because they need her help when they find themselves in a little bit of a pickle with their pickles.

October 16: Hallowed Ground and Public Sex

“You don’t have to do this.”

Hannibal looked back at him, his breath clouding from between his aristocratic lips. It was cold in Lithuania — colder than back home. “So you’ve said. Many times. It didn’t stop me at home, or at the airport. Thought you’d try again once the castle is in sight?”

Will watched Hannibal close his gloved hand around the barred gate, gazing up at the ruins of his childhood home, the sinister outline of its walls and towers cutting black against the sunset.

“You’ve told me before that there are places here you cannot safely go.” Will watched Hannibal withdraw a key he’d never seen before and unlock the gate, sliding free the chain that looped it closed. “I’m assuming… that means bad memories.”

Hannibal nodded, slipping through the rusty gate. Will followed. “You don’t have to do this,” he repeated. “Hannibal, *please* .”

But *please* and puppy eyes were not working. Hannibal walked with swift, determined steps toward the crumbling estate. As they passed a hunting lodge on the edge of the tangled wood that surrounded the property, to Will’s surprise, the door opened, and a woman came out. She was dressed in a long dark green coat and carried a shotgun.

“Chiyoh,” Hannibal greeted as she came slowly toward them, her dark eyes wary but glittering with some kind of tense, longing fascination.

“Hannibal.”

“May I present Will Graham. My husband.”

The woman’s stoic face rippled for just a moment with surprise before settling back to her original expression. She nodded at them, still holding the gun.

“Could we trouble you for some tea?” Hannibal asked, and Chiyoh agreed, backing into the cottage. Hannibal and Will sat at a low Japanese style table as she heated the water and brought out the teapot. When they were all settled in, Hannibal staved off the awkward silence by asking, “Is he still alive?”

“Yes,” Chiyoh said. “Otherwise I would not remain.”

Will looked from one to the other. “Uhm… who’s still alive?”

“The man who killed Mischa,” Hannibal said quietly, still looking at Chiyoh. “I brought him here to kill him. Chiyoh wanted to spare me by sparing him. I said that his life was in her hands, then. And so he remains a prisoner.”

“That was… decades ago…”

Chiyoh nodded.

Will fell quiet, and sipped his green tea.

“I need to visit the cave,” Hannibal said. “There are books and documents I require.”

“Do you remember the way?” Chiyoh asked.

“I do. But I would like your company regardless.”

“Cave?” Will asked. “What cave?”

“When it became clear that the Nazis were a threat, and later the Soviets, many of my family heirlooms were moved to a cave on the estate,” Hannibal explained.

“How far is the cave?” Will wanted to know.

“I made my mother a solemn promise that I would never reveal the location,” Hannibal said after sipping his tea in a rather adorable, gentlemanly fashion. “If Chiyoh has since discovered it in her time living here…” He inclined his head slightly, a deferential motion. Chiyoh mirrored the motion.

“And you always keep your promises.”

Hannibal finished his tea. “Shall we?”

Chiyoh got to her feet and Hannibal reached down to help Will up, ever chivalrous. “So I just wait here then?” he said dubiously.

“Yes. It may be a few hours.”

Will sighed. “All right. I’ll be here, I guess.”

Hannibal and Chiyoh left, armed with lanterns. Will watched them disappear into the woods. He spent about an hour chilling out in the hunting lodge with all the creepy dead birds and

rabbits hanging in the little kitchen. Then he put his coat on and went up the winding path to the castle. He found an abandoned fountain crawling with snails, and a little family cemetery.

The sight of these crumbling stones, all that remained of Hannibal's family, brought tears to Will's eyes. Mischa's stone was so small. MYLIMA. It wasn't right. It wasn't fair, what had happened to her and Hannibal by proxy. And the man who was responsible was here?

A design came to Will, and he went looking for where the prisoner was being held.

***

Will was back at the lodge well before Hannibal and Chiyoh returned with a small cedar trunk held shut by cracked leather straps with tarnished buckles. "This is what you were looking for?" Will asked incredulously as Hannibal set the trunk on the table and knelt next to it. Chiyoh lit several more candles and they watched as Hannibal opened the wooden box, awakening a cloud of dust. From within he carefully lifted an ancient leather-bound book full of yellowed pages. Opening it with careful fingers, he showed them one of the first few pages. It was filled with strange symbols Will didn't recognize, but the name Grazina Lecter he could read.

"Grazina was my great-grandmother on the Lecter side," Hannibal explained, turning the aged pages carefully. They were filled with sketches of artifacts, more strange designs, and pages and pages of handwritten notes in a couple of different languages Will couldn't identify. "She lost my great grandfather to illness when he was 38, and spent the rest of her life studying all things supernatural and arcane. Though her research was fueled by grief, it became a lifelong passion. She corresponded with the Order of the Golden Dawn, for example." Hannibal withdrew a packet of letters tied together with a half-disintegrated silk ribbon.

"I… I don't get it," Will admitted, sinking back on his heels as Chiyoh got up to stoke the fire. "So your great grandmother was Lithuania's original ghostbuster… I still don't understand why you came all the way here, t-to this place that… could hurt you so badly…?"

"Will," Hannibal said, flipping the pages until he found what he was looking for. He turned the tome carefully so Will could see the page's illustration. It showed a pen and ink sketch of a nude man's body. Covered with symbols.

"Oh shit…" Will breathed, his heart suddenly beating much too fast. "It's… just like the-the grave desecrations… like w-what was done to Hobbs, Stammets, Buddish's brother…"

"And Eva Worthington," Hannibal finished for him. "Once you finally showed me the pictures from those crime scenes, I recognized these arcane designs. I knew I had to come here."

"So… it's not schizophrenia. Or encephalitis. Or stress. You think… this is *real* ? That it's… supernatural?"

Even stoic Chiyoh looked incredulous. But Hannibal said, “Sometimes the simplest answer is ignored because it is so terribly obvious. What you’re seeing, Will… I can’t explain it. But perhaps Grazina can.” He gently closed the book and replaced it in the trunk, fastening it shut. He reached out and put his hand over Will’s on the table. “I don’t care if coming back to this place might trigger something in me. I don’t care how much it hurts. You’re in danger, Will.”

Will bit back his tears and took a shaky breath.

Hannibal patted his hand and stood up. “Chiyoh. I assume that having someone else cook for you might be a luxury you have not enjoyed in some time. Would you permit me to use the kitchen and a pheasant, perhaps?”

“Thank you.” Chiyoh wore the ghost of a smile.

“I’ll give you a hand,” Will offered.

“Excellent. You can pluck the bird.”

***

Will and Hannibal slept on the floor of the hunting lodge next to the fireplace with a few pillows, blankets, and furniture cushions. They woke when Chiyoh came in, her steps a little unsteady, blood splashed across her face.

“What happened?” Hannibal buttoned up his shirt as Will hurried into his jeans.

Chiyoh ignored him, staring obsidian daggers at Will. “The prisoner is dead,” she said with cold simplicity. “Someone unlocked the door for him. When I came with food, he attacked me. He forced me to kill him.”

Will approached her warily, but with a soft smile. “But he didn’t force you to enjoy it,” he said. When he looked over at Hannibal, his husband’s eyes were wet and he was beaming with pride.

“Well. Now that nothing’s holding you here,” Hannibal said, “would you like to come to America with us?”

“I promised Murasaki I would protect you,” Chiyoh said. “I thought to protect you from becoming a murderer. But now the time has come. I will go with you.”

As they filed wordlessly out of the hunting lodge, Will leaned over and whispered to Hannibal, “Do you think she’d wanna play D&D? We really need a Druid.”

***

After securing their prize, they drove back through the twisting roads of the gorgeous rolling countryside, stopping for the night in a smaller town near a ski resort that had several charming little hotels to choose from. Will thought after dinner they might go back up to the honeymoon suite that Hannibal had insisted on and drink the bottle of complimentary

champagne while pouring over Grazina's book, but Hannibal had other plans. He gave Chiyoh the money needed to pick up some luggage and clothing for the trip, and told Will he was feeling restless and needed a walk. Now they strolled the streets of the quaint little tourist trap despite the rain that threatened the evening horizon.

They crossed a little bridge and climbed a hill toward a lovely white church with a red roof. There was a cemetery on one side, crammed full of tombs, some surrounded by wrought iron fencing, others adorned with tall statues of Christ or ornate metal crosses balanced on crescent moons. There was a graveside service in progress, complete with a priest in vestments, mourners in black, and a coffin ready to be lowered in the ground, its shiny surface strewn with flowers. Hannibal moved toward it as if drawn. Will couldn't understand what was being said, and was focusing on trying to translate when Hannibal suddenly took him by the arm, dragging him behind a mausoleum and down another row of tombs. "Han —!"

Hannibal pushed him up against the side of an alabaster mausoleum adorned with neoclassical columns, hard enough that the breath in his lungs came out as a strange little grunt. He grasped his husband's wool coat by the lapels to steady himself as Hannibal stared at him intently, a look of strangled grief in his eyes evolving to one of soft madness. He stroked Will's face tenderly, but followed it with a rough kiss, pressing in so hard Will's head hit the stone behind him with a dull thud. He grabbed Will's hand from his chest and looped it behind him, placing it firmly on his own backside and held it there as his other splayed across Will's cheek and kept him locked in the kiss, devouring, searching deep with his tongue.

Over Hannibal's shoulder, Will could see the funeral in progress, just down a little grassy slope. If they were lucky, nobody would happen to glance this way. There were a few obelisks and thicker crosses in the way, maybe a tree trunk or two, but there was no sense they were concealed from the entire party of mourners. Will could hear the elegy, which meant they could also be heard.

Hannibal attacked his neck, rutting up against him, holding Will against the stone with his hand pressed firmly over Will's mouth, muffling the litany of sounds he was attempting to emit – curses, sighs, moans, praises. He managed to get a palm between and cupped Hannibal's bulge, rubbing it with firm affection. This was distracting enough for Will to get Hannibal just enough off balance to complete his plan. This plan consisted of dumping them both on a pile of dirt next to a freshly dug grave, the hole prepared for an internment that could take place later today or tomorrow morning.

Hannibal landed on his back with Will on top, giving as good as he got, sucking face and pinching Hannibal's nipple through the 200$ "casual traveling shirt" he was wearing with a pair of dark blue Zegna wool trousers. "Gonna make you come in those $900 pants of yours," Will threatened, fondling him mercilessly. Hannibal's response was to roll them into the open grave itself. They landed with a wet squelch in the soft, moist earth at the bottom of the hole. Will yelped when cold water seeped up from the sodden ground and soaked him to the skin. But now he was wet, and slippery enough to flip Hannibal beneath him to receive the same treatment. As if that wasn't enough, the sky opened, and it began to rain, heavy, cold drops that drenched them within moments. Will could hear the priest practically shouting the

prayers over the deluge and the sound of opening umbrellas and quick footsteps on the stone paths.

The ground beneath them only became muddier and Will was delighted to see Hannibal embrace the moment, clothes be damned. The rain pounded down on them; Will was on top now, wrestling with Hannibal's wet trousers to get them open, feeling his knees sinking deeper into the growing mud puddle they were laying in. He'd just managed the button when Hannibal took him by the jacket and shoved him against the side of the grave shaft. A minor dirt collapse mixed immediately with the pouring rain as Hannibal straddled him, and a glob of wet earth splatted directly on Will's exposed neck. He could feel the muddy bottom of the grave seeping into his hair, and wondered vaguely if they were going to sink into the earth together and suffocate, a coffin joining them tomorrow morning. Wasn't a bad way to go.

Hannibal had both of their cocks out now, holding them with one hand and thrusting their undersides together. Will pawed at his thighs, leaving muddy contrails behind and Hannibal wrapped a hand around his throat, smearing the wet earth up around his jaw and across his cheek. Will lost it in that moment, reveling in the vital feeling of letting everything go – decorum, good sense, worry – and embraced the sacrilegious nature of the act, an act of pure life and vitality even as they were surrounded by reminders of mortality. He climaxed with a deep, satisfied moan that tore from between his lips, arching his back and pressing his head back further into the soft earth, clenching Hannibal's thighs. Hannibal pumped himself a few more times against Will's softening cock and did much the same.

And now they lay together at the bottom of the grave in a tight embrace. Will thought of what it would be like to die like this, and to be found centuries later by archeologists, their skeletons still entwined.

"Funerals… make us want sex," Hannibal panted, breath warm against his cold, wet ear. "One in the eye for death."

"Apparently so." Will thought he meant the funeral they'd stumbled across, but as Hannibal held him so tightly, clinging to Will even as they lay in the mud and rain, his empathy pulse flickered. This wasn't about sexy heresy at the graveyard. Hannibal was thinking about everyone he'd lost. All of the terrible memories brought back by this visit to his home, even if he hadn't gone near the castle itself. And he'd subjected himself to it willingly. To save Will. Or try to.

Hannibal's embrace in this moment spoke volumes. *I will not lose you. I will never let you go. I will break the laws of time and tear the fabric of the universe to keep you with me. I will forget everything I know about science and reality and I will find a way.*

Will kissed him, tasting fertile earth and his husband's familiar mouth. "One in the eye for death," he agreed.

When, at last, they agreed they really couldn't stay in the open grave anymore, they realized the muddy sides of the hole made it pretty much impossible to get out, even if Hannibal boosted Will up. At last, he opened up his mud-caked coat and withdrew his phone. Luckily the rain had stopped.

“So… who do you call when you, ah, rolled into an open grave to have sex and then you can’t get out after?” Will wondered, scraping some mud from the side of his neck.

“Chiyoh,” Hannibal said, raising the phone to his ear.

“...Awkward,” Will muttered.

Oct 17: Hex and Fisting

Chapter Summary

Hannibal tries a spell from Grazina's book to un-hex Will. Too freaked out to sleep, they decide to engage in an "activity" to take their minds off of what happened.

Oct 17: Hex and Fisting

Chiyoh closed the Player's Handbook. Looking directly at Zeller with her canny eyes, large and dark and reflecting the overhead light that bathed the gaming table with its full brightness, she said, "I become a brown bear."

"Uhm…" Franklyn shook his head. "You know you only get to do that once per day at your level, right? We're just walking over to the mayor's cottage to ask him about the disturbances in the local graveyard."

"Something is waiting for us. On the road or in the cottage." Chiyoh still had Zeller locked in her intimidating gaze. Will saw the muscles of his face twitch a couple of times, but it was like he was mesmerized.

"Just let her play how she wants," Maeve argued. To Chiyoh: "Don't listen to them. You do you, sis."

"Uh, okay. So, um… you're headed down the road to the mayor's cottage?" Zeller asked as if regaining his train of thought.

A chorus of nods from the adventuring party. "I'll take point," Will said. Now that Gullivar had retired, he was playing Bucky Fangrinder, a dwarven ranger. Dwarves were not typically rangers, and he'd had to get special dispensation from Zeller to craft the character. But Bucky had a backstory. His father was a blacksmith and wanted Bucky to join the family business, but after liquid metal had splashed on his face as a child, disfiguring him, Bucky ran away from home and moved in with an old human hermit in the woods named Snowy. Snowy had taught him the ways of rangering, and now Bucky was on a quest to find himself and true love, despite his appearance.

"Any tracks?" Jimmy asked eagerly.

"I mean, it's a road," Will said. "I'm assuming there's a shit ton of tracks. But I'll roll." He did so.

“Yeah, there’s a shit ton of tracks.” Zeller cleared his throat, sneaking glances over the GM screen up at Chiyoh. “Okay, so you continue down the road, and it brings you into the woods. It’s a beautiful day, birds are singing, all that shit.”

“I like your instincts,” Eddie told Chiyoh. “I want to look around and see if there’s anything in the woods as we’re walking.”

“Roll perception.”

Eddie did so. “Fuck. Missed by one.”

“Everything looks hunky-dory. Uh, that means it’s okay. Nothing there,” Zeller translated for Chiyoh.

“I know what it means,” she said flatly, and he blushed.

“You, um… so, there’s a creek that runs across the road and you have to cross it,” Zeller said. Everyone did, either wading through or, in Maeve’s case, asking the bear for a ride over, which she willingly gave.

As soon as everyone was on the other side, Zeller cracked a grin and said, “Roll initiative!”

“Shit!” Eddie cursed. “I knew it!”

“No, *she* knew it,” Maeve corrected him, pointing at Chiyoh.

“A band of orcs leap out. They were hiding under leaf mats. One of them is wearing a full on ghillie suit,” Zeller said, rubbing his hands together craftily. “Ten in total, armed with maces and clubs.”

Will was deeply impressed with Chiyoh’s playing. First, she’d read the PHB in one night and seemed to have memorized it nearly word for word; not just the information needed for the wood-elf druid she was playing, but all other races and classes as well. She understood how the system worked, and its functionality as a universal whole. Her character role-playing could use some work, but that would come in time. Maybe. For now, she was picking off orcs one by one and dragging them away from the group to kill them with ruthless efficiency as a brown bear.

After the session, Will drove her to her new home, an unassuming townhouse in the development right next to where Will and Hannibal lived. “How are you liking the new place?” Will asked, trying to make conversation.

“I can’t sleep,” she said. “I can hear people.”

“Are the neighbors loud?”

“They’re *there* .”

Will realized she’d lived in isolation so long that any sounds at night that weren’t birds and insects were probably going to be deafening. “Hold on, let’s make a quick stop.”

Chiyoh waited in the car while he ran into the nearest Target and bought their best and fanciest nature sounds and white noise machine. “Here. You can crank this thing up and maybe it’ll help.”

She took the box from him as he started up the Volvo and resumed the drive. “Thank you,” she said, and it was the tenderest thing he’d ever heard her say. In that, there was emotional inflection contained in the words, slight as it was.

“Once we get the permits and everything we’ll start building your cottage on our property, but it’ll, ah… take some time. And who knows, by then, you might decide you *love* your townhouse.”

“I want a cat,” she said.

“Get a cat,” he encouraged. “Get, like… five cats.”

“Just because you have seven dogs doesn’t mean everyone needs so many pets. If I wanted a hamster, would you tell me to get seven of them?”

Will looked at her and back at the road several times and realized she was messing with him. She was giving him shit. Progress! “Hamsters are small,” he said through a smile. “You could have like, 80 of those.”

After dropping Chiyoh off, Will returned home expecting dinner. He found the table set, all right, but not to eat. The dining room was lit by Hannibal’s silver candelabras, the tapers long and black. The table was draped with a black cloth, and on it was a clear mixing bowl filled with water. Hannibal himself was seated in front of it, gently paging through Grazina’s book.

“Uhm… what’s this?” Will asked as he entered, feeling a chill creep down his spine. He crossed his arms protectively over his chest as Hannibal stood to kiss his cheek.

“A spell,” he said, as if that was totally normal.

“Oh, like, uh, a… *love* spell?” Will tried to joke, even though fear choked the back of his throat. “Gonna bewitch me? I think you already cast a level 5 charm spell on me, darlin’.”

“I understand completely your desire to make light of this. We laugh at things that scare us.” Hannibal moved the chair away from the table so they could stand in front of the bowl of water. “And I understand your reluctance. Spiritual belief of any kind is foreign to you, a man of science. I believe in a capricious, malicious God with a cruel sense of irony who occasionally sees fit to share his blessings. He let me find you, after all.” He gave Will’s ass an affectionate squeeze. “But the fact remains, we have tried medical science. We have tried to find a physiological or psychological source for your symptoms. We have treated your body and your brain chemistry and still, you follow wisps of light that lead you into danger.”

“But for the grace of Winston,” Will muttered with a sigh. He looked at the setup on the table again, taking in more of the details. Next to the bowl of water was a slip of paper, one of Hannibal’s fancy fountain pens, a book of matches, a small dish of sea salt, and their carafe of olive oil.

“This water sat outside in the moonlight all evening,” Hannibal said. “Which, according to the book, means it is blessed.”

“This is weird,” Will blurted.

“It’s fine to be weird,” Hannibal argued. He handed Will the slip of paper, then consulted Grazina’s book. “Tear off the corners of the paper, then write your full name on it.”

“Hannibal–”

“ *Will* .” It was said the same way that Granny G used to say *c’est bon!* Meaning this discussion is over.

“Fine.” Will did as he was asked, writing *William James Lecter-Graham* on the paper.

“Good.” Hannibal took the paper and slipped it beneath the clear bowl where it could be seen through the water. He opened the matchbox and handed Will two wooden stick matches. “Hold these and think about how you’ve been feeling lately. About…” he paused to glance at the text open on the table, “the signs and symptoms.”

“You mean, the dreams a-and seeing the, uhm…”

“Apparitions, yes.”

Will held the matches dutifully, though he shook his head and let out a disbelieving snort-sigh before closing his eyes. Taking a deep breath, he found himself in the ice cave. But instead of the penguins, the murderers stood before him, grinning maniacally with blood-blackened teeth. *Slide* , Garret Jacob Hobbs smirked, motioning to the ice tunnel.

Will popped his eyes open with a shiver. “Okay, I-I, ah… I think…” He shrugged helplessly.

“Now, strike the matches, and throw them in the water.”

Will took the box in his other hand and struck the two matches at the same time, and tossed them in the clear bowl of water. The matches floated on the surface, forming an X.

“Well, this confirms it,” Hannibal said, flipping a page.

“Confirms what?” Will barked, his nerves flayed open. “Hannibal, you can’t be serious.”

“Occam’s Razor is attributed to a thirteenth-century friar, William of Ockham. His philosophical legacy teaches that, when presented with two competing ideas to explain an unknown phenomenon, one must look to the simpler explanation. ‘God’s existence cannot be deduced by reason alone’.”

Will rubbed his eyes tiredly, then looked back down at the crossed matchsticks. “And what is this oh-so-simple explanation we keep overlooking?”

“I’ve told you, Will. These things you’ve seen, the ball of light that led you to the old well – we have been so concerned with finding medical and scientific explanations that we have

completely ignored the simplest cause." Hannibal put a warm hand on the side of Will's neck, a gesture of reassurance that did help, at least a little. "The matchsticks formed an X. So you see."

"I don't see shit, Hannibal!" Will cried, pressing his shaking hand to his forehead again.

"If the matchsticks cross, it means you've been hexed," Hannibal told him. He gestured to the bowl of water as if it was obvious, then pointed out a hand-drawn diagram in Grazina's book.

"No, it-it means the-the… *surface tension* of the water is impacted b-by the *temperature* differential in the burned match-heads a-and…" Will's words dried up as he realized he wasn't getting anywhere.

"Even if," Hannibal began, with his infinite patience, "this is nonsense, what can it hurt to try? My great-grandmother wasn't a foolish woman. She writes as scientifically as was possible at the time about things that rationality cannot explain."

"Okay," Will said, holding up his hands in surrender. "Okay. I'm hexed. So what do we do about it?"

"Pour this salt into the water. If the matchsticks uncross, it means we've broken the curse."

"Fine." Will shook some salt from the bowl into his hand and tossed it on the water.

And then he was on the floor, looking up at Hannibal's concerned face, his heart hammering in his ribs, breath coming in short, fast little gulps and gasps. He reached up to grasp Hannibal's shoulder, and froze. His skin. Glowing on his skin, like it was etched deep in crimson fire, were the symbols. The same ones he'd seen on the corpses. Hannibal's voice, but it was far away – he was calling out Will's name through water, and it was so dark, why was it so dark? He couldn't breathe.

Hannibal sprang to his feet and poured a gout of olive oil into the bowl. It exploded, sending fragments of pyrex everywhere, splashing them with oily water. Hannibal's first instinct, apparently, was to fall on Will, shielding him with his body as they were pelted with shrapnel.

Will's ears were ringing, but he could breathe again. Sort of. His husband was laying on top of him, Will's head pulled forcefully against his chest, his arms and legs curled around like Will was a tree branch and Hannibal was the world's most deadly koala bear. The air smelled like ozone.

Slowly, Hannibal released him. Will sat up and yanked up his sleeves. No markings. Hannibal got up slowly, looking at the fragments of the bowl. The scrap of paper with Will's name on it was nowhere to be seen, but Will saw black papery ashes floating through the air, stirred by their movement as they got to their feet.

"So… what does that mean?" Will managed through his panting breaths.

“I can’t imagine it’s good,” Hannibal replied, reaching out with two fingers to take his pulse while looking at his wristwatch. “Go lie down, Will – your pulse is too fast. I’ll clean this up.”

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One-thirty in the morning. Will rolled over again with a little sigh, staring at the shadowy shapes of their bedroom, feeling like a kid hoping they don’t see something scary peering out of the closet. “Fuck,” he breathed inaudibly, rubbing his eyes.

“Still awake?” Hannibal’s voice from next to him. A warm, reassuring arm slid around his chest, spooning him close.

“Yeah,” Will said. “You?” Then laughed at himself.

“I did manage to catch a couple of hours,” Hannibal told him.

“Not me.”

“Still thinking about it?”

Will turned in his arms, catching his profile illuminated by the soft light of their sound machine/alarm clock device. “Aren’t you?”

“I’m very good at compartmentalizing.”

Will scoffed. “Yeah, s’pose you are.”

Hannibal stroked his hair back from his forehead, studying him with soft eyes. “If you can’t sleep, we might as well be awake.”

“And do what?”

A little smile on those princely lips. As if Will didn’t know. “I’m sure we can think of some way to amuse ourselves if sleep eludes us.”

“Hmm.” Will allowed himself a half-smile. “I might be able to, ah… brainstorm a couple of things to keep us occupied. Something to… keep me from perseverating. Something that’ll hold… *all* of my attention.”

“Something that requires your particular skill set.” Hannibal raised one of Will’s hands to his mouth and kissed the knuckles. “I love every part of you, darling, but your hands…” He pressed his lips against the back of Will’s hand again, again, then drew a finger into his mouth for a brief suck. “The hands of an artist.”

Will chuckled. “That’s you, not me.”

“It depends on the medium. I might be able to sketch or play the harpsichord, but you…” He curled Will’s hand into a fist and kissed it again.

“Oh,” Will said, brows raised. “Yeah, okay, that would definitely… keep my attention.”

And it took time. And they wanted it to take time, to kill the dark hours before dawn finally came. Will went slowly, his black latex-gloved hand opening Hannibal up one digit at a time, making him blossom in a wave of glistening lube that made the act all the more licentious and forbidden. Will knelt behind his husband on the bed and worked on him tirelessly, holding his hip or cupping his bountiful ass cheek and sliding in finger after finger until he was three deep. “I’m ready,” Hannibal panted, his cock weeping all over the towel they’d put down to protect the bedspread since the other two were already at the cleaners.

“Hmm, I dunno,” Will teased him a little, slipping his hand out completely. “Don’t you need a little more before I go for broke?”

“Will, please…”

“Oh, that fucking magic word,” Will murmured, sliding a finger up from behind his balls back to the entrance. Then he pressed the tips of all his fingers together, thumb pushed underneath, kind of like he was making a shadow puppet goose. This he eased into Hannibal’s stretched hole, working his way in a little at a time, delighting in the way he had the big bad Chesapeake Ripper squirming and gripping the pillows, sweat dripping from his forehead, darkening his tawny-gray hair. “You’re so flushed,” Will said as he went in another centimeter. “I’ve got you all red, sugar.” He slapped Hannibal’s ass with his free hand for emphasis, earning him a strangled mewl. “I’m wearing you like a puppet. You like that, you beautiful sick fuck?”

“I do,” Hannibal admitted. “Oh, Will–!”

Will curled his pointed hand into a slow fist, his own cock leaking at the sight of being up to his wrist in Hannibal’s guts. “Deep breaths, sweetheart,” he coached, giving his own cock a couple of strokes.

“I’m ready,” Hannibal insisted. “Please–” This word was twisted and lost in an ecstatic moan when Will began gently moving his fist, thrusting in and finding a rhythm, occasionally flexing his fingers and changing the shape of his clenched hand. He worked his husband into a complete mess of flushed cheeks and sweat, the walls of the bedroom echoing Will’s name and half-formed words that were most likely pleas for more of the same.

Will was entirely focused on what he was doing, and ignored the burn in his shoulder from holding the same position for so long. He kept at it, intent on every little sound or movement from Hannibal that indicated pleasure. Hannibal’s cock just kept milking and dribbling. It reminded Will of pendulum art where artists swung leaking paint cans over canvases to achieve certain patterns and aesthetic effects.

Both of their patience and hard work paid off when Hannibal came untouched, throwing his head back with all the lusty drama of a porn actor. While he was quivering in recovery, Will passed his hand over his own cock and climaxed in a matter of seconds after all that beautiful visual foreplay.

By the time they'd cleaned up and were back in bed, the sky was pink at the edges. Will went out to take care of the dogs. When he came back, Hannibal was snuggled up in bed looking like a deadly murderous little angel all tuckered out. Will slipped in next to him and was asleep within seconds.

October 18: Couples Costume and Olfactophilia

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal play cat-and-mouse games at Zeller's Halloween party, but things go sideways when Bev gets the ouija board out…

October 18: Couples Costume and Olfactophilia

Will hadn't even wanted to go to Zeller's party this year. Reveling in the season of spooky scares, cheesy costumes, and playtime horror seemed weird and wrong in light of what had been happening with the apparitions and the reverse hexing and his heart trouble. But after all of the fun he'd had last year, Hannibal had gently and then not-so-gently insisted that they make an appearance. They discussed their costumes but decided not to see them beforehand, meeting at the party instead.

The gathering was an even more chaotic affair than it had been the year before; there were twice as many guests, which meant people must have been able to find babysitters. Probably because it wasn't happening on actual Halloween, just the Saturday before. The guests filled the living room and the small fenced-in backyard, those outside fighting the cold by standing next to a kerosene heat lamp.

Zeller, wearing a cheap foam pizza slice costume, wavered over to Will as soon as he let himself in, pulling him into a drunken hug. It wasn't even nine-thirty and his dungeonmaster was well on his way to being irreversibly smashed. "Will! Come here, I have to show you…" Will let himself be led by the arm to the kitchen where they elbowed their way to the island. "LOOK!" Zeller cried. "Look what I made. I made that!"

Before them on a platter was a glistening red jello brain. Pieces of it had been carved away, but there was enough left for Will to understand what it was. It actually looked pretty cool, and had come out of the mold perfectly. "It's jello shots!" Zeller told him through a naughty giggle. "Have a piece!" He cut off some with a plastic fork and shoved it in Will's face. He opened his mouth dutifully and accepted it, trying to force back the little grimace the cloying cherry taste produced.

"It looks… very spooky," Will assured him once he'd chewed and swallowed.

"And check this out! Black magic margaritas!"

Beverly Katz, dressed up as Wonder Woman, was making said margaritas at that very moment, and people were lined up to grab one. "Will!" she cried, abandoning her shaker to

come over and hug him. “Wait a minute,” she said, surveying his costume (gray sweatpants, gray thermal shirt, fuzzy gray ears, pink tail pinned on). “What the hell are you supposed to be?”

“I’m a mouse, duh,” Will said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, Franklyn is here as a cheesehead Packers fan, why don’t you go munch on him?” Beverly cackled, punching his arm.

“Ow!” Will complained. “I think Hannibal and Maeve would have something to say about that.”

Speaking of, Maeve appeared, dressed up as a sexy ghostbuster, looking around for another margarita. *Too bad she can’t really zap and trap ghosts,* Will thought sadly. His mood lifted when he saw Maeve had Chiyoh with her, who was dressed in black but wore a long cloak attached to her wrists that gave her flowing green, purple, and teal butterfly wings. The little antenna headband was almost… cute, not that he would ever say it out loud. Murder suited her. She’d gone through her transformation and emerged. Will wondered if she’d chosen the costume for that particular symbolic purpose.

He was given a black magic margarita, not that he was interested in *anything* magic related at the moment, and found Jimmy, his husband Oliver, and Eddie devouring chips and queso, dressed as the Sanderson Sisters, Winifred, Sarah, and Mary respectively. “I smell children!” Jimmy said through a mouthful of tortilla chip. “Oh, look at this tender little boy, just the creature I need to restore my youth and beauty!”

“Come little William, I’ll take thee awaaayyyyy…” Oliver belted, beckoning to him.

Will just sighed and went out back to see if there was a corner he could hide in until Hannibal arrived. He lingered at the edge of the lively circle of neighbors, and politely held a Spice Girl’s wig while she threw up partially digested jello shot brain matter into the grass.

He checked his phone but didn’t see any messages. No more margarita, so he wandered back inside.

And there was Hannibal, already the center of attention as he supervised the unpacking of his treat basket while showing Beverly how to make “poison apple” cocktails, which consisted of apple cider, cranberry juice, cinnamon whiskey, grenadine, and, most ridiculous of all, edible gold glitter.

It was like Hannibal had read his mind when he’d been thinking recently about how good his husband looked in all black, despite his penchant for colors. Hannibal was wearing a three piece suit, all right, but *everything* on it was black. Shiny black shoes, jet black cufflinks, buttons, tie, tie pin, everything, a rich tapestry of ebony. All this, and he was wearing his sexy cat ears, a fake tail peeking out from between the folds of his suit jacket.

Will almost dropped his empty glass. He managed to set it on the counter before it slipped out of his grip, already hindered by the gray fingerless gloves he was wearing (because he was a mouse, duh). Instantly, he could feel his cock responding inside of his boxers, pressing up

against the soft folds of heather-gray athleticwear. It felt like he had a viewmaster up to his eyes and was clicking through still frames of every time Hannibal had worn those cat ears. Every time, his pretty little kitty had given him such incredible pleasure – and *holy shit,* was that Hannibal's rose-gold sub collar with a little kitty bell attached? Resting right there on top of his shirt???

"Aw, fuck," Will murmured, biting his lip like a teenage girl looking at a hot vampire. There was something so deeply raunchy about Hannibal wearing the things they used in the bedroom as costume pieces, and nobody being any the wiser. He was a cat, duh. Cats wear little collars with bells.

You know when the hottest girl in class approaches the nerdy protagonist in a movie? The lighting is perfect, there might be a little bit of wind rippling through their hair, and everything happens in slow motion? Usually there's a music change that sounds like angelic or some shit, or maybe it's the beginning of a slow-dance power ballad? This was *just* like that, Hannibal walking towards him. Okay, except the song was movie music legend Jerry Goldsmith's *Avi Satani* from *The Omen* starring Gregory Peck and Lee Remick. Must have been part of Zeller's Halloween mix.

"Hello, Will," he said.

"Uh, hey," Will managed, leaning in for a quick kiss.

"Mmm. Black magic?" Hannibal asked, licking his bottom lip.

"Yeah," Will admitted. His cock throbbed as his husband's rich scent mixed with some new cologne slithered up his nose. "Is, ah… that new?"

"For the occasion. Tom Ford's Myrrh Myst è re. Do you like it?"

"That would be the understatement of the fucking century," Will murmured, slipping his hand inside Hannibal's suit jacket to grasp his hip for a firm caress, laying his other on Hannibal's jet-black lapel.

"And so the cat fell in love with the mouse," Hannibal purred.

"What a stupid fucking mouse," Will replied, edging closer, feeling Hannibal's hand edge up to cradle the side of his neck.

"What a sick, masochistic cat," Hannibal replied.

Maeve and Franklyn called them over, and that was the beginning of a carousel of maddening socialization that kept them apart, dangling the promise of one another on a string that was just out of reach for either of them.

People got drunk. Fast. Will was certainly loosened up, but there was no way he was gonna suffer whiskey dick tonight. Not with that kitty he was taking home after. Watching Hannibal charm and network so effortlessly, tantalizing him with his mere presence across the room, knowing he couldn't touch, made his dick so fucking hard. Looking down, he realized how

evident it was in the gray sweatpants and shifted his position, hoping to minimize the obvious outline. Glancing up, he realized Hannibal had absolutely noticed, and was wearing a very catlike smile as he counseled Beverly Katz on her love life.

When Hannibal got up to get Bev a cup of water, he leaned over to kiss Will's cheek. And whisper, "I can smell your arousal, Will Graham. From across the room. You're wet for me, aren't you?"

Will just smiled, pretending they'd just exchanged a couple of pet names or something. But it was true. His boxers were getting uncomfortably moist.

After they'd lost the majority of guests to the party plague, Zeller's core group of friends gathered in the living room stuffing their faces with Dr. Lecter treats. Well, that was what Will sincerely wanted to do, but in another context entirely. "We should play, like, middle school slumber party games," Beverly slurred, gently whipping Zeller with her Lasso of Truth where he slumped next to her on the couch. "Like… light as a feather, stiff as a board."

Oh, Will was stiff as a board all right, looking at his husband sitting primly on a chair while everyone else sagged in their costumes, laughing too loud and drunk-munching cake balls that looked like eyes torn from sockets, and homemade "beef jerky" that was most definitely cured school board president. Again, Will realized he only wanted one piece of salty meat in his mouth.

"How about seven minutes in heaven?" Will suggested suddenly.

Jimmy/Winnifred gasped and clutched her fake bosom with a long-nailed hand. "Jesus fucking Christ, Will, I forgot you were over there."

"He was being quiet as a *mouse* ," Chiyoh said, and Jimmy jumped again with a little breathless yelp.

" *Shit* , I forgot *you* were there, too!" he slurred.

"Maybe it's time we got you home, Winnie," Oliver/Sarah suggested. "Before you start running *amok amok amok* ?"

Eddie/Mary snorted. "Ain't no way he's running anywhere."

"That last piece of jello brain was a mistake, sisters," Jimmy admitted as the other two witches helped him to his feet. "Time to ride the broom home."

"If by broom you mean Uber, then yes," Oliver agreed. "Goodnight everyone!"

When they'd gone, Beverly hit Zeller with her coiled up lasso again. He grunted and his eyes shot open. "Z! Wake up and lay on the floor."

"I could go sleepybye on the floor," Zeller agreed.

"No, dipshit, we're gonna lift you with our fingers. Light as a feather, stiff as a board!"

“I thought seven minutes in heaven sounded nice,” Maeve said, tracing her finger playfully down Franklyn’s round face. He looked like a normal guy in a football jersey now, his cheese hat long since removed and given to Will to pretend to eat. And, like a “normal guy” he thought seven minutes in heaven sounded good, too.

“And while you’re in the closet,” Beverly decided, “the rest of us can play ouija board!”

Will trembled at the thought. “Dibs on the first seven minutes,” he called, answering the need of his cock and his heart. He’d had enough spooky shit.

“Oh, fine. I’m setting the timer as soon as that door closes!” Maeve threatened.

Will hauled Hannibal up from the couch and pulled him into the nearby closet. It was a tight fit, and they were smashed in with a couple winter coats and milk crates and sporting goods that looked like they hadn’t seen the light of day in some time.

In the pitch dark, Hannibal found his face and kissed it feverishly as Will groped him with blind ardor. He managed to get down on his knees and bury his face against Will’s crotch, inhaling deeply.“You walked right into the trap, little mouse,” he murmured against Will’s cock, slipping a hand along the front of his sweatpants. “You smell delicious. You must be *desperate* .”

“Yeah, well, I wanted to be caught,” Will admitted through a lusty sigh.

“You know I’ve chided you in the past for wearing pants like that,” Hannibal said, squeezing his ass like it might try to escape. “But that particular pair – the heather gray… sinful, the way you flaunted yourself in them tonight. It allowed your scent to reach me easily.” He took another deep inhale, nuzzling Will’s bulge through the sweats.

“Never thought you’d approve of a pair of sweatpants,” Will chuckled. Hannibal got back to his feet and put his tongue in Will’s mouth as they groped each other with a growing need. Then a low moan of pleasured discovery flowed out of Will’s mouth. “This tail…!?”

“Yes,” Hannibal confirmed. It was the same tail they used in the bedroom. And it was attached the same way – to a plug in Hannibal’s ass, the tail curving up and over the waistband of his suit trousers.

“Oh, you are just… *asking for it* , kitty.” Will grasped Hannibal’s suit jacket and spun him around, pushing him up against the closet wall. Hannibal assisted in dropping his pants, and Will could hear him wiggling out of one of the legs so he could rest a foot on a milk crate for easier access. Speaking of easy access, the elastic waistband of Will’s sweatpants was easy enough to push down. He roughly positioned Hannibal’s hips, then eased out the tail plug, finding a warm, slick, waiting hole as he explored with his fingers in the dark.

Will gathered himself up and pushed in with a low hum of delight. “Good kitty…”

“Cat person now?” Hannibal panted as Will bottomed out and started fucking him in earnest. Will could hear him jerking himself off with lingering strokes. Something, probably a hockey stick, clattered to the floor from a shelf above as they rattled the entire structure.

“Warming up to the idea,” Will whispered , resting his forehead against Hannibal’s back a moment as he repositioned. “God, you’re so fucking hot – wearing that collar on the outside, fuck–!”

Hannibal stifled a groan, probably against his own arm, and Will could feel him tense as he came, probably all over Zeller’s impressive collection of old running shoes. “Will – our seven minutes will be up shortly.”

“D-don’t care,” Will grunted in response.

“Aren’t those the rules of the game?” Hannibal tightened around him, deploying the secret power of anal kegels, squeezing Will’s cock even tighter in his slicked, hot opening. Will had his orgasm wrung out of him, burying his face in Hannibal’s back to muffle the noise.

“Oh, now you’re a bad kitty,” Will said as he tried to catch his breath. He found the plug with the tail where he’d draped it over the closet clothing bar. Pulling out, he trapped his emission in Hannibal’s ass. “You walk around with that and think about what you’ve done,” Will told him, nipping the back of his ear.

“I’ll be the picture of contrition,” Hannibal promised and they shared a laugh.

Just as they finished putting themselves back together, Maeve knocked on the door. “Time’s up!”

Hannibal opened the door, pausing to adjust his cat ears and smooth his hair before returning to the living room. Franklyn was giggling, holding Maeve around the middle, ready to usher her within. “You might wanna use a different closet,” Will suggested.

Out in the living room, Bev, Zeller, and Chiyoh were guiding the planchette across the store-bought ouija board, asking it stupid questions. “Okay, spirit,” Beverly said, closing her eyes. “Umm… how am I gonna die?”

“You don’t really wanna know that, do you?” Zeller balked. But the planchette was already moving.

“Old age,” Chiyoh read off.

“Aww, that’s nice,” Bev giggled drunkenly, pausing to take a sip of some green martini with gummy eyeballs in it. “Okay, how will Zeller die?”

“I don’t wanna know that, Bev, that’s not funny!”

“Okay, fine,” Beverly pouted. “Oh, how about you guys? Hey spirit, how is Will Graham gonna die? Too much sex, I bet – not a bad way to go!”

Suddenly, the overhead light in the living room went out, the bulbs not just burning out but bursting, though the broken glass was caught in the globe attached to the ceiling.

“What the fuck…?!” Bev fell back against the couch. Chiyoh stood up with a sudden whisper of butterfly wings and Zeller just stared stupidly from where he was kneeling on the floor.

The planchette was moving on its own, zooming around the board in a frenzy until it slowed and began to spell out letters. Will felt Hannibal grab his arm and shift Will behind him protectively. Will clung to the fabric of his black suit jacket, peering over his shoulder at the unearthly event.

“T-H-E-G-R-E-A-T-R-E-D-D-R-A-G-O-N,” Chiyoh read, the only sign of distress at the unearthly event a tiny quiver in her voice. “The… great… red…”

“The Great Red Dragon,” Will whispered.

The planchette flew upward and to the side, turning end over end, landing in the punch bowl in the kitchen. Flames erupted from the board. Beverly screamed and grabbed Zeller’s beer, emptying it on the board, snuffing the fire.

“That was my last PBR!” he complained.

Hannibal took a tentative step forward, putting a hand on Chiyoh’s shoulder. Will crept up behind them and looked.

There was a symbol burned into the cardboard surface. A mahjong symbol. A box with a blade through it.

The symbol for the red dragon.

October 19: Voyeurism and Exhibitionism and Blood Moon

Chapter Summary

Hannibal performs a ritual in the woods at night… naked…!

October 19: Voyeurism and Exhibitionism and Blood Moon

Will woke up to Hannibal getting out of bed. This action in and of itself was not strange. Hannibal got up in the night sometimes. They both did, just like everyone does. Take a piss, grab a snack, adjust the thermostat, whatever. But Will didn't roll over and go back to sleep. Because Hannibal wasn't just *getting* out of bed. He was sneaking out of bed. Will couldn't explain exactly why he thought so, but it had something to do with how he crept off the mattress.

Will feigned sleep and watched Hannibal through his eyelashes. His husband slipped into the bathroom, but re-emerged dressed in dark, utilitarian clothing, and crept out of the bedroom without a sound.

Will sat up after a minute or so and slipped his feet into a pair of warm socks. He was already wearing the gray sweatpants from his mouse costume, and pulled a sweater on before creeping out into the hallway himself and listening. Faintly, he heard the sliding glass back door open and shut. He moved quickly toward it and peeked out. Hannibal was walking towards their woods, a bag slung over his shoulder.

Will waited half a minute, then followed. His heart was heavy and he felt sick to his stomach. Was Hannibal sneaking off to… see somebody else? Worse, was he going a-murdering *without* him?

Will crept along behind, staying in the shadows. From what he could tell, Hannibal hadn't noticed he was being followed.

By the light of the waning moon, Hannibal found his way to a small clearing where the sky was visible, especially now that many leaves had fallen from the trees. Will crept up to watch what he was doing, hiding himself behind a small rise with an old knotted stump on top.

Hannibal set down the bag and opened it, Will watched as he knelt on the ground and began removing items. A black candle. Little vial of what looked like oil. One of his favorite murder knives. A bundle of dried herbs. Lastly, a few small objects that looked like rocks. Hannibal arranged all these things with care on another stump, then set the bag aside.

Will watched, entranced, as his husband carved something into the candle, then dressed it with oil. Setting it on the stump, he arranged the stones around it, then pulled a grill lighter of all things out of his pocket. He set this next to his makeshift altar, and nodded, as if he had everything he needed. Pulling out Grazina's book, he opened to the page needed.

Then, he stood. Will thought he would light the candle now, but instead he was… oh. Oh! Oh shit. Hannibal slipped off his shoes and peeled off his socks, then slipped his sweater over his head. His bare shoulders were beautifully alabaster in the moonlight. And then, with no hesitation, he unbuckled his belt and slid off his pants and underwear.

A zesty thrill raced through Will. It was so wonderfully erotic, watching Hannibal like this, admiring him even as Will had no idea what was happening. The moonlight gave Hannibal a gorgeous, otherworldly glow, as if Will was a foolish mortal who had stumbled upon a god's sacred grove. If he wasn't careful, Will thought, he might get turned into a stag and hunted down. Or be torn apart, only his head and lyre remaining — like poor Orpheus at the hands of the Cult of Dionysus. Punishment for lying eyes upon the great Mystery.

Hannibal lit the candle and read aloud from the book. Will couldn't understand what he was saying, and couldn't even discern the language. What he could discern was the telltale bulge in his gray sweatpants as he watched his gorgeous, aristocratic husband do witchy shit in the nude, nipples visibly erect. Otherwise if Hannibal suffered the cold he didn't show it.

Next, Hannibal burned the herbs. They went quickly up in smoke. Sage, it smelled like. Now he stood with the knife in hand, looking equal parts otherworldly and sexy and menacing as fuck, and chanted. Arms slightly outstretched, face turned towards the moon.

Down and down the candle burned at a supernatural speed as Hannibal's voice slithered over Will's ears, filling the clearing with whispers both sacred and profane.

Will found his hand creeping down over his own bulge and squeezing it, rutting himself against his cupped palm, trying not to make a sound as the ache of want boiled through him. The moonlight mesmerized him, unnaturally bright and yet sacramentally luminous, pure, natural, mystical, ancient, and the way it fell on his beautiful monster was a sight to behold. A memory he hoped to treasure until his last day.

The slight breeze went dead, the leaves motionless. Hannibal's upturned face was moon-blessed, his eyes closed, lips sublime and saintly while still blushed with a wanton hue. The candle had burned down to practically nothing.

Will watched, a kind of dreamy, transfixed terror sliding through him as Hannibal rose up, knife in hand. Not just drawing himself to his full height. No. He was getting bigger. No. He was… floating. Feet several inches above the ground, toes dangling. And the shadows around him were coming alive. They swirled and coalesced like an unholy halo around his head before forming into… stag antlers.

Magic. Will shook his head incredulously, images of his stagman dream flitting across his mind. But seeing was believing. And his cock apparently really wanted to believe, just like Mulder from *X-Files* .

But just as suddenly as his feet had left the ground, the invisible force holding him collapsed, dumping Hannibal on the ground harshly, his nude body rolling over tree roots and dirt. “H-han!” Will cried, leaping from his hiding place and closing the distance in time to help his husband to his feet. “What the hell are you… what was… you were *floating*... !”

Hannibal was breathing heavily. A thin line of blood trickled from one nostril. He lifted his hand and wiped it away, examining the smear. “Black in the moonlight,” he murmured. For a moment, it seemed like his eyes glowed and ethereal blue, bioluminescent. Will was caught by another wave of emotions, waters mixed in temperature, coming from both underwater vents and the ocean current – fear, curiosity, shock, and yes, desire. Again, the otherworldly feeling gripped him and he felt sure he was in the presence of something awesome. Not awesome like, “hey awesome tee-shirt you’re wearing there bruh” but as in *inspiring awe* .

What do you do when you stumble across a forest god? You get on your knees and hope they take pity on you.

Will found himself kneeling slowly, sliding his hands down Hannibal’s long, cool body an inch at a time. At last, his knees touched earth. Will didn’t dare look up – because who looks gods in the eye? – and instead leaned forward, embracing Hannibal around his backside and thighs, hands grasping but reverent, resting his face against the supple belly, feeling his soft hair and the familiar curves. Will could smell the sage incense, the spice of the anointing oil, the fresh air of the woods, and beneath it, his husband’s signature scent of amber and musk, the salt of his living body. In the darkness behind his eyes, he relished it, feeling pulses of desire sink down between his legs, breathing in what was so deeply familiar and miraculous simultaneously.

He felt Hannibal’s hand, cold from being outside, trace through his hair, stroking through it with gentle, loving motions. The hand glided around the corner of his jaw and lifted his chin, a silent request. Will tilted his head up and looked. Hannibal’s expression was simultaneously cruel, loving, and noble. A slight nod of approval.

Will nuzzled back against Hannibal’s pubic bone, breathing in his intimate scent. He drew his lips against his soft (for now) cock, breathing on it, flicking it with his tongue, making promises of what was to come. He drew his hand along Hannibal’s crevice back to front, caressing his balls softly from behind as he opened his mouth wider, admitting the head, pressing the strong pointed muscle in his mouth beneath it and then against the slit. He dared to press two fingers and his thumb against the base, massaging his supple curve of asscheek with the other.

He glanced up for approval and found that the forest god’s expression remained unchanged, though his cock did the talking, engaging in some magic of its own as it grew and grew under Will’s ministrations. He pressed his lips against the side of the shaft, applying some pressure and gliding it down to the root and back up. Now the other side. At last, Will opened wide to admit as much as he could, undulating his tongue like an excited kraken tentacle all along the bottom side of the length, pausing to pay special attention again to the sensitive area beneath the head.

Hand in his hair again. Will relaxed his throat and took the whole cock, looking up at his preternatural, dangerously beautiful soulmate, overcome by worshipful adoration. It was his

turn to nod slightly.

The hand in his hair closed tightly and Will buckled down, knowing what was to come. Hannibal began to thrust, fucking Will's face, gently at first, and then harder. Spit leaked out the corners of Will's mouth and trickled down his chin and tears came to his eyes as he tried to force himself not to gag. Then again, gagging, he knew from experience, felt pretty good too. He held on as long as he could before letting the throat muscles have their way.

The hand in his hair twisted, pulling his head backward. Will released Hannibal's cock from his mouth and gazed up at him, a willing supplicant, desperate to please. Hannibal held his hair with one hand and his cock in the other, stroking it, brushing the tip against Will's swollen lips. He spent in a warm rush that flowed over Will's mouth and down his chin, oozing beneath and following the line of his throat, dripping in long strings until it soaked into the neck of his shirt.

Still quivering, from the cold and/or from his release, Hannibal guided him to his feet to kiss him gently, tasting himself, mixing a few remnants of his emission between their mouths. Will realized his husband was shivering in earnest now, the forest god spell truncated by the natural ending he'd experienced.

"Let's get you inside," Will said, raising a sleeve to his chin for a moment, then gathering up the remaining items into the bag.

Inside, Will turned on the walk-in shower, filling the bathroom with steam, and tucked Hannibal inside it to warm up. He took off his dirty clothes and tossed them in the overly-ornate hamper, then joined, his cock at half-mast, drooping with an air of sullenness that it hadn't been given any attention yet. *Quiet, you,* he ordered it silently and focused on his next form of worship; washing Hannibal head to toe beneath the rain shower of warm water.

Yet his prayers were answered. Hannibal turned around after giving Will a significant look, and put his hands on the wall of the shower, letting the stream of water wash over him. Will helped himself to some of their shower lube (note to the reader, do NOT accidentally use this instead of the shampoo when you're groggy in the early morning) and slicked his cock and Hannibal's crevice; he eased between those thicc thighs with a grateful moan, sliding through with no resistance, fucking until he came, muffling his cry in Hannibal's wet back.

Another brief cleanup, and they were back in bed, warm and damp and naked. At last, Will asked, "What were you doing out there?"

"A spell," Hannibal answered simply, combing his hands through Will's wet curls. "A banishment against whoever is sending out spirits against you."

"You sound like the fucking *Crucible* ," Will murmured, though there was no malice or frustration behind it. Then, "Did it work?"

"No," Hannibal said. "But I feel as though I connected with this person who has your destruction in mind. He was aware of me, as well, and unfortunately I don't know what he learned from me as a consequence."

“What did you see?” Will asked eagerly.

“I felt this man, this Great Red Dragon,” Hannibal told him softly, still stroking his hair. “I felt his intentions. He wants you dead.”

“Oh, wonderful,” Will sighed.

“There is a Blood Moon coming,” Hannibal told him. “Where the earth casts its shadow on the moon in an eclipse. The sun’s rays create a red reflection that stains the earth’s shadow red. That is the night he will have the full measure of his powers, as will the spirits he commands.”

“So he’s controlling the ghosts?” Will asked, propping himself up on one elbow. “Th-the spirits of-of, ah… Hobbs, a-and the rest of them?”

“I felt it, yes,” Hannibal said. “And his army will only grow.”

Will bit the inside of his lip and slowly sank down on the bed, looking up at the ceiling. Hannibal arched over him and kissed him tenderly, slipping his hands through Will’s hair and across his forehead. “I made progress tonight,” he said. “Grazina’s book has the answer, I know it. I need more time to translate and practice tapping into this… ability I seem to possess.”

“Well, I mean, one day you, uhm… you sat down and said, ‘imma learn theremin’ and you did.” Will smiled up at him. “Just wanted to master a wacky-ass sci-fi movie instrument, and you did it. So… I know I’m in good hands.”

Hannibal held him close. “We both are,” he said.

October 20th: Poltergeist and Mind Control

Chapter Summary

Will is home alone and the ghosts attack!!

October 20th: poltergeist and mind control

Will was home alone, and he hated it. Ever since all this ghost bullshit had started he and Hannibal had done their best to make sure Will wasn't alone as much as possible. It made him paranoid that something was going to happen. But Hannibal had already agreed to present at a conference in New York, and Will would have just gone with him if someone wasn't giving old men lobotomies and turning them into bee hives all over Baltimore. Working the case was fine — he was in the field with the BSU team all day and most of the night — but they'd caught the killer today. A freaky bee venom acupuncturist named Katherine Pimms was responsible and she was arrested without much fuss that very afternoon.

Everyone had been elated. Case solved! Zeller was off to watch a football game with his brother, Jimmy at last got to spend time with Oliver, and Bev was going out with Maeve and Chiyoh for a girl's night. Jack was heading home to Bella, of course.

That just left Will, out at the acreage all alone. They'd kenneled the dogs thinking if Hannibal was going to be out of town and with Will working weird hours it would be best if the doggos spent the week at their favorite luxury dog retreat in the countryside, not far from Wolf Trap, actually.

Will regretted not driving straight there to get the pack back, but he was exhausted from the investigation. But the house was so empty, and he was quite honestly uneasy as fuck being by himself.

He tried to stay calm. It was late, he was tired. Just drink some whiskey and go to bed, he ordered himself. Will poured himself a glass from the decanter in the living room, then put a record on the turntable. The quiet was disconcerting. He nodded his head to the Reunion Brass Band and took a big drink as he wandered into the kitchen to see if there was anything to eat. He found Hannibal had left him a couple of covered dishes with pre-made dinners ready to be heated up. He reached out to pick one up.

Will froze, listening. Was that…? Over the hum of the refrigerator he swore he heard whispering. Will shut the fridge and stepped away from it, straining his ears.

Nothing but the hum of appliances and the music coming from the other room. Will let out a harsh sigh and pulled out his phone, ready to call Hannibal, just for the reassurance of his voice. Even if it was his voicemail message. He saw on the lock screen that he had missed some texts and calls from his husband, but as soon as he unlocked the phone, the screen went wonky and pixelated. “The fuck…?” Will frowned. Moments later, the phone died entirely.

“Fucking seriously?” Will shook his head and plugged it into the charger.

Whispers again. No words he could understand, but this time he was more sure he heard it.

The ice in his drink cracked. Will let out a strangled little noise and clutched his chest, then released it with a ragged sigh. “Jesus fucking Christ,” he muttered.

He reached for the drink on the kitchen counter.

It slid away from his grasp.

Easy now, his brain told him. *It’s just condensation. It’s sliding along the surface of the water on the counter—*

The glass of whiskey lifted up of its own accord, hovered, then slammed into the wall, shattering.

Will backed up until he hit the kitchen island, then edged around it, heart hammering, eyes wide.

The whispers intensified, and while he couldn’t see any change in the room itself, he could feel it. A thickness, a heaviness. A presence.

“S-stop,” he tried to command, even as his voice wavered through that one simple word. “Go away.”

To his surprise and relief, the whispers drained away, swirling around like bathwater before being sucked down the pipes.

Silence. But it was still *heavy* . Will looked at the spot on the wall where the glass had shattered, his heart smashing into his ribs. He tried to breathe deeply, his mind white noise. All he could think to do was look around for a broom to clean up the glass.

The second he moved toward the pantry where the broom was, every cupboard in the kitchen flew open simultaneously. Now slammed shut. Now they were flapping at random intervals, filling the kitchen with a cacophony of hollow booms. The silverware drawer launched open and vomited forks and spoons, skittering them across the floor. Where there had been whispers, now there was laughter, hideous, maniacal laughter booming between the walls.

Will’s heart was stumbling and lurching in his chest. He felt a burning there deep within, like indigestion but climbing higher up his throat, and his vision feathered black at the edges. He pressed himself up against the side of the island, scrabbling at it for support. His hand passed over the induction stove’s surface and he howled in sudden pain, pulling his arm to his middle and cradling it. All the burners glowed bright red.

Out. He had to get out. Will gripped the side of the island and tried to keep his footing. A moment of sinking realization. He wasn't going to make it. His body felt like sandbags tied together with twine and his vision was feathering black, the world reduced to a dull whining ring in his ears.

Across the kitchen, on the counter, he saw Hannibal's knife block shaking as if suffering an earthquake so localized it only affected that particular stretch of kitchen. The largest knife slowly pulled itself out of the block.

Will closed his eyes, clinging to the stone countertop. This was it. He was going to die.

Thunk !

Will slowly opened his eyes and uncoiled his body, breathing labored, sweat pouring down his face.

Hannibal. Hannibal was there, standing protectively next to him. In both hands he held one of their wooden cutting boards. Embedded within it, a foot from Will's face, was the knife.

All the activity suddenly ceased. The heaviness was gone. The whispers. The laughter. All that remained was a messy kitchen, a ruined cutting board, and Will gasping for air.

Hannibal abandoned the cutting board and grabbed Will, holding him tightly to himself for a moment. Then he pressed his fingers against the side of Will's neck, feeling his pulse. "Will," he said, using his clinical doctor voice. "Try to breathe. Focus only on bringing air in and out." He wrapped Will's arm around his shoulders and helped him into the bedroom, stretching him out on the bed. Will's heart still felt it was beating out of time, a kind of Scott-Joplin-y syncopation. The world was simultaneously darkening at the edges and bright with panic as his body flooded with adrenaline.

"Will, you have to calm down," Hannibal told him, even as he was getting his doctor's bag.

Will knew this, objectively, but was powerless to do it. Hannibal diagnosed this and immediately filled a syringe with some kind of drugs. He rolled up Will's sleeve tightly, tapped the vein, and inserted the needle, oh so gently, looking up at Will for his response.

Will's panic was joined by a heaviness that his body tried to battle past. Hannibal put the syringe aside and opened a seldom-used drawer, returning with a small light box. He helped Will sit up on the pillows, and set the box facing Will on the end of the bed. "W-what…!"

Hannibal ignored his question, turned on some chamber music - Haydn – and dragged over a chair to sit at the end of the bed behind the light. He adjusted it so that it pulsed a low, throbbing rhythm. Will's mind and body felt sludgy, but still barbed with the bright sting of panic, his breaths still ragged. "W-what-what are you d-doing…?"

"Just listen to my voice, Will. Trust me. I'm taking you to a safe place in your mind."

"The… ice cave?"

"No. We must build you a stronger haven. It must be a new room in the memory palace…"

Will let Hannibal's voice float to him on the strings of melodies and harmonies. His husband's figure dimmed and condensed behind the light and went soft at the edges. Time was inconsequential and non sequential. There was only the light, the voice, the music.

Dimly, he was aware now that the light had gone out. The music was there, soft and sweet, a baroque dance of intricate notes woven with deliberate silences. He was being held. His burned hand hurt but had been bandaged.

Hannibal. He could feel his body, smell him. He was carrying Will, wrapped in his bathrobe, setting him down now on the bed. Will felt warm and safe, could smell the pleasant after scents of bath oil and shampoo. Hannibal reclined him on the bed, looking a bit disheveled in his dress shirt, sleeves rolled up, trousers, but no waistcoat or tie. He arranged Will comfortably on his back and stroked his wet hair away from his forehead, tracing the stubble on his cheek.

Will realized he couldn't really move. His body felt drugged and heavy and his mind was a mush of compliance. His heart was steady and untroubled, burdened only by love as he gazed up at his husband. "You came," he whispered, voice tiny, throat dry.

Hannibal cradled his head up a moment and lifted a glass of water to his lips. Will drank thankfully, then let himself be lowered back down. "I had a vision," Hannibal said. "About three hours ago, right before I was to deliver my keynote. I saw Grazina, my great-grandmother, right there in the hotel lobby. Not old and infirm as I remembered her, but young and vibrant. She didn't speak, but I could feel distress as if it were my own. Yet I knew she was warning me that you were in danger. I blinked. She was gone. I walked out the front door and drove here as fast as I could."

"You saved me," Will murmured. Even talking felt like work.

"She saved you, beloved," Hannibal corrected him, kissing Will's forehead, then his lips. "You must get some rest."

"The light…? T-the music…?"

"You're familiar, I assume, with the concept of psychic driving?"

Will nodded. "Y-you… mind-controlled me…?"

"I have implanted some coping mechanisms in your mind for moments of high stress. A new haven in the memory palace. I gave you more control over your physiological responses to fear."

Will grinned lopsidedly. "And, lemme guess, you… suggested I hurry up and stain the deck before winter comes. You've been… nagging me… about that f-for months."

Hannibal smiled, a gentle thing. "Well, it doesn't make sense to wait until next summer," he said.

“Plant anything else in there? Maybe an… *uncontrollable* desire to suck your dick all the time?”

“You come by that naturally, insatiable slut that you are.” Hannibal paused, as if considering, then slipped open the tie to Will’s robe. “It is… an interesting moment. Seeing you like this.”

Will tried to lift his head, but it was too heavy. “What, all… powerless and drugged up? I know it turns you on.” He watched, smirking, as Hannibal parted Will’s legs and traced his fingertips over the top line of his boxers. “Now who’s… insatiable?”

Hannibal glanced up at him with hungry eyes but a placid, patient expression. Will nodded, and his husband gently slipped off his underwear, tossing them aside as the chamber music swelled. He eased his mouth down Will’s inner thigh on one side, tracing his tongue along the pubic bone, nuzzling his hair, but not touching his cock. This he repeated on the other side, stroking up Will’s calf with a warm, steady hand. Despite his body being limp and pliable with drugs and psychic driving, Will’s cock was somehow fully functional. Another of Hannibal’s dark miracles. They hadn’t seen each other in a couple days and Will had been saving himself. Now his whole groin area throbbed along with his heart, which, while steady, was strong and insistent.

Hannibal rescued a lube bottle from the drawer and spread Will’s legs wider. He nosed his way in and spread Will’s cheeks with his hands, lifting his cock out of the way, and licking his puckered entrance, a deep broad swipe followed by several morse-code dots all around it. Then another powerful lick, and an additional set of teasingly light presses before going deep again. “You’re so good at that,” Will moaned as Hannibal came up for air, dotting his lips on the side of his hand.

Hannibal squirted some lube into his palm and warmed it with friction, then slipped it along Will’s shaft, giving it a few heavenly strokes. Now the hand moved back behind his balls, finding his crevice, and circling his premoistened hole. Will sighed lustily, wishing he could arch his back, contenting himself with lifting his chin to the ceiling. Hannibal draped himself along the bed next to Will and slipped a finger in, the other hand combing through Will’s bath-wet curls. He was gentle at first, slow, but Will’s insistent whine brought another finger, curling in a come-hither motion against his insides.

Will’s body was warm and his mind was fuzzy with delight. Hannibal, his witch, his monster, his savior, now, as always, seeming to know how to play his body like an instrument he had mastered. He kissed Will firmly, making soft sounds of devouring as he worked his hole, finding the fleshy rise of his prostate and stroking it expertly. He mouthed gently against Will’s chin, then dipped his lips to kiss and lick up his throat from base to the curve of his jaw in a hot, wet line.

“I want you inside me,” Will uttered guilelessly. Held, in every way. Conjoined. Locked together.

Hannibal gently turned him on his stomach, arranging Will’s arms for him. Will turned his face to the side, but had to have Hannibal lift his hips for him to work his way inside. He draped himself over Will, to make love, yes, but also in a gesture of covetous protection, bottoming out at last, reaching around with his lubed hand to stimulate Will from the front as

well. His movements were slow and reassuring, tender yet firm and controlled. It was like he knew the exact way to fuck in order to convey a feeling of safety and protection.

“I love you,” Will murmured right after he came.

“I won’t let anything happen to you,” Hannibal promised.

“Don’t leave me alone again.” Vaguely Will hated how vulnerable and piteous his voice sounded. But the feeling subsided when Hannibal promised he wouldn’t.

October 21: Panties and Lingerie and Possession

Chapter Summary

> Will teases Hannibal with a red thong and flirts with Matthew Brown, only for him to return as the Dragon's tool…

October 21: Panties and Lingerie and Possession

Will had spent the morning stripping…

…the old stain off the back deck. What did you think I was gonna say? Heh heh.

No, he was removing the old coat of deck stain from the wood, and then sprayed it down with a hose and some wood cleaner to get the grime and mold out. It was the perfect weather for this type of job - a series of unexpectedly warm, dry days, summer's last gasp. Now he just had to wait for the clean wood to dry, and he could apply the stain.

Hannibal was working from home today filing insurance and doing other bookkeeping, but he emerged to make lunch. During the meal, Will couldn't help but notice the little smug smirks Hannibal kept trying to hide. "What?" He finally demanded. "Do I have… spinach in my teeth or something?"

Hannibal shook his head. "It's beautiful weather for outdoor work. I'm pleased to have this maintenance taken care of before winter comes."

In the back of his mind, Will heard disjointed strains of chamber music. *It doesn't make sense to wait until next summer.* "Oh, are you fucking shitting me?" Will groaned, leaning back on his chair and covering his eyes. "You *did* mind control me to stain the deck, didn't you?"

"I might have mentioned it," Hannibal admitted.

"You little shit!" Will picked up an olive from his salad and pelted it at his husband, who dodged out of the way. Buster skittered over as fast as his little legs would carry him and gobbled it up.

Well, there was nothing to be done about it now. With the wood stripped, it needed to be stained, as much as Will wanted to be ornery about it. But he could still make Hannibal suffer a little bit.

By the time the wood was dry, Will's plan was in action. A blue and white El Camino came up the long driveway and parked. Will, having made a slight but secret wardrobe change,

came out the front, calling the dogs back. A young dark haired guy in jeans and a body-hugging white tank top got out and came to shake Will's hand eagerly. His abs were visible through the thin fabric.

"Hey, thanks for coming out. You want a beer? You're old enough, right?" Will joked, leading him inside to the kitchen, where Hannibal was assembling kebabs to marinate for dinner later. "Hannibal, this is Matthew. He's an orderly at Chilton's hospital and picks up odd jobs on the weekends."

"A pleasure." Hannibal's face said it was anything but, despite Matthew's handshake and courteous greeting, his compliments on the house and how good the raw kebabs looked. Hannibal shot a glance at Will when he went to the fridge for a couple of beers. Will ignored it and took Matthew outside to start staining the deck.

They worked for half an hour or so painting on the dark red-tinted wood stain, pausing to drink beer. Will made sure to be chatty, skirting the line of flirty. At one point when he stood up from painting the railing, he caught a dark figure looming in the home office window, glowering through the cracked Venetian blinds. This was Will's cue to ask Matthew how much he could bench press and whistling in response. He casually squeezed Matthew's bicep and listened with half an ear as the orderly told him about his protein shake routine. He could feel Hannibal's eyes burning into him as he continued working.

A furtive glance over his shoulder told him all he needed to know. Hannibal's eyes glittered coldly through the slit in the blinds, all Chesapeake Ripper on the surface, but Will could feel the barbed covetousness beneath the icy exterior. Time for the *coup de grace* .

Will waited until Matthew wasn't looking but he was sure Hannibal was, then raised his tee shirt to wipe sweat from his face. Exposing the waistband of his work jeans, and flashing Hannibal a good long look of the terribly obvious, sinfully dark red lace thong he was wearing, the straps riding high on his hips, meant to be seen.

Before Matthew looked up again he dropped his shirt hem.

They finished the deck and had another beer on the lawn, playing with the dogs. Will's empathy pulse told him Matthew was waiting around to be invited to stay for dinner, but Will paid him the promised cash for his work and sent him on his way.

When he re-entered the house through the front door, he couldn't say he was surprised to be attacked from the side, forced down on his knees and shoved against a dining room chair that has been brought into the living room for this very purpose. That purpose was to force Will to kneel face down, his head against the seat, sticking out through the space beneath the backrest. Will struggled as a matter of course, but not very hard. This was exactly what he'd wanted and had no intention of fighting it.

Hannibal cuffed his hands behind his back, then held him down by the neck. So dextrous were the hands of his danger kitty, able to duct tape his lower thighs to the chair legs whilst holding him down. The final act of punishment was a thin rope tied to the front legs of the chair near where they met the seat. It looped once, twice around his neck. Too much struggling and movement caused the cords to constrict. That was a nice touch.

Now Hannibal stood behind him, watching him test the bonds and then go still as the cord around his neck worked mercilessly against his skin. “What did you think would happen,” Hannibal asked in the same mild, curious tone he used in therapy, “as a result of your actions today?”

Will smirked. “Something like this.”

“This is what you wanted.” Statement, not question. Hannibal knelt behind him and unzipped Will’s jeans, sliding them down as far as they would go before meeting duct tape.

Will just grinned where he rested his cheek against the hard seat of the chair. Hannibal put a hand on Will’s shoulder and leaned against him from behind, grasping the side of the chair for support, whispering against the side of Will’s face. “If you apologize,” he breathed, “and it’s contrite enough I’ll consider cutting you loose.”

Will just chuckled, tongue moistening his lips. Hannibal drew back behind him and waited, but Will didn’t speak. He felt Hannibal push the hem of his sweaty tee-shirt up, bunching it against Will’s shoulders and out of his way. He slipped his hand down Will’s spine until he came to the edge of the thong straps, tracing their borderlands with his fingertip before hooking beneath and drawing the elastic back. He snapped it hard against Will’s ass with a resounding *twang!* “The one I gave you for Christmas,” Hannibal said, and Will could almost hear him shaking his head. “And you used it, this lovely gift, to torture me.”

“There’s more than one way to mind control someone,” Will revealed with a snarky curve of his lips. “You use sodium amytal and a light box. I use thongs.”

“What a cunning boy you are.” Hannibal knelt behind him and slid a hand between Will’s legs, cupping his hardening cock through the thin sling of satin. Will moaned softly as he was teased and stroked with the added tactile sensation of lingerie. Hannibal’s hand left him for a moment, but then returned, fingers wet with lube, pushing aside the little scrap of fabric that rested between Will’s cheeks. He slid a finger into his ass, Will admitting him after a moment of resistance. “Still nice and tight. Surprising, considering what a slut you’re becoming these days.” He stroked Will’s prostate with a beckoning motion that was almost too much. Will sucked in a breath and muttered a curse. He breathed out in relief when Hannibal’s finger slid out, only to mewl when two came charging in, scissoring and stretching, his tormentor leaning over him again to whisper in his ear. “Even if there wasn’t a ring on your finger saying so,” Hannibal told him, “you’re mine. You were mine in that hotel room in Minnesota, and that has not changed nor wavered, not for a moment.”

Another sigh of relief as Hannibal’s fingers slid out of him, his hand stroking Will’s bare cheeks and tracing the thong’s outline again. “If you don’t want to be treated like a whore, Mr. Lecter-Graham, don’t act like one.”

Will bit his lip as a dark thrill ran through him, fuelled by both desire and victory. Hannibal knelt next to him where his face was turned, cheek pressed against the chair seat. He stroked Will’s hair impassively with the backs of his fingers, then showed him the knife in his other hand. Will’s breath trembled as it came closer and closer to his throat.

Hannibal hooked the blade under the cord holding Will's neck, and cut it. There was a moment of constriction as he applied pressure to cut that closed Will's airway, but then relief flooded in as the rope parted. His legs were then freed and the cuffs unbuckled. Hannibal knocked the chair aside and spread Will under him on the carpeted floor, holding his wrists against it. He nosed against Will's sternum and collarbone, licking and biting, pinning him down possessively. Will flexed, rutting his silk-covered cock against the front of Hannibal's dress pants. "It's true," his husband said, "that you have a great deal of power over me, Will. That scared me at first. I wasn't sure if I wanted to kiss you or kill you. I wasn't used to that feeling of destabilization. That another person could have such a monumental impact on me. Things could have happened very differently between us, beloved. I might have manipulated you, framed you for my crimes, ruined your life…"

"Instead," Will panted as he edged his mouth out of Hannibal's reach, suffering a suck-bruise under his jaw as a replacement, "you grew a pair, gathered up your, ah, courage… and waited for me to come out of the shower in that cheap hotel room."

"You and I are conjoined, neither of us to survive a separation."

"Then conjoin us," Will challenged.

Hannibal let go of one of his wrists to get his cock out, then did just that, delicious and rough, fucking hard, gripping Will's hips now hard enough to leave bruises, chasing Will's hands away from his own cock and teasing him until he was close, coordinating their orgasms. All this done by moving the thong aside as needed.

"I'll have to get you a new one," Hannibal said after they'd finished and were cleaning up.

"Yeah, I think the elastic is done for," Will laughed, tossing it in the trash.

They had just finished loading the dishwasher after dinner when Will paused, listening. He put a hand on Hannibal's forearm, pausing his cleaning up. "Dogs are going apeshit," Will muttered, glancing out the kitchen window. Nothing out back.

"I do hope that skunk hasn't returned," Hannibal said, heading for the front door, adjusting his collar after removing his apron. Will followed a few paces behind. Hannibal extended his hand to open the door, then hesitated. "Something's wrong," he said quickly. "Will, go—"

The door burst in, nearly coming off its hinges. Standing at the threshold was… Matthew? The BSHCI orderly Will had hired to stain the deck and tease Hannibal was back. He stood there, wearing a navy blue tracksuit with white stripes, unzipped, physique on display.

Painted on his bare chest in what looked like blood was the symbol of the red dragon. Matthew's expression was blankly cold, and his eyes glowed with an unearthly, lurid red light as if lit from within. Raising his arm, he pointed a gun at Hannibal's chest and fired.

"NO!" Will screamed, darting forward and catching Hannibal as he fell. Relief splashed over him like a bucket of cold water — a tranquilizer dart stuck out of Hannibal's pectoral muscle. His eyes fluttered shut as the drug took hold and left him unconscious on the floor.

Matthew abandoned the tranq gun and leapt on Will, wrapping his hands around his neck and squeezing with ungodly force. Will rasped and choked, fighting tooth and nail. But he was so strong…

Just when Will's vision started to feather black, Matthew arched his back with a bellow of pain and rage. Winston and Max were there, barking and growling and snarling more savagely than Will had ever seen them; Max went for a calf while Winston chomped down on Matthew's overly exercised ass. It gave Will just enough wiggle room to get free.

On the coffee table was the knife Hannibal used to cut the rope around Will's neck during their little tryst. Will scrabbled for it and pulled it up just as Matthew came for him again. The knife sank easily into his sternum. Will made a strangled grunt as blood dripped down from the wound onto his shirt in a hot puddle. The knife had bisected the rune on Matthew's chest.

The weird light faded from Matthew's eyes and Will rolled out from under, leaving their attacker laying face up on the floor, the knife still sticking out of his chest. Matthew gasped, blood flowing from his mouth, blinking rapidly. "Will?" he wheezed, brows raised. Disbelief. As if he'd just regained consciousness. "What… happened…? Did *you*... ?"

Will stumbled up and got his phone from the kitchen, dialing 911. When the dispatcher asked him what the emergency was, all Will could think to say was, "A possessed guy shot my husband with a sleep dart and then tried to kill me. S-send an ambulance…"

October 22: (Simulated) underage/shotacon and glowing eyes

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal casts numerous protection spells around the house, and to celebrate there's a fun student teacher roleplay.

October 22: simulated shotacon underage and glowing eyes

When Hannibal practiced magic, his eyes glowed, too. A pale blue light. More like a mist drifted across them, and that mist was backlit, the light refracting between the tiny droplets. It really was beautiful, Will thought, as he watched Hannibal work, a witch in a three piece suit, burning sage and painting runes over their doors and windows in his own blood**.**

Once the ritual concluded, the mist faded away, and Hannibal's eyes went right back to that perfect shade that the word "brown" didn't adequately describe. He went to the kitchen to wash his hands and adjust his pocket square and that was that. It still blew Will's mind that any of this was happening, but without Hannibal's powers and Grazina's book, he'd be dead by now.

Matthew Brown was alive. He was in the ICU but he was young and in good shape. Hannibal was optimistic about his recovery. He'd used his connections at Johns Hopkins to learn that Matthew had no memory of the event. He recalled driving away from the acreage, and stopping to get gas. He went to the bathroom in the service station, and that was the last thing he remembered. Will tried to get the CCTV footage, but the whole system had apparently glitched a minute before Matthew entered the shop. Same way his phone had died before the poltergeist attack.

Hannibal theorized that ghosts utilize electromagnetic energy to manifest, which gave them some control over electronics. They could short circuit machines or drain batteries as they pleased. Something happened to Matthew in or around that gas station, though there were no witnesses to anything strange. Somehow he ended up possessed and in possession of a tranquilizer gun.

That was another interesting wrinkle. His first priority had been to neutralize Hannibal, but not to harm him. Will was marked for death, that was certain, but Hannibal was to be spared. Spared, or… taken?

The extra shitty news was that the hospital, in saving Matthew's life via emergency surgery, had destroyed all the trace evidence, including the bloody symbol on his chest.

Hannibal vowed that their home, at the very least, would be safe. He studied the book relentlessly and, as of right now, had finished all of his home blessings, cleansings, and wards. The dog house had been similarly protected and each dog wore a small sachet on its collar full of herbs and stones and things Will didn't understand.

But, of course, there was no way to know if it worked until whoever was trying to kill Will tried to do it again. Luckily, whatever Hannibal had done to him during their psychic driving session was holding. During the fight with Matthew, his heart rate had been elevated but not dangerously high. His mind had been weirdly calm and he'd envisioned a beautiful chapel for a few moments even as he struggled for his life. Gold mosaics on the walls, candles lit, a skeleton seal inlaid in the floor. The safe haven Hannibal had built for him in the memory palace.

Hannibal returned from the kitchen and bent over to kiss Will where he was sitting on the couch, watching the ceremonies unfold.

A knock at the door. They both froze for a moment, but Hannibal put a reassuring hand on Will's shoulder. "It's a delivery," he said. Still, he answered the door with his hand in his pocket, Will saw, where he could easily draw his folding knife.

But it was just the tailor's son delivering Hannibal's package — a new set of custom made dress shirts in various hues. Hannibal thanked him, paid a tip, and shut and locked the door. Will trailed him into the bedroom where he opened the box to hang up the new clothes. But when he folded back the box's lid, he frowned.

"What is it?" Will asked, coming closer.

"The box is mislabeled," Hannibal told him. He reached in and pulled out a dark blue blazer with a gold crested emblem on the breast pocket that said *Carlisle Academy* . There were a couple pairs of slacks, a few shirts, and two gold and blue striped ties neatly folded within as well. "This appears to be a young man's private school uniform."

"Well shit," Will said. "He's probably gone now. Guess we can drop it off on the way to Costco tomorrow."

"I suppose so." Hannibal replaced the uniform in the box and shut it, leaving it on the bed. "I have a patient call in five minutes."

"All right," Will said, trying a smile. "See you after."

Hannibal cupped his cheek a moment and disappeared into his office. Will bundled up and went outside. The nice weather was over; today was cloudy and damp with a gusty wind determined to strip the last of the leaves from the trees. Will kept himself warm playing with the dogs, then brought them inside, making sure everyone wiped their paws.

Will went into the bedroom to find a thicker pair of socks when he noticed a packet of papers sitting on the bed next to the tailor's box. They were typewritten pages, printed by computer, but marked up in… red pen? He snatched them up. It was a printout of the first few pages of his monograph on time of death based on insect activity. But someone had… *graded it* . Like

marked it up with the red pen, circling certain words, underlining things, making disparaging notes in the margins. “Could be worded more clearly” or “it’s foolish not to use an Oxford comma, and you should know that by now.” A big red C+ was drawn on the top of the front page.

“C-plus?” Will growled. This was Hannibal’s handwriting. What the fuck?

Will hoped that Hannibal’s telehealth session was finished, because he was barging into the home office like, right now, paper in hand. Hannibal was seated in the desk chair, but had swiveled it around to look out the window at the gathering dusk. “What the hell is this?” Will demanded at the tall, stately maroon back of the leather-covered desk chair.

Hannibal swiveled around and Will’s hand, which was holding the paper outstretched, quivered visibly. His husband had changed clothes, and was now wearing a very professorial brown tweed suit with a blood red and gold paisley tie and pocket square. And… he was wearing Will’s glasses. The ones with no prescription that he put on when he was feeling anxious, didn’t want to look at eyes, or needed something to fiddle with. They had tortoiseshell frames that matched the whole look perfectly.

“Young man,” Hannibal said, his voice stern and deeply resonant, his mouth firmly unsmiling. “You’ve just earned yourself a detention.”

“W-what…?” Will stuttered, then ran his bottom lip between his teeth, a hot shameful flush flowering over his face, a reflexive action based on the wealth of bad school memories he had. This, mixed with how goddamn gorgeous his husband was, and how fucking hot it always was when he got all authoritative.

“You’ve barged into my office spewing profanity, on school grounds without a uniform,” Hannibal scolded, looking at Will over the tops of the glasses. “Dress yourself properly, then return immediately for your consequence.”

Will found himself nodding, dropping his gaze to the floor. “Yes, sir,” he mumbled contritely. “Sorry, sir.”

“That, you certainly are.”

Will snuck himself out the office door and went back to the bedroom, forcing himself not to run in the school hallways. The guilty part of his brain told him not to worry; they could have the uniform cleaned or just buy the poor kid another one. It was the tailor’s mistake, after all.

The pants wouldn’t button, but he could zip the fly to make them stay on his hips. He wore one of his own white dress shirts, buttoning it and tying the tie, then slipped on the blazer. It was only too tight by centimeters. What the fuck, he had the shoulders of a high school boy? Damn. Well, maybe the kid played football or something.

This time, he knocked. “Come in,” came the voice of authority.

Will entered, holding his marked up paper in both hands, not making eye contact.

“You were exceedingly rude, young man, to someone who only wants what’s best for your education,” Hannibal said, getting out of his chair. Will noted that the desk had been cleared of almost everything, and a little thrill wound itself through his veins and plummeted into his cock. He approached Will and stood uncomfortably close, seeming to have grown another five inches even though they were 5’10” and 6 foot, respectively. Hannibal reached out to straighten his tie and collar, fussing over the uniform with an air of annoyance. “You’re one of my top students, and yet your abrasive attitude continues to hinder your performance.”

“Sorry, sir,” Will murmured as Hannibal slipped behind him, probably to admire the back side. “I-it won’t happen again.”

“See that it doesn’t.” Those large hands folded down over the shoulders of the uniform blazer. “Now, let’s see to your work. We might as well make your detention a productive one. I want you to rewrite your paper by hand, with the corrections I’ve made. Later, you’ll type it up and resubmit it, is that clear?”

Will nodded.

“I said, is that clear?”

“Yes, sir, it’s clear,” Will confirmed, sweat gathering at his hairline. Oh shit, this was so fucking sexy he couldn’t stand it.

Hannibal let go of his shoulders and sat down in the desk chair, readying a pen and some blank lined paper. Then he rolled the chair back a bit and waited expectantly. There were no other chairs in the room. Will approached the desk and set down his marked up paper. He reached for the notebook paper but Hannibal slapped his hand away. “How am I supposed to read your work as you go if you’re on the other side?” he asked with barbed patience. “Come over here.”

Will dutifully came around the desk, bending over to write his name in the upper corner of the paper. “No, that won’t do – here, I think this is best.” Hannibal took Will by the hips and guided him down into his lap, then rolled the chair closer to the desk. “Now you may begin.”

Will picked up his pen and began copying out the paper by hand. “Atrocious handwriting,” Hannibal clucked, “but I suppose there’s nothing to be done for it now. Slowly, now, you’re making it even more illegible.”

Will could already feel the growing bulge in Hannibal’s lap poking up against his ass. “The Oxford comma is a style choice,” he dared to argue. “It’s not technically an error.”

“Fix it,” Hannibal ordered. “This isn’t a discussion.”

Will exhaled softly when Hannibal’s palm settled on his thigh and began a torturous ascent, climbing higher and higher, his fingertips traveling the inseam of the uniform trousers. “Sir..?” he gasped when the teacher’s hand closed around his clothed cock, massaging it gently but with purpose.

“We’ll be here all evening if you can’t stay focused on your work,” was the response, even as his zipper eased down and Hannibal’s hand slipped in, touching him now over the tighty-whities he’d changed into when putting on the uniform.

Will tried not to make a fuss, but Hannibal’s over-the-clothes grope evolved over time to wrap his arm around Will’s middle, splaying his hand against Will’s chest while using the other to free his erection. “Do you, uhm… have any white-out?” Will dared to ask as he realized he’d misspelled *criminology* .

“I don’t,” Hannibal told him. “You’ll have to do the whole page again.” This breathed against his neck just above the shirt collar.

“But, sir–”

“If something is worth doing, it’s worth doing right.” This adage also seemed to apply to stroking Will’s cock. Will took another piece of paper and started over, but it was, well, increasingly hard… to concentrate. And other things.

“Careful. You don’t want a semicolon there,” Hannibal warned as he let go of Will’s cock long enough to slip his hand into the desk drawer. From within came a little battery powered bullet vibrator. He switched it on and teased Will with it, running it along the underside of his shaft and pressing it back against his balls.

“Oh God–” Will moaned.

“The Lord’s name in vain as well? You must be a glutton for punishment.”

“Sir, please…?”

The vibrator teased along his length as Hannibal’s hand crept into his blazer to stimulate his nipple through the dress shirt. “You will not finish,” he threatened, despite the massive hard-on he was also suffering, “until you’ve *finished,* and your work is satisfactory. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir…” Will held on as best he could, finally getting to the last page. He could feel his cock weeping for release, his balls constricting, heat and sweat blushing all over his skin, his breaths begging and ragged.

“Who taught you penmanship?” Hannibal criticized, pinching his nipple. Will inhaled sharply, but willed himself to finish the sentence he was writing. “They ought to have their teaching license revoked.”

At last, Will managed to finish the final page. He stacked them neatly even as he moaned and bit the inside of his bottom lip.

“I suppose that will have to do.” It only took a few earnest strokes and Will released, leaning back into Hannibal, tilting his chin to the sky with a grateful groan of intense pleasure, shooting onto the carpet beneath the desk.

“Good boy,” Hannibal purred against the side of his face. “You have a bright future ahead of you.”

Panting, Will tucked himself away, though he didn’t bother to fasten the too-small trousers. “So, will you change my grade?” he wanted to know as Hannibal kissed his neck and groped his chest, breathing him in, rutting his hard cock against Will’s ass.

“The due date’s passed,” Hannibal told him in a lusty murmur. “And the end of the term is tomorrow.”

Will slid out of his grasp and onto the floor, turning to kneel in front of Hannibal, resting both hands on his tweed-clad thighs. “Please, sir, I don’t want to lose my scholarship.”

“I suppose you’ll have to find a way to convince me to take pity on you,” Hannibal suggested.

Will smiled and unzipped his trousers to get at his cock. “I think I know what might change your mind, sir.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

October 23: Deep Throating and Frankenstein's Monster

Chapter Summary

Conclusion of naughty schoolboy Will's lesson. Will he be a prodigy?

October 23: Deep Throating and Frankenstein's Monster

(not deepthroating Frankenstein's monster, that'll have to be another story… okay, continuing…)

Will was in character. He was just a schoolboy, a virgin, who had barely kissed anyone much less sucked a cock. So he began hesitantly, mouthing Hannibal's shaft up and down, giving it little kitten licks, then opening up and tentatively bringing in the head, just to the middle of his tongue and sucking a little like he was enjoying a tootsie pop. It was delightful, hearing Hannibal's sounds of frustration, making him wet, teasing without giving much stimulation.

Hannibal's hand caught him by the hair. "It appears," he said, "that the lesson isn't over yet."

"What do you mean?" Will asked innocently. "Isn't this what you wanted? I really, really need that A, or they're gonna kick me out of…" he paused and glanced down at his blazer, "Carlsberg – sorry, *Carlisle* Academy."

"There's much to be said for student motivation and passion for learning," Hannibal said, stroking his face. "You have all the raw materials needed. You only lack guidance."

"Then please, Doctor Lecter, teach me," Will begged, with an undercurrent of playful sexuality, trying to keep his smile at bay.

"You're going to have to fit more of me in your mouth," Hannibal told him.

"What, like this?" Will sucked him in just a little farther.

"Deeper. More. Keep going…"

Will dropped the dick out of his mouth to say, "Doctor Lecter… I don't know, I mean– it's really big."

Oh, the blaze of pride in those dark eyes. "I know you're a fast learner, young man."

"Okay," Will said dubiously. He eased Hannibal into his mouth tentatively. Then gagged when the cockhead came anywhere near the back of his throat. "Oh, I– I didn't mean–"

“It’s a natural reflex,” Hannibal soothed. “It feels good on this end. Here.” He took Will’s hand and pressed his pressure point, holding it tightly. “This relieves nausea. Now it’s just a case of mind over matter.”

Will pretended to try and fail several times to control himself. Tears of effort came to his eyes and overflowed, dripping down his cheeks. “You’re forgetting to breathe,” Hannibal scolded him, face flushed a bit at those princely cheekbones. “Come, now, you’re a talented student. Keep practicing.”

Will wiped the tears from his face and sniffed. “I’m doing my best.”

“We must do better than our best in the pursuit of… *ehn*... excellence… *oh* .” He inhaled sharply, tossing his head back as Will at last appeared to get his gag reflex under control. “That’s it… good boy. I knew you… were a fast learner…”

Will deepthroated now with all the skills he had at his disposal after years of practice, as if he was some kind of miraculous dick-sucking prodigy, bobbing his head and clutching Hannibal’s thighs. The chair had wheels and rolled back to hit the wall as Will leaned into his work.

But just at the last moment, he pulled back, teasing just the tip with his tongue a second before saying, “You’re gonna change my grade, right?”

“Yes,” Hannibal promised with a pleasured, frustrated groan.

“And, ah… write me a letter of recommendation?”

“Yes…”

“A good one,” Will pressed.

“You can write it yourself and I’ll sign it… please…”

Smirking, Will opened up his throat and drew him in deep enough to bring tears to his eyes again. He gagged against the shaft one more time for good measure and it made Hannibal come, shooting a load down his throat. Will was actually surprised at how much there was, and choked, dropping Hannibal’s cock unceremoniously out of his mouth, cum and spit splattering down his chin and dripping onto the blazer. “Oh shit,” he laughed ruefully, wiping his mouth with his hand.

“We’ll just keep it,” Hannibal told him through deep, satisfied breaths. “Tell the tailor… the dogs ate it and pay to have it all replaced. That way, you can wear it again for me.”

As Hannibal helped him up, Will glanced down at the paper they’d been working on. “I wrote that monograph ten years ago,” he said as Hannibal embraced him, resting his head on his shoulder. “You’re right, it could, ah… use a new draft. Wanna help me write it?”

“This new draft is inspired. There’s a clarity to the voice that was lacking previously,” Hannibal said with a smirk, zipping up his trousers. “We’ll have to recreate the scenario again to capture the correct workshop environment.”

“Anything you say, Doctor Lecter.” Will batted his eyes innocently, then grinned.

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“Say that again?” Will’s body, which had been so relaxed and flooded with feel-good post-coital chemicals, was locking up with anxiety now.

“I said the power went out in the holding wing,” Jack said over the phone into Will’s disbelieving ear. “Some kind of isolated brown-out. The security systems went haywire and by the time the scramble was over, Katherine Pimms was gone.”

“You’ll find her eventually,” Will murmured. “Covered in symbols, like the others.”

“I figured,” Jack said.

Will took the phone away from his face for a few moments, focusing on his breathing. He stood up from the couch and poured himself three, possibly four fingers of whiskey.

“Will? Are you there?”

Will took a mouthful of fire, then put the phone back to his ear. Buster whined from where he’d been left on the couch, either because he wanted more cuddles or could sense Will’s distress. “Yeah, I’m here.”

“Well?”

“Well,” Will said, “thanks for calling.”

“That’s it? You don’t have a theory? A profile?”

“I do. But you wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Try me,” Jack ordered flatly.

Will sighed. “I… need time to think. I’ll type something up and send it your way tomorrow.”

Will rang off and sat back down on the couch with Buster, stroking his ears. After finishing his drink, he wandered back into the home office, which smelled like the carpet cleaner Hannibal had used to get the stains out from under the desk. The man himself was back at the desk, working on a sketch, pencils and scalpels close at hand. He was dressed for bed in soft flannel pants and a red sweater. Glancing up, he smiled at Will as he entered. “How’s Jack?”

“Worried. Confused. I know the feeling.” Will came behind the desk and carded his fingers through Hannibal’s hair, glancing down at the sketch. It showed the two of them together, tastefully nude, covered in scars and stitches as if they’d been pieced together from an assortment of disparate corpses, bolts emerging from their necks. Will had lightning bolt streaks of white threading through his dark curls.

“Oh, you made me the *bride* ,” Will said with loving annoyance.

“God constructed you just for me, Will.” Hannibal added some shading to his own chest.

A thought glimmered in Will’s mind. “Frankenstein’s monster… ended up hating him,” he mused. “Killed the woman he loved and chased him to the ends of the earth. Demanding to know why Victor had made him. A-and Victor’s explanation was… ‘just because I could’...”

“I’m sure God has the same answer, or something even more disconcerting,” Hannibal said. But then his dark eyes glimmered as he caught what Will was saying. “The Red Dragon builds his monsters. Possesses others, uses the spiritual energy of the dead murderers attached to the cases you’ve worked. But what if these creatures turned on their creator?”

“Katherine Pimms didn’t see herself as a murderer,” Will said. He spoke of her in the past tense because, let’s be honest, she was probably a goner. “But he took her because I worked her case. Katherine saw herself as a granter of mercy. A healer. Insane, yeah, but not violent. Not like Hobbs or Stammets or even the mother of the Lost Boys.”

“If it’s possible,” Hannibal reasoned, “perhaps she will want to be freed from the Dragon’s spiritual control. If it is so against her nature to do you harm, I may be able to make contact with her spirit.”

“Take her away from him, or… get her on our side?”

Hannibal slid his sketch into a folder and tucked it away in a drawer. “I’ll consult the book,” he said. “I think you’re onto something, beloved.”

“I have a good idea now and then,” Will said, melting into Hannibal’s arms as he stood.

“Of course. You’re my star student,” Hannibal smirked before kissing Will’s neck.

October 24: Sex Toys and The Dead Rise

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal mail ordered a hot pink double ended dildo. Looks like the dead aren't the only things that are rising and being stiff.

October 24: Sex Toys and The Dead Rise

The thing about having a safe house, warded and protected from the vengeful spirits of dead murderers, was that you had to stay in it as much as possible. Hannibal and Will had been limiting their time away from the acreage; Hannibal had been holding sessions by phone and Will had straight up taken a leave of absence from Quantico, citing health reasons. Many conversations with Jack later, and the head of the BSU was willing to entertain the idea that someone was desecrating the remains of killers Will had helped put away, and if there weren't remains to desecrate, they were created in one way or another. Part of that desecration was claiming their spirits and somehow using them to try and scare Will literally to death. When Hannibal used psychic driving to implant calming mechanisms in his mind, the ghosts ratcheted things up a notch and began to exhibit poltergeist activity. What would happen next was anyone's guess, but as Hannibal continued to hone his pagan practice there was nothing to do but lay low.

Luckily, the sex toy emporium delivered products right to their front door. Hannibal ordered a whole big box of new things and they were home so much there was no reason not to take long lunch breaks and try new toys out.

"I will admit it's kinda intimidating," Will said, holding the large hot pink double-sided dildo and giving it a test wiggle as Hannibal slipped off his freshly-tailored shirt. Working from home, he still dressed each day as if he was going into the office. "Jesus, you could give somebody a concussion with this thing."

"That's how you know it's made of quality material," Hannibal told him, slipping onto the bed wearing nothing but his socks and garters.

Will grinned, tossing off his flannel. "Only the best for, ah… *dat ass* ." He kicked off his pants and underwear and tossed a bottle of lube on the bed.

"Hmm…" Hannibal slid it between the pillows at the head of the bed. "We have all afternoon. There's no reason to go stampeding towards penetration, Will."

“Oh, you wanna *make out* first, huh?” Will teased gently, climbing onto the bed with his husband. “Be all romantic before we, ah, spear ourselves on a giant pink–” Hannibal silenced him with a kiss.

But foreplay was just what the doctor ordered. It was nice to just be naked and kiss, cuddle, nuzzle, drawing out the first movement of the symphony for a good half-hour. Hannibal had infinite patience, but Will didn’t, and they both were unsurprised when he was the first one to break. “Can we, uh…” His question was lost when Hannibal palmed his cock and gave it a couple of strokes, causing Will to pillow princess back and moan at the ceiling.

“Are you ready? Not afraid of a concussion?” Hannibal asked, getting between Will’s legs with the lube and the hot pink monstrosity.

“If one could get a concussion of the ass, I feel like we would have both had one by now, many times over,” Will said. “Let’s do it.”

Will got on his hands and knees and let Hannibal lube him up and work in Will’s end of the pink alien-looking cock. He waited impatiently, dick dripping, as Hannibal speared himself on the other end so they were ass to ass.

“As a musician, I know rhythm is important,” Hannibal told him from over his shoulder. “But you and I have always been so in sync, I have complete faith we’ll find it.”

And they did, fucking themselves in time just so in order to have their asses collide at just the right moment. Will spread precum over his own cock and gave it a light flogging, enjoying the debauched pleasure of their cheeks slapping together, knowing they were both speared deep.

Clapping cheeks was fun, but after a while it was novel but not very intimate. Hannibal seemed to sense his thoughts and suggested a position change. This time, they lay down, face up, and worked their way down together on the shaft until they met in the middle, Will’s bent legs resting over Hannibal’s. Now they could see one another and reach each other’s cocks. “Much better,” Will panted. The dildo didn’t vibrate, and yes, he enjoyed the feeling of fullness, but the concept of both of them being connected like this, experiencing the same thing at the same time equally, was what was so intoxicating. In sex, it seemed like there were always power dynamics of some sort, no matter what. Yes, they’d played with these in every sense, flipping the script then flipping it again, switching in every scenario, sharing, a constant give and take. But most of the time there was always the penetrator and the penetrated, in some way, shape, or form. But this truly was an equal act. They were both penetrated to the same degree, and were free to touch themselves or the other.

By silent agreement, they took each other in hand, made eye contact, and began stroking simultaneously, clenching and moving a bit against the dildo, pressing themselves closer and closer. Hannibal’s free hand stroked Will’s lower calf, just showing off his ambidexterity, Will thought.

“God – *damn* , I love you so much,” Will managed to say as Hannibal thumbed the slit of his cock.

“You are my world, beloved…!”

In sync again, they orgasmed simultaneously, harmonizing their moans in the final movement of the symphony.

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The sun was out. The air was cold, but snuggled under a blanket with Hannibal on the wicker lounge, enjoying the freshly stained deck, Will was more than comfortable. They sipped mulled cider and watched the dogs play happily in the leaf piles, except for Zoe, who was cuddled on Hannibal’s outstretched legs.

“Any luck with the Katherine Pimms angle?” Will asked after a sip of cider.

“Without knowing the exact nature of the spell used, I’m left guessing, for the most part.” Hannibal was cut off by Will’s phone ringing.

“It’s Jack,” he said, unlocking the screen to answer and putting Jack on speaker so Hannibal could hear. “This is Will.”

“Hobbs’ body is gone,” Jack said grimly. “Stolen from the BSU’s lab. Beverly was there and… Will, she says the lights went out and all the doors of the body drawers started opening and shutting on their own. She heard whispers, laughter, screaming… then something pushed her in a closet and locked the door. By the time she got out, the lab was trashed and Hobbs’ body was gone.”

“Is she okay?” Will demanded.

“She’s shaken up – scared half to death,” Jack said. “Will, I’ll be honest, I didn’t believe a word you wrote in that report you sent me. I was considering calling Hannibal to see if he’d confirm your claims. I thought maybe your encephalitis was back. But…” Jack made a growl of frustration. “It’s inexplicable.”

“Jack, you have to keep the rest of those bodies secured,” Will said hurriedly. “L-lock them up, post a detail – whatever it takes–”

“Where the fuck is that body?” Jack bellowed. “How did someone get in? It’s not like Hobbs got up and walked out by himself!”

“Actually, Jack,” Will said, slowly getting to his feet. “It’s a lot like that.” He hung up and slid the phone into his pocket.

The dogs had ceased playing. They were grouped together as a pack, bristling, barking, and growling towards the treeline where a figure emerged from the woods.

“Oh hell no,” Will breathed as Garret Jacob Hobbs’ corpse shambled towards the house, naked, sporting his bullet wounds and autopsy scars.

Will whistled sharply for the dogs and they came immediately, swarming the deck, barking and crying. Hannibal opened the sliding glass door and quickly ushered them inside. “Will.

Come in, the wards are in place."

Will followed him in, but stormed down to the bedroom instead of helping Hannibal get the dogs down into the basement where they would be out of the way during any altercation. He yanked open the bedside drawer and pulled out his service weapon.

Hobbs was almost on the deck stairs when Will stepped out of the back door and unloaded his gun into the Minnesota Shrike a second time. The zombie fell in a heap at the base of the wooden staircase.

And got up, grinning, maw dripping with black blood.

"Fuck!" Will slipped back inside and shut and locked the door. Hobbs slammed against the glass, snarling, leaving grimy smears of ichor behind as he clawed at the transparent surface.

Hannibal appeared at his side, knife in hand. "Count of three?" He asked, hand on the door latch.

"No, wait, wait, wait!" Will cautioned. The sigil over the door was glowing. "He can't get in, right?"

"And we can't get out," Hannibal reminded him. "Do you suggest we call 911?" This last bit was soft but incredulous.

"No…" Will grasped Hannibal's forearm with sudden realization. "I… I-I get it now! He's… the Dragon, he's a *necromancer* ! He's raising the dead to do his bidding because he's a squishy fucking mage!"

Hannibal just stared at him, waiting for him as feral zombie Hobbs gnawed on the outside door latch with his broken teeth, eyes cloudy and dead yet somehow hungry and wild.

"No bladed weapons," Will said quickly, gesturing to Hannibal's knife and abandoning his own gun. "Blunt, bludgeoning, or-or blessed or magical!"

"Will, is this information from your weekly roleplaying game?" Rise of the pale brow.

"Just trust me!" Will begged. Hannibal nodded. In the kitchen, he armed himself with a huge meat tenderizer. Will rummaged around, thinking about frying pans, when he saw the huge hot pink double-sided dildo in the drying rack, nice and clean after their sex session earlier in the day. He picked it up and hefted it. "Concussion, right?"

They slipped out the front door and circled around the back, hoping to get the drop on the zombie. Hobbs charged around the corner, arms outstretched, gnashing his teeth and clawing at them with ragged nails. Will wound up and bashed him across the face with the sex toy. With the force behind it, the dildo hit Hobbs so hard it cracked his neck, leaving it at an odd angle.

Hannibal strafed quickly, getting on Hobbs' blind side and crashing in the back of his head with the tenderizer. The zombie went down with a gurgle, shuddering and jerking wildly on the grass. Hannibal and Will bent over him, bringing their weapons down again and again

and again, stomping intermittently. Will's world was a haze of gorgeous red, and the sound of cracking bones was just as beautiful as any of Hannibal's harpsichord compositions.

At last, Will felt Hannibal's hands on his hip and shoulder. He slowed his pummeling and finally ceased the violence. Hobbs was a broken meat sack of shattered bones, his face unrecognizable, the sigils painted on his skin destroyed.

"We'll have to order a new one," Hannibal said, gesturing to the dildo, which had split down the middle, connected only by a strip of plastic, making it like a dick nunchuck weapon.

Will gave it a test spin. "How about we *don't* tell Jack exactly what I used to break his neck?" he suggested.

October 25: Flickering Lights and Edgeplay

Chapter Summary

Hannibal used a ritual dagger for some witchy edgeplay.

October 25: Flickering Lights and Edgeplay

Will had not expected there to be an occult altar set up in their sex dungeon, but there it was. And it was so purely Hannibal he had to smile. It was decorated beautifully, covered in a rich black-purple cloth, the candles in various silver holders that didn't exactly match but were harmonious in style. The back of the table where it met the wall was lined with artistically arranged creepy trinkets — animal skulls, black feathers, snail shells, various polished stones, and deer antlers.

In front of the altar was a plushy gray rug to protect one's feet from the unfinished basement floor. In its center was a large earthenware bowl of water.

Hannibal was lighting more candles with a long match, supplementing the soft light of the standing lamps posted in the corners, and the room was heavy with incense. He was wearing his dark green smoking jacket, but his feet were bare.

Will rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "So… how do we do this?"

"We're going to kneel on either side of the bowl," Hannibal explained, "and I'm going to raise energy, directing it into the water through the repetition of chanting. Then, I will add your essence and divine the identity of the… *necromancer* ." Will could tel Hannibal still didn't like using the term, even if it was hella accurate.

"Okay." Will said with an uneasy sigh. "Let's, ah… get to it, I guess."

"Take your clothes off," Hannibal directed, slipping off his robe and hanging it on the fuck bench.

"What? Why?"

"Clothing interferes with the vibrations."

"You're making that up," Will accused.

"I don't need to perform a ritual to get you to take your clothes off for me," Hannibal reminded him.

“Yeah, okay, that’s true,” Will admitted. He awkwardly stripped as Hannibal burned herbs in another bowl on the altar. They knelt on the rug with the bowl between them now, Hannibal armed with that looked like a straight up medieval dagger, the hilt inlaid with red gems, blade polished and honed to a perfect edge. “Is, ah… that a plus one or plus two dagger?” Will tried to joke.

“It’s an athame,” Hannibal told him. “A ritual weapon.”

“Looks pretty sharp for being symbolic,” Will said nervously, scratching his knee. “Oh, it’s not for symbolic use,” Hannibal told him.

The rite began. Hannibal chanted tirelessly in a strange, guttural language Will didn’t recognize. But he could feel an atmospheric shift in the room, almost like a weather system moving through. Then, the electric lights began to flicker. Will hoped it was Hannibal’s doing and that the necromancer's ghosts hadn’t broken through the wards.

Suddenly, Hannibal’s eyes opened and he reached out a hand. Will took it, watching fixedly as Hannibal turned his palm up and pressed the blade against it. Will let out a little gasp of surprise, then bit his lip to keep quiet as Hannibal turned his palm over to let Wil’s blood dribble into the bowl.

His eyes glowing blue now, Hannibal released Will’s hand and peered into the bowl of water. His brows furrowed in concentration and Will was rapt, watching his face, searching for any clue or micro expression. The bowl of water looked completely normal to him, but he was sure Hannibal was seeing things in it he couldn’t perceive.

The lights were still going crazy and Will could feel the pressure in the room weighing him down. It was almost hard to breathe. He wasn’t sure what to do but a mounting anxiety gripped him. He wanted to grab Hannibal and shake him out of his trance but didn’t dare move.

The bulbs in the lamps exploded, and they were left in only candlelight. The strange glow faded from Hannibal’s eyes and he let out a long breath that he must have been holding, then panting in and out several times.

“What was it? Did you see him?” Will watched Hannibal get shakily to his feet and pick up the basin of water, setting it on the altar and sprinkling some sea salt in it. “Who is he? Where is he?”

“Again, he sensed what I was doing,” Hannibal said. “And I feel he could have hurt me if he’d wanted. Instead he let me see him, but not his face. Holding me back, as it were. But Will. I saw… the Dragon.”

“Wh-who is he, what-what’s he look like?”

“I saw him from behind, and just for a moment,” Hannibal explained, sinking down on the rug next to him again. “White, about your age, close cropped dark hair.”

Well that was useless, Will thought. But then Hannibal said, “he has an enormous tattoo of a William Blake painting on his back. *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in the Sun.* It’s nearly a perfect reproduction. The kind of tattoo an artist would remember doing.”

“So he’s obsessed with William Blake and the End of Days,” Will said excitedly, only now remembering that he had a cut on his hand that was tacky with blood as Hannibal lifted the wound to his mouth. “That fits with the profile, and I bet he considers himself deformed. Might have a scarred face, or… H-han…?”

Hannibal kissed the wound, bloodying his lips. “Forgive me, Will…”

“For…”

“This.” Hannibal pressed his tongue against the cut. “You’ll indulge me a taste, won’t you?”

The energy in the room was spent, but seemed to gather and transmute itself into something debauched and delightfully freaky as Hannibal tasted Will’s blood. Will murmured something but wasn’t sure even what he was saying as Hannibal dragged his tongue over the cut.

Hannibal let go of Will’s hand and rose up on his knees. Will realized he still had the dagger thing in his hand — athame? — and it sent a licentious shiver through his body. Bringing the blade closer, Hannibal traced the dangerous edge of the knife along the tender skin of the top of Will’s bare foot. Will trembled all over, leaning back and supporting himself with his outstretched arms, avoiding the dagger but conscious of the fact that one wrong move would result in the edge piercing skin. Hannibal leaned over him, tracing the knife up the curve of his calf. Will was transfixed, seeing the shining blade capture the candlelight, the thrill of that razor edge against his own skin. The weapon was so entirely Hannibal, the knife being the weapon of choice of the Chesapeake Ripper, and the fact that this was his magical blade just added another layer. It was so much an extension of his husband, a dangerous caress. Hannibal’s knives could cook the most delicious, nutritious dinner to feed and fill Will with wholesome goodness, or end a life. Or do ritual magic. The multifaceted nature of bladeswas a heady aphrodisiac.

The knife blade whispered harmlessly up his thigh now. Will edged his torso away, leaning back on his elbows, watching with panted breaths as it skimmed past his cock and teased along his belly. One flick of the wrist, and he’d be gutted. Will had a moment of otherworldly strangeness, an errant thought that in another time, in another place, another life, he had been, by Hannibal’s hand. Somehow, he was getting hard.

Hannibal was boxing him in now, kneeling over him, the knife blade moving oh so slowly up Will’s chest, counting his ribs, following the line of his sternum, the rise of his pecs. His nipples were in real danger, and the blade nicked one, just the tiniest bit, no more than a paper cut. Will moaned in amorous discomfort as a bead of blood welled up. Hannibal took the blade away from his skin long enough to lean over and suck, teasing the peaked flesh and tasting the blood, making a sound of pleasure.

The blade along his collarbone now as he lay as still as he possibly could on the carpet. It followed the bony rise from one side to the other before, oh God… tracing his neck. Will barely allowed himself to breathe as the edge traveled up and down his throat, circling his

Adam's apple. Hannibal pressed the tip oh so gently against the side of his neck, just enough to open the tiniest of wounds. And this he sucked, too, hard, bruising the skin all around, surely, just to get a taste of the blood that had been in Will's heart seconds before. It left Will gasping, aching for release.

The blade now kissed along his jawline, then along his cheek. Will stared up at Hannibal with eyes both softly amorous and deeply alert as Hannibal gazed back with the same sentiment, though his was all draped with an added layer of something predatory.

The knife touched Will's bottom lip, bending it down away from his teeth for a moment before Hannibal let the edge graze, again, the tiniest little cut. Slowly, he leaned in and kissed Will, gently at first, then with a ravenous, starving desire. Will could taste his own blood, could feel the blade at his neck again, and could do nothing but stay as still as possible – a maddening type of invisible bondage.

The blade stayed at his throat the whole time Hannibal was thrusting against him, grinding their cocks together in desperate frottage. When Will could tell he was close to finishing, he grabbed the wrist with the hand holding the knife and pushed it away, executing a reversal, pinning Hannibal's weapon hand against the rug. Hannibal made a delighted, surprised sound that became a lusty moan as Will took over rutting them together, holding both of their lengths in his grip while keeping Hannibal's wrist firmly against the floor.

They spent one after the other, smearing their hot emission between them, Hannibal still holding the blade and Will still grasping his wrist and holding him down. "What a cunning boy you are," Hannibal breathed against Will's curls. "I can never entirely predict you…"

October 26: Bonfire and Masturbation

Chapter Summary

> "You like this, huh?" Will teased softly, keeping his rhythm going, tensing his thighs and fucking himself slowly through his hand, the phone angled down at his goods.
> "You could have an encore career as an adult film star — ever considered it?"
> Will laughed through a lusty exhale. "Please…"

October 26: Bonfire and Masturbation

Will wasn't a fan of the decorative scarecrow Hannibal had erected in the yard. It had an inexplicably creepy vibe he couldn't quite explain. Closer inspection revealed that the effigy's clothes had been stitched with runes and its eyes were made of some kind of meat wrapped in vines. It was staked in the middle of their backyard facing the trees where Hobbs' zombie had emerged. Stranger still, Hannibal had asked Will to split a bunch of wood for the fire pit even though they had plenty for recreational bonfires. Anymore at night they were inside behind the wards anyway.

But last night had been an exception, Will thought, as he swung the ax again and again. They had built a nice fire in the fire pit and cooked their entire dinner over the open flame. Hannibal had an elaborate menu planned around it and yes, there were s'mores, though the graham crackers were home made and the chocolate was from Switzerland.

Finally Will had a huge mound of split logs next to the woodpile. It was getting dark earlier and earlier, so he decided to call it a night. He called the dogs in and took them down to the basement to get ready for bed, giving them each special attention, pets and cuddles. Now he was sweaty and tired, muscles a little sore from the wood cutting.

Will wandered into the sex dungeon, eyeing Hannibal's altar, then flopped down on the vinyl sofa they kept in there for shenanigans. It wasn't the most comfortable due to the plasticky covering but it was certainly easy to clean. He heaved a sigh and pulled out his phone. After checking a few messages, he FaceTimed Hannibal.

His husband picked up, the camera of course tilted at the perfect angle while he was in turn treated to a shot directly up Will's nose, double chin included. "Good evening," Hannibal greeted, an amused smile playing on his noble lips. Will could see he was in the home office, a print of *Leda and the Swan* in the background. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I'm done chopping wood," Will told him, angling the camera to make himself a little more photogenic. "And I'm ready for you to, ah… something-something *my* wood, I'm too tired to

think of a good double entendre."

"I'll admit a certain weariness for myself," Hannibal said. "Our new home gym is rigorous in ways swimming isn't."

"Come on down here," Will ordered lazily.

"Why don't you come upstairs?"

"Cuz I'm tired."

"What a predicament," Hannibal mused. "I feel that after the number of squats I achieved that going down the stairs might prove difficult."

"C'mon, Han, you're the one who wanted all that firewood," Will groaned. " *Please?* "

"I'm afraid my quadriceps won't allow it."

Will groaned, holding the phone higher. Inspiration struck and he angled the camera with one hand and started unbuttoning his sweaty flannel with the other. "C'mon, sugar bear… you know you want it."

"I could say the same for you," Hannibal purred softly into the phone. Will could see sexy mischief in his eyes, even over FaceTime. "Why don't you get undressed, just in case I muster the strength to come and find you?"

"Good idea." Will propped the phone up on the arm of the couch, the screen facing him, and sat up to toss off his shirt and wiggle out of his jeans and boxers. "Socks too," Hannibal requested.

"Of course," Will scoffed, peeling them off. He picked up the phone again and lay back, angling the camera up and down his nude body stretched out on the sex couch. Tucking an arm behind his head, he pointed the phone at his face again. "Better get down here."

"Whatever for? I have everything I need right here."

Will chuckled. "It's like we're long-distance dating or something."

"It surprises me that this is our first time experimenting in this way," Hannibal said, shifting in the office chair with a soft groan. Poor baby really was sore from the Bowflex. "We've both had to travel for work."

"I always save it up while you're gone," Will told him. "So it's extra good when you get back."

"Likewise." Hannibal's mouth twitched a smile. "If only it wasn't so far from here to there, darling."

"What would you do if you were here right now?" Will asked, sneaking his tongue between his lips for a moment.

“Kiss you, of course,” Hannibal said. “And I would touch your face.”

“Like this?” Will raised his free hand and caressed his own cheek with the backs of his fingers.

“Yes. Then your neck, on down your chest.”

Will angled the phone so Hannibal could see him doing exactly as he described. “Use your longest finger to touch your nipple,” Hannibal directed, all velvet seduction. “Circular motions. No, gently. Slower. Now trap it between your fingers for a moment.”

Will bit his lower lip, his cock waking up. Faintly he heard a zipper go down on the other end of the line.

“Good. I want you to put your palm on your belly for a moment. Now lower, just your fingertips. Slower.”

Will glided his touch down, closer and closer to his trimmed crop of public hair, following the treasure trail down from his belly button. “No,” Hannibal scolded as he tried to reach for his hardening cock. “Not yet.”

“Han,” Will complained breathily.

“Your other nipple is very jealous and lonesome,” Hannibal told him. Straining, Will tried to be patient and treat his other nipple to the same joys. At last, Hannibal told him he was allowed to touch himself. “Gently,” he directed. “Slowly. Put your hand around the head and slide it through. Just like that, good.”

Will arched his back and bit his lip again, closing his eyes briefly. “Slowly,” Hannibal directed Will’s strokes. “Yes. Well done.”

“You like this, huh?” Will teased softly, keeping his rhythm going, tensing his thighs and fucking himself slowly through his hand, the phone angled down at his goods.

“You could have an encore career as an adult film star — ever considered it?”

Will laughed through a lusty exhale. “Please…”

“A little faster now,” Hannibal directed. “Very good. Show me your beautiful face now. Can you get everything in frame?” Hannibal’s directions felt hypnotic and sensual and reverent all at once. Will raised his arm and balanced against the back of the couch to get the right angle and continued stroking, moaning softly.

“You’ll need both hands free,” Hannibal told him. Will propped the phone up, sitting it vertically on the arm of the sofa where it was flush with the wall. “Perfect. Now, free hand up. Two fingers in your mouth, and I want you to treat them like you would mine.”

“Mmm,” Will murmured, sticking his first and middle fingers in his mouth and sucking on them ardently as he continued to pump his cock in full view of the propped up phone. He detected a slight change in Hannibal’s voice, a tiny thread of strain and yearning.

“You’re exquisite,” Hannibal praised him. “Perfect… are your fingers nice and wet?” Will nodded. “Penetrate yourself.”

Will inhaled sharply and sighed out as he continued to pump his cock, reaching between his legs and fingering himself. “One finger, Will,” Hannibal ordered with sudden sharpness. “Don’t be greedy.”

Will tried to limit himself, to go slow, but he could feel his orgasm constructing itself, building piece by piece, brick by brick. Faintly he could hear Hannibal’s breathing get louder, the faint rhythm of his husband touching himself as well, watching Will through the screen. “Please,” he whispered again.

“Another finger, then, but don’t finish,” Hannibal warned.

Will made a little sound of amorous frustration, edging himself back. At last, he heard Hannibal’s sharp inhale and mellow exhale as he came.

“Now?” he pleaded.

“Now.”

Will crested, spraying his stomach with his emission, clenching around his own fingers, his tired muscles straining with how hard he flexed them in his throes of pleasure.

“Good boy,” Hannibal complimented him breathily, and hung up.

Will chuckled and lay back on the sofa to rest. If he waited long enough, he was sure Hannibal would come collect him.

October 27: Silver Bullet and DP

Chapter Summary

HAL 9000 and Hannibal spit roast Will. Ain't technology grand?

October 27: Silver Bullet and DP

"Katherine Pimms may be our proverbial silver bullet," Hannibal said softly into Will's ear as Jimmy and his friends unloaded the apiary boxes from the truck and set them on the platforms Will had built near the pond. "She had a profound connection to these bees — there's a good chance I can tear her out of the Dragon's grip if we have control of her hives."

"I love bees," Jimmy said as he approached, lifting the veil of his beekeeper's hat to reveal more of his smile. "It's so great you guys want to give these poor little things a home. They're a little sleepy from the fogger, and you won't see a lot of activity now that the temperature is dropping. Based on my assessment, they've got enough honey to last the winter. But it's really important you don't harvest anything this time of year. Sugar syrup isn't a bad idea, just to help with the location transition."

"Understood," Hannibal said, reaching out a hand. Jimmy took off his glove to shake. "Thank you, Mr. Price, for your assistance in this matter."

"Any time! Welcome to the beekeeping fold!"

"He already ordered the outfits," Will said, bumping Hannibal with his elbow affectionately. As Jimmy went back to the truck, he added, "I'm gonna wear black lingerie under mine."

"Watch out. I may want to sting you," Hannibal teased, giving his ass a clandestine squeeze.

"As long as you, ah… give me some honey after."

The bees were secured in their new home. They parted for awhile; Hannibal had a phone therapy session, and Will had some unfun adulting things to do like browse through online catalogs to choose an upgraded water heater. He counted the minutes until Hannibal's session had to be done, but he remained within the office, probably working on reports.

Will went downstairs to measure the doorframe to the utility room. When he was done, he lingered again by the sex dungeon, thinking about their "long distance" love session. After a few minutes of deliberation, he moved the rug over where the lighting was better, then switched out HAL 9000's attachment, connecting the lime green vibrator attachment that was vaguely dick shaped but swirled like a unicorn horn or a soft serve cone, creating a very stimulating texture.

He undressed, slipping on a black leather Bondage harness just for funsies, and lubed up, fingering himself a bit to get warmed up.

He propped up his phone on a little shelf and checked the front facing camera angle, then knelt down in front of the fucking machine, the remote in hand. He backed up until he could feel the press of the alien dick and slid back a bit, excited but trying to relax his muscles. Once inside, he turned it on a low setting. “Oh shit,” he gasped as it came to life, thrusting and vibrating at machine-like intervals. It was like getting fucked by a cyborg martian, which was most definitely a novel experience.

“Siri, FaceTime Hannibal,” Will called out. The phone recognized his command and dialed his husband’s video chat.

Hannibal didn’t answer. “Oh, come on!” Will panted as the fuck machine railed him. He gave the command again, and this time, mercifully, Hannibal picked up.

“Sorry to keep you waiting. I was slipping into something a little more…” Hannibal trailed off as he probably realized what exactly he was looking at. “Comfortable,” he finished. “Will. It seems you’ve embraced our mechanical friend.”

“Yeah? Eh— can’t wait to — uhn — see — when— oh *fuck…!”*

Shit, now it felt amazing. Once he’d gotten over the initial uncanny valley-ness, HAL’s tirelessness was actually pretty great. Will played around with the settings, glancing over at the phone where he could see Hannibal was moving quickly through rooms.

At last, Hannibal appeared in the doorway, wearing black silk briefs and a matching black ribbed corset cinched up with red ribbon stays.

“Isn’t technology wonderful?” he said, running a hand through his hair and slowly approaching the scene Will had created for him.

“That’s more comfortable?” Will teased breathily.

“Exceedingly comfortable,” Hannibal told him. Kneeling down, he petted Will’s sweaty curls and leaned in to kiss him. A moment too late Will realized he’d stolen the remote away.

“Hey,” Will tried to pout, but he barely got the word out before Hannibal dialed up the thrusting and the vibration. He walked circles around Will and the machine, watching intently, putting Will and the machine through their paces. Will didn’t think he was close to coming but then it snuck up on him, building in a shattering intensity.

When he came back to earth, Hannibal was spread out in front of him, panties around one leg. Will grinned and coaxed him forward as the machine continued its automated fucking, sucking Hannibal off while he played with the remote.

It really was a brave new world, and luckily, their HAL was compliant and followed his commands to the letter. Will had another orgasm while Hannibal was still in his mouth, the

sight of which seemed to send Hannibal the edge. He tossed his head back and tensed, muttering some half-formed Lithuanian.

“Well, he’s putting himself to the fullest possible use — all that any conscious entity could ever hope to do,” Will said when it was over and they were laying in the rug together in a sweaty sticky heap.

“Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do,” Hannibal sang softly, and they laughed.

October 28: Apparition and Daddy Kink

Chapter Summary

> "You're incorrigible this morning, beloved," Hannibal told him after draining his coffee, probably to stop Will from using the foam to seduce him further.
> "I'm sorry," Will said, slipping into Hannibal's arms again, then deploying one of his most powerful weapons – the big blue puppy dog eyes. "I'll be good… daddy."

October 28: Apparition and Daddy Kink

Will woke up horny. Yet another side-effect of being home all the time. Something about not having to go to work, not seeing horrific murders. Maybe it was boredom, but he liked to think it just had more to do with stimulation or lack thereof. Zoo animals in a cage had nothing to do but eat and fuck, right? And work out on the Bowflex.

But Hannibal was already up with his cup of fancy coffee, sitting on the chaise lounge on the porch, watching the apiaries. They'd put a stake and chicken wire fence up to keep the dogs away. The wooden platform Will had built to hold the white boxes of bees was covered with trinkets and offerings, flowers, candle stubs, even little stuffed bees with googly eyes. It looked like a shrine. Well, it was. A shrine to Katherine Pimms.

"I can feel her stirring," Hannibal said as Will slid on to the lounge next to him, shivering a bit in his bathrobe and slippers. "There's hope, Will."

"This might actually work…" Will mused.

But right now, things were quiet. He didn't know if Hannibal had at last tapped into the frequencies that allowed him to see what Will saw when the ghost appeared, but there was nobody around now. And Will had… needs. He snuggled in close and Hannibal put an arm around his shoulders. "She's not here now, so… come back to bed."

"I ought to keep watch. Go get a coffee and join me."

"Can you make me one? I can never get the foam right." Will dipped his finger into the top of Hannibal's coffee and lifted up some milk foam. Very deliberately, he brought his finger to his mouth and sucked it clean, hard enough to hollow his cheeks, making deliberate eye contact with his husband. "Mmm," he murmured. "Your foam's the best."

"Will." Soft, but authoritative. "This is about saving your life, if you recall."

"Once she comes, she won't leave those bees," Will pouted. "Just a quickie?"

“Nothing’s ever ‘just a quickie’ with you,” Hannibal scolded, though he let Will slip a hand inside his robe and grope his pecs through his silk pajama shirt. Then, “Will.” Warning tone.

“Fine.” Will withdrew his hand. But he stuck his finger back into the coffee for a bit of foam. This time, he licked it off with little tongue swipes, looking out at the yard as if he wasn’t trying to do anything sexy, perish the thought.

“You’re incorrigible this morning, beloved,” Hannibal told him after draining his coffee, probably to stop Will from using the foam to seduce him further.

“I’m sorry,” Will said, slipping into Hannibal’s arms again, then deploying one of his most powerful weapons – the big blue puppy dog eyes. “I’ll be good… *daddy* .”

He could physically feel the change in Hannibal’s body at that one little word. Hannibal sat up higher and turned to him on the seat, visage nobly cold and proud, brow raised. He caught Will by the chin and thumbed open his lower lip. “You’ve got to learn patience,” Hannibal told him firmly. “We’ve discussed this at length.”

Will tried to look contrite, but his hand was slipping up Hannibal’s thigh. “I know, daddy… I’ll do better, I promise.”

“Yes, you will,” Hannibal told him. “Go inside and wash up. You’re to wait for me – patiently – in the bedroom. Do you understand?” He gave Will’s hair a little tug.

“Yes, daddy.” Will got up, trying to hide his satisfied smirk.

He showered and trimmed and used all the products Hannibal always insisted on. He dressed in tube socks with red stripes at the top, white briefs, and a tiny ringer tee, also red and white. He looked like a debauched camp counselor from the ‘70s.

Waiting was hard, no doubt about it, as hard as his dick was, not to put too fine a point on it. Finally, Hannibal came in, slipping off his robe and removing his silk pajamas in a businesslike way. “On your knees,” he said dispassionately, motioning to the floor. Will hopped off the bed, possessed by the spirit of the roleplay, and eagerly knelt in front of Hannibal, eyeing the bulge in his boxer briefs.

“Close your eyes,” was the next order.

“Yes, daddy.” Will obeyed, and tried not to smirk when he heard Hannibal rummage through the bedside drawer. He jumped when Hannibal’s cold hand gripped one of his wrists, drawing his arm behind his back. When the bondage cuff went on, he dared make a little huffed whine of frustration.

“Are you going to be good for me?” Hannibal asked, the tone softly threatening as he paused buckling.

“Yes, daddy.” Will resigned himself to having his hands cuffed behind his back.

“You may open your eyes now.” Hannibal finished up and came around front again, looking down at Will with all the cold aristocracy he could muster. Such a talented actor, Will

thought, betrayed only by the unhideable warmth in his eyes. He combed his fingers through Will's hair, still damp from the shower, parting it on the side how he liked it. "You've got to learn to listen to me, to follow my rules," Hannibal scolded him. "Perhaps I've been too lenient with you. You need a firm hand." That firm hand closed in his hair and gave it a rough tug.

Will inched forward on his knees and rested his head on Hannibal's thigh, nuzzling up against his bulge. "I know," he admitted contritely. "I need to listen better, huh?"

"Indeed."

Will pressed his nose and mouth between Hannibal's legs. "Can I say I'm sorry?"

"You're just trying to get out of trouble."

Will looked up at him and blinked innocently. "I just want to be good for you…"

Hannibal sighed, as if he was chastising himself for being a pushover. "You're a spoiled boy. You know that, don't you?" Will just smiled up at him. "I suppose I'll let you make it up to me."

Hannibal eased down his undergarment, hard cock bobbing in greeting. Will edged forward again and opened up, getting to work eagerly, swirling his tongue along the base of the shaft and opening up his throat wide to permit thrusting. Hannibal didn't go easy on him; he'd been naughty, after all, and needed a lesson in patience. He could tell Hannibal was lasting as long as he could, trying to draw it out, bringing tears to Will's eyes as his cock hit the back of Will's throat again and again.

At last he spent, and Will made a concerted effort to swallow dutifully. Hannibal wiped Will's swollen lips with his thumb, stroking his hair with the other hand. "Good boy," he praised, as if reluctantly allowing himself to do so.

"Good enough for a… reward?" Will suggested, a hopeful lilt to his voice as Hannibal helped him up under the shoulder, turning him to unbuckle one of the cuffs.

"Don't get ahead of yourself," Hannibal purred against the back of his ear. "Lie down."

Will obeyed, and watched, cock straining in his briefs as Hannibal pulled on his smoking jacket in a businesslike fashion, like hadn't just had a blowjob that made him tremble all over. He leaned in and drew Will's hand up that was still attached to the cuff, and threaded it through the slats of the headboard, re-attaching the other. Will huffed, lower lip out, but Hannibal silenced him with an imperious look. "This is a continuation of your lesson in patience."

"Daddy knows best," Will said archly, and he wasn't wrong. Hannibal helped himself to their special drawers and found a handjob sleeve made of a kind of soft stretchy jelly-like rubber. It was uninspiring to look at, clear and unadorned, but the inside of the tube had hundreds of soft little ticklers, like a sea anemone, but one that didn't sting you. Or maybe Will's dick was a clownfish – something like that. Hannibal squirted some lube into it, then returned to the

bed where he parted Will's knees, rubbing up and down his thighs, kissing them again and again as Will squirmed and bit his lip, aching for a touch, pulling on his restraints. Hannibal kissed along the waistband of his underwear with maddening slowness before finally folding it down and slipping them off past the tube socks, leaving them in place despite how much Will knew he liked seeing Will's feet. Sneaking his hand up Will's little tee shirt to tease his nipples was another distraction that made Will flex against the restraints again.

Finally, finally, Hannibal took pity on him and slipped the lubed sleeve over his cock, eliciting a helplessly loud moan from Will. Hannibal was able to pump the sleeve over Will's length while simultaneously lifting it out of the way and encouraging him to spread his legs to be eaten out at the same time. The sensations and the buildup had been so much that Will lost it pretty quick, hard and fast, arching his back and crying out, unhinged and unselfconscious.

"Thank you, daddy," was all he could manage to say through his panted breaths. Hannibal only smiled.

Several hours later, Will slid out of Hannibal's sleeping embrace to go get a drink. As he stood at the sink, filling his water glass, he happened to glance out the kitchen window.

Hustling back to bed, he shook Hannibal awake. "She's here," Will whispered as if he'd be overheard.

"Who?" Hannibal whispered back, still half asleep.

"Katherine Pimms!"

October 29: The Witching Hour and Breath Play

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal untucked his necktie from his waistcoat and unbuttoned the edges of his collar, slipping the tie up around his neck where it rested on bare skin. “Now my life is in your hands,” he murmured, stroking Will’s face and cupping his asscheek before giving it a sound slap. “Try not to kill me, darling.”

October 29: The Witching Hour and Breath Play

Through Hannibal’s office window, Will could see the faint, misty outline of Katherine Pimms’ ghost walking in a steady circle around the apiaries, pausing now and again. He couldn’t see her expression from this far out, but everything about her body language (could it be body language if you no longer have a body?) expressed care and the act of tending.

“Distracted?” Hannibal leaned back from the office chair and snapped the blinds shut. His hands drifted back to Will’s bare hips and back before sneaking down to grab two healthy handfuls of ass.

“Yeah, sorry.” Will resumed what he’d been doing before, which was riding his husband’s cock, sitting on his lap face to face. Tonight, the moon was right for a seance, apparently, but they had to wait until it rose at the witching hour. Killing time was harder than killing (and eating) people. Will could tell Hannibal felt the same way he did – fucking *dying* to know what Katherine had to say about the Great Red Dragon. So, they whiled the hours away as best they could. The plan, originally, was for Hannibal to do a nude drawing of Will stretched out on the home office couch, and had ended, inevitably, in sex.

“Riding me isn’t enough to keep your attention?” Hannibal asked, catching Will’s chin roughly and biting at his bottom lip.

“Sorry,” Will said again, reflexively.

“Why don’t I give you something to do with your hands?” Hannibal suggested. He’d taken off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, but was still wearing his shirt and waistcoat, pants and underwear kicked off over stockinged feet.

“Not a bad idea,” Will said, trying a sexy smile instead of a worried frown. It was so hard to be present in the moment, as good as this felt.

They paused their movements. Hannibal untucked his necktie from his waistcoat and unbuttoned the edges of his collar, slipping the tie up around his neck where it rested on bare

skin. “Now my life is in your hands,” he murmured, stroking Will’s face and cupping his asscheek before giving it a sound slap. “Try not to kill me, darling.”

“Oh,” Will said through a smirk. “Okay, yeah, no, this, ah… definitely requires concentration. Don’t wanna kill any brain cells, make you forget a recipe or something.”

Hannibal rolled up into him again, and Will resumed tensing his thighs and bouncing up and down on Hannibal’s lap. But now he let Hannibal grip his hips and assist with the movement while he played with the silky necktie, sliding the knot tighter and tighter. He could hear Hannibal’s breath begin to wheeze through his flattening windpipe. Will just kissed him, which made it worse, cutting off another way to get hair. He worked his finger under the tie and twisted the material, making it even more restrictive, turning his wrist in little increments, one way, and then the other, letting more air in or out as he pleased.

Yeah, Hannibal was right — this was most definitely keeping his attention.

Hannibal was fucking him faster and faster, and Will could tell he was getting close. Timing was important now, and he studied Hannibal’s half-closed eyes and his wet, open mouth, listening to him try to breathe. At last, he sensed the telltale tensing of Hannibal’s thighs, his hands gripping Will’s hips relentlessly. “Three, two, one,” he counted down with a wicked smile, and released the tie.

Hannibal orgasmed and sucked in a huge lungful of air. This came out in a deeply pleasured, moaned exhale as he clutched Will to himself, burying his face in Will’s neck and shoulder.

Will didn’t give him much time to recover before dumping them both onto the floor, Hannibal still panting, red in the face. Will pushed him down on his back and knelt over his mouth, dipping his hard cock down against Hannibal’s lips. His husband barely had time to catch his breath before Will stuffed his dick in. But Hannibal was nothing if not adaptable, and he took it like a champ, sucking and stroking Will until his peak came as well, spilling all over Hannibal’s lips, chin, and bruised neck.

A long shared bath later, it was finally time for the seance. They sat in front of Hannibal’s altar in the sex dungeon facing one another, knees touching, candles and incense burning. Hannibal took Will’s hands. “Relax, beloved,” he suggested. “Whatever happens, just keep hold of my hands.”

Will nodded, and Hannibal closed his eyes. Will kept his open, since he hadn’t been directed to close them, and was honestly afraid to. “Katherine Pimms,” Hannibal said in a soft, even, hallowed voice. “I summon you here to speak with us. We ask you to give us a sign of your presence.” For a while, everything was silent. *Fuck,* Will thought. He hadn’t considered the possibility that the seance just might straight up not work.

Then he heard it. A faint buzzing hum. The shadow in one corner of the room seemed to grow and change, undulating, emitting the sound of thousands of winged insects. Will’s breaths came short and fast, but he did his best to remain calm, holding tightly to Hannibal’s hands. The cloud of shadow-insects coalesced and formed a human shape with vague features. The eyes glowed with otherworldly yellow light, the exact color of a bee’s stripes.

“Katherine Pimms, are you here?”

“ *Yes* .”

Will shuddered, hearing the preternatural voice come from the human-shaped swarm of shadow that still hummed like a beehive made of darkness itself. The voice sounded like a woman, but beneath it like a hidden current in a river was the maddening insectile hum.

“Katherine,” Hannibal said, eyes still closed. “We grieve for you. We know your life was taken from you, and we have kept your hives safe. In return, we want to know the name of the man who killed you. Who is the Great Red Dragon?”

The shadow swarm-person undulated, rippling with anger. “ *Francis Joshua Dolarhyde* .”

“Where is Dolarhyde now?” Hannibal asked.

“ *He sleeps. He dreams. He will consume the beast* .”

“Which beast?”

“ *When the painting is part of himself, he will feel the full measure of his powers…* ”

“Why is he doing this?” Will whispered, hoping it wouldn’t break the spell. “Why is he trying to kill me?”

“ *He’s a lonely monster,”* Katherine’s apparition said. *“He wants the one he thinks can understand him. If he wins, he plans to claim the Ripper* .”

“Motherfucker,” Will snarled.

“Katherine,” Hannibal said. “I can feel your desire for vengeance. Will you help us?”

“ *I will* ,” came the response.

October 30: Scarecrow and Overstimulation

Chapter Summary

Hah! Two hours to midnight and I finished the chapter let's gooooooooo

Hannibal and Will burn a straw man and then Will makes Hannibal cum dry after like a million orgasms

October 30: Scarecrow and Overstimulation

"I can't believe this is all that's left," Jimmy said, shaking his head. The BSU team was working the crime scene the Great Red Dragon had left behind in the National Gallery of Art's archives. Jimmy had a tiny piece of paper caught in a tweezers, a remnant of Blake's painting that the Great Red Dragon had apparently eaten a couple of hours before, after bluffing his way inside and knocking out the attendant.

"We got any more physical evidence?" Will asked, carefully watching Jimmy put the little wad of paper in a baggie and label it.

"There were a couple hairs on the victim. Not sure if we can pull DNA but I guess we'll see."

"Right." Will reached out a hand and Jimmy gave him the baggie with the piece of paper in it. A paper that had touched Francis Dolarhyde. Had his skin cells, maybe a little spit. Exactly what Hannibal needed.

Speak of that handsome devil, Hannibal was there examining the crime scene as well, giving Jack some tidbits of a profile. Truthfully, he was there to run interference, which did, calling Jimmy over to look at something that might be a clue at just the right moment so Will could slip the evidence bag into his pocket. Hurriedly, while everyone was distracted, Will managed to find a part of a cough drop wrapper in his pocket and grabbed another evidence bag, replicating the one he'd stolen, and placed it in Jimmy's collection kit.

Personal item secured.

The Dragon was going down, and Will was elated, not just for himself, but for the victims left in Dolarhyde's wake. Based on the security footage and the name Will was reasonably sure this man was the Tooth Fairy, a serial killer that targeted families. He left shards of mirror on their eyes and mouths, exactly like he'd done with the bodies of all the other murderers whose souls he'd captured. Slaying the Great Red Dragon was gonna feel so righteous,

avenging all those innocent people. And, perhaps more importantly, nobody – *nobody* – was gonna steal Will's man.

Will and Hannibal got out of there as quickly as they could and headed home to finish preparations for the ritual.

At the Witching Hour, under the light of the moon in a cold, clear sky, Will finished stacking the huge pile of bonfire wood beneath Hannibal's creepy scarecrow with the rotting meat eyes. Hannibal cut a hole in the scarecrow's cloth face and inserted the evidence bag Will had stolen. Then he patiently stitched it shut, Will holding the flashlight so he could see what he was doing.

"Are you ready?" Will asked, once he'd cut off the string and put the needle away.

Hannibal lifted his hand to the moon, and then nodded. "It's time."

Will sprayed the wood beneath the scarecrow with lighter fluid, then waited. Hannibal untied his robe and slipped it from his body, revealing his beautiful physique made even more lovely and mysterious, painted with uncanny symbols drawn in Will's blood. He lifted Grazina's book and began to read from it. Will faintly heard the buzzing of bees and knew that Katherine Pimms was close, perhaps providing assistance. The atmosphere shifted, becoming heavier and heavier, and a strange mist began to roll up from the ground all around them, curling between their legs. The dogs were in their outbuilding, but all began to howl in a kind of harmonized cacophony.

When the heaviness in the air was at its most oppressive, Hannibal opened his eyes. They glowed their unearthly, witchy blue. He nodded at Will, who nodded back. Leaning down, he touched the grill lighter to the fuel-soaked wood, and pulled the trigger.

The fire roared to life, gobbling up the wood, flames licking up the scarecrow, which caught within seconds. Hannibal continued his chanting, holding the book with one hand and grasping Will's palm in his other. The fire consumed the straw effigy within minutes, and when the head of the scarecrow succumbed to the flames, Will felt the atmosphere shift immediately. It was like a heavy humid Louisiana summer day had suddenly changed, a high pressure front blowing in and bringing clear blue skies and dry conditions. He felt a physical weight leave his body, and laughed aloud in unconscious joy.

It was only when the fire had burned down to embers that Hannibal finally stopped the chanting. He half-collapsed in Will's arms as if drained. Will slung one of his husband's arms around his shoulder, helping him back to the house.

"You did it," Will praised as they came inside, setting the book on the kitchen counter and leaning there to recover. "You did it. I can feel it. The curse, i-it's broken. He can't hurt me with his necromancy anymore. The spirits are freed. I-it's over."

"It's not over until the Dragon is dead," Hannibal told him. "But now he has to face us himself, without the aid of his thralls."

“Time to, ah… *squish* a mage,” Will said through a savage little growl-laugh. He embraced Hannibal, backing him up against the kitchen counter. “You’re so… fuck, it’s… just when I thought you’d blow my fucking mind for the last time with h-hiw brave a-and intelligent and fierce and just fucking *Hannibal* you are… and you do something like this?”

“I had an incredible motivation,” Hannibal said, pulling back to look at Will, who stroked his face and shoulders, fingers sticking to the bloody runes.

“You did it…” Will murmured reverently. “You saved me.” He smiled, leaning in for a kiss, tears in his eyes.

“I saved us both,” Hannibal corrected gently. “Because there is no me without you, beloved.”

“You look… more beautiful to me right now than you ever have,” Will confessed tenderly, holding Hannibal at arm’s length. “I… can’t… I just…” Will’s words failed him. He wanted to worship his gorgeous, otherworldly, magical, terrifying and resplendent Chesapeake Ripper, the man he was lucky enough to call his husband. He didn’t have a conscious thought, just fell on his knees, stroking Hannibal’s blood-painted thighs and squeezing his ass lovingly, nuzzling helplessly against his cock, sucking one of his balls through the tender skin of his scrotum, licking it, feeling the mounds within while palming Hannibal’s cock like he was handling a sacred relic.

Hannibal leaned back against the kitchen counter, lifting up his chin with a hedonistic sigh, one hand on the countertop, the other stroking Will’s hair. Will was a willing supplicant, embracing the miracle, a penitent, the kind of cult member that would be first to drink the kool-aid. He slipped his fingers along Hannibal's perineum and stroked his balls lovingly as he worked, drawing his length in hungrily, ignoring the intermittent little gags as he choked a bit on Hannibal’s cock as it grew harder and harder, straining against his own flesh. Will gripped the cuts of Hannibal’s hips possessively and conjured his orgasm with a magic all his own, consuming the hot spurt hungrily, accepting it like a blessing.

Will got to his feet, stroking Hannibal’s cheek and neck, watching carefully the changes in his expression based on the remnants of pleasure. “You are *so beautiful* when you come,” Will confessed brokenly. “I’ve almost lost my mind before so I know… what it feels like, and seeing you…” he shook his head, words failing.

“Would you like to see it again?”

Will’s answer was to hustle Hannibal into the bedroom and ease him down on the coverlet despite the blood and love sweat that coated him. He pawed through a drawer and grabbed a handful of supplies, keeling and sliding a pillow beneath Hannibal’s hips, angling him up.

Will pulled all of his clothes off haphazardly and fell into eating Hannibal out, moving his post-blowjob cock aside and devouring him with thick, hard, ardent licks, eliciting moans and half-murmured versions of his name as Hannibal clutched the duvet cover and a pillow respectively. Will eased up, tracing the different pagan symbols he saw on Hannibal's body in blood, trying to recreate them with his tongue over Hannibal’s puckered entrance. Pentagram. Three entwined circles. Triangle with an eye in the center. Some kind of tune that looked like a tree. Then he pressed his tongue in, breaching Hannibal's winking hole, keeping his tongue

so rigid it was shaking as he flicked it in and out, deeper each time. He was rewarded with his witchy husband crying out, begging in his name.

Will applied one last enormous kiss on Hannibal's hole, then grabbed one of the scattered lube bottles, squirting an obscene amount into his hand and smearing it all over between Hannibal's legs where his husband was getting hard again in record time. He plucked up a prostate massager with a remote and turned it on a low setting, easing it in as he kissed sweet little lip presses on Hannibal's bent knee. "Relax… there?" Will inquired after the position of the toy.

Hannibal nodded in sweaty eagerness. Will held the remote in one hand and smeared some more lube on his hole, more as an afterthought, then sank himself down on Hannibal's cock as quickly as he could, relishing the burn instead of dreading it. He tensed his quads and began, hands caressing Hannibal's crop of chest hair as he rose up and down, riding him tirelessly, as if his life depended on it, staring down into Hannibal's face and studying his expressions, desperate to see again those princely features in the throes of uncontrolled pleasure. He thumbed through the settings on the remote blindly as he rode Hannibal with fierce determination, chasing down his lover's pleasure eagerly.

Hannibal clutched Will's thighs in a death grip as he came again, arching up his neck and back. Will reveled again in that open, gasping mouth, the helpless expression of total submission to his carnal sensations.

Will's muscles were burning when he dismounted. Hannibal stroked his arm, face red, panting, sweating, eyes still shut, a gesture of thanks. "I'm not done with you," Will threatened lovingly, adjusting the trajectory of the massager and flicking the remote again. Hannibal gasped, clutching at his wrist. "Will…"

"Again," Will demanded as he leaned over and mouthed at his nipple, teasing the other one between two fingers, then burrowing into Hannibal's neck, rooting out all his sensitive parts in a relentless quest for *more.*

It took longer this time but Will hardly felt the time pass, as achingly hard as his cock was. He kept studying Hannibal's body, his breathing, his face, the way he clutched the slats of the headboard above with white knuckled desperation. But he came again.

And again.

And Will didn't stop, even as the monumental being in his arms, Chesapeake Ripper and powerful sorcerer, whimpered, inches away, Will thought, from begging for the stimulation to end.

It did, eventually, after Hannibal came dry, his hole puffy and red and his body flushed and slick and depleted.

And then. *Then* Will fucked the daylights out of him.

When Will managed to regain his ability to function, he sat up in bed and kissed his half-responsive husband tenderly as he lay where he'd fallen, smeared with lube and sweat and

semen. “Lemme go get you a Gatorade,” Will said. “Don’t go anywhere, now…”

October 31: Halloween

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will face the Great Red Dragon!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

October 31: Halloween

The trap had been set.

As soon as the curse had been broken, Will had started an instagram account. At first, he only took pictures of the dogs and worked on adding friends, building his presence. Now, he took a selfie of himself and Hannibal standing outside their cliffside vacation home not far from Calvert Cliffs state park. He didn't tag the location, no – that would be too obvious – but simply posted saying that he and Hannibal were taking a much-needed weekend away, making sure the house was in the background of the picture.

Again, there was nothing to do now but wait, though constant vigilance wasn't necessary. Katherine Pimms' specter prowled the property, and was instructed to alert them if anyone approached. When she did by way of a soft ghostly buzzing, Hannibal and Will went into the living room and opened a bottle of wine as if everything was normal, even though they knew they were being watched through the large windows that showed only the darkened countryside, the roar of the ocean ever-present, coming up from the edge of the cliffs.

One of the windows suddenly shattered just as Will raised his wine glass to his lips. But Katherine's specter was there, forming between Will and the window that seemed to break in slow motion. The bullet's trajectory must have shifted through her ghostly power, because it grazed Will's hip with a searing heat but did not hit him, burying itself in the frame of a nearby sofa instead.

Still, Will went down, lying on the floor on his side, looking up at Hannibal, who smiled down at him, still holding the wine bottle and his glass. "I love you," he mouthed, and Will mouthed it back. As heavy footsteps approached, Will picked up a piece of shattered wine glass and cut his hand, pressing it to his side, staining his white shirt as if he'd been shot.

More crunching glass as a man climbed through the broken window, wearing all black. Will's mouth went dry when he came closer, holding a gun on Hannibal before holstering it. Squishy mage? Fuck, this guy had clearly multiclassed and was part barbarian. Dolarhyde was tall, thick, and swole as fuck.

“Dr. Lecter,” Dolarhyde said with a low, reverent respect, pausing to drink Hannibal in with his inhuman eyes.

“Mr. Dolarhyde,” Hannibal greeted with mild courtesy, as he would any stranger.

“Now you see,” Dolarhyde said, slinging down a pack from his back and withdrawing a tripod and camera, “that the Dragon has triumphed. You have no need for this weak *thing* .” He gestured dismissively to Will. “I’m going to film his death, as dying, he melds with the strength of the Dragon.”

Hannibal took a sip of his wine, watching Dolarhyde’s setup dispassionately as if he were simply curious what would happen next. Will had to keep himself from smiling, laying on the ground pretending to be shot. “What a glorious, though rather discomforting idea, don’t you agree, Will?”

“Yeah, I’ll, uh… I’ll pass, Francis,” Will said.

“Watching the film will be wonderful, though not as wonderful as the act itself.” Dolarhyde attached the camera to the tripod.

“You should get a wider shot,” Hannibal suggested. “So we can both change him together.”

Dolarhyde growled in pleasure and took the suggestion, picking up the tripod and bringing it further back from where Will lay. Giving them plenty of room.

“Will and I have been experimenting with sex via FaceTime lately,” Hannibal said, slipping his hand into his pocket casually. “I’ve been trying to talk him into filming our own x-rated movie.”

Will’s cock seemed to leap up against his boxers and he moaned, though it sounded a little more lusty than pained. Damn, it was hard to stay in character!

Dolarhyde finished with the camera and approached Hannibal, a look of wanton dominance on his face, stern yet lusty and… hungry. He edged close to Hannibal who had finished his wine and set it on the piano under which Will writhed in feigned pain. “When we’ve changed him,” Dolarhyde purred, “we can leave the camera rolling.” He reached up and cupped the side of Hannibal’s face with his large, dangerous hand. “I will show you what it means to be loved by the Dragon.”

“You’re offering me a rare gift,” Hannibal murmured as Dolarhyde leaned in for a kiss. “It’s too bad… *I don’t want it.* ”

Hannibal whipped the knife out from his pocket and buried it in Dolarhyde’s ribs. At the same moment, Will, still on the floor, slashed out with his own knife, the one he’d hidden in an ankle holster, nearly severing one of Dolarhyde’s achilles tendons in a single swipe. Backstab, double damage! With a roar of betrayal, the Dragon picked up Hannibal as if he weighed nothing and tossed him away, smashing him into an armchair that tipped over. He turned to grab Will and found him on his feet. Dolarhyde lunged for him but Will ducked (he did have a high dex, after all) and slashed him across the belly.

Hannibal had recovered, and was right in Dolarhyde's face when he twisted away from Will's attack, holding his gut. Hannibal murmured a phrase in the strange language he'd learned from Grazina's book. The knife in his hand was glowing blue as his eyes always did when he worked magic. A plus one – maybe even plus two, or three! – blade ready to deliver the killing blow.

Just as Hannibal sank the knife into Dolarhyde's chest, Will leapt onto his back, stabbing him in soft place above the collarbone, and bent down his head, latching his teeth against the Dragon's meaty throat. He tore a chunk free in a spray of blood. Dolarhyde tossed him off and Will hit the floor with a jolt that rattled his bones.

The mighty mage/barbarian sank to his knees, then fell on his back, arms out at his sides at a slight angle. The last thing he likely saw was Hannibal and Will, locked in a bloody, passionate embrace, enjoying a kiss even more meaningful and beautiful than the one they'd shared on their wedding day.

The blood just kept pouring out of Dolarhyde as he expired, forming a huge puddle beneath him, almost in the shape of wings. He'd been a big man, and he seemed to have an endless supply of viscous scarlet that oozed from his multiple wounds.

The camera was still rolling. Hannibal and Will lifted the body by his arms and legs and tossed him unceremoniously out of the frame. "Sorry, Francis," Will said, breathing hard, cock bulging against his trousers, blood of his own singing in his veins. "You're not the star of the show anymore."

Hannibal smiled wickedly at him, and they came together, tearing off their bloody clothes, kissing and penetrating each other's mouths in tandem with ravenous tongues, biting and sucking and licking. Hannibal all but devoured Will's neck, groping him relentlessly through his pants as his shirt hung half open. Will tore it the rest of the way off and let his husband kneel to yank down his clothes and encourage Will step free of everything

Will knelt next and did the same, feeling the still-warm blood against his bare shins and knees and the tops of his feet, Hannibal's hand stroking and pulling his hair. It couldn't have taken more than a minute, but they were both wildly impatient for the result, which was total nudity. Hannibal paused when Will caught his cock in his mouth, grasping at his thighs and ass and leaving sticky bloody handprints behind. Hannibal half-snarled with his little fang teeth, looking down at Will's upturned face and twining his fingers in Will's matted hair, thrusting deep. Only a few moments before Hannibal yanked Will's head back and removed himself only to tumble them both down onto the floor in a naked heap.

Lust surged through Will as he felt the drying, cooling puddle of their victim's blood beneath him, soaking into his hair and seeping into every crevice of his body as Hannibal draped himself over Will, pinning him down. Will caught him at the right moment and reversed, forcing Hannibal down now on his back and splattering him with dragon blood. He leaned back a bit to adjust their cocks between them and began to rock his hips. Hannibal growl-moaned and Will grinned, dipping his finger in blood and sketching a little heart right over where Hannibal's nestled within his chest.

And then he was beneath Hannibal in a sudden busy movement, pinned down by the wrists in the puddle of blood, Hannibal grinding against him in a desperate, gore-soaked frottage. “I love you, Will Graham,” Hannibal confessed brokenly, as if it were the first time. “The Dragon didn’t… have a chance…” His breath was catching, his cock leaking all over Will’s bloody shaft and stomach. “It’d take an act of divine intervention to… bring us down…!”

“Not even that,” Will panted back, arching up as he could, feeling his own orgasm gathering in his gut. “Not even then…!” He spilled, shooting out all over his own belly, adding to the mess. Hannibal watched him come like was looking at *Primavera,* saving a masterpiece in his permanent memory for the mind palace. He climaxed with a deep moan, and then smothered Will with a kiss.

They lay in each other’s arms, kissing, nuzzling, murmuring sweet things. “I love you so much,” Will confessed, over and over, it seemed.

“Smile for the camera, darling,” Hannibal suggested as they sat up at last, dragging a bloody hand across Will’s stained cheek.

“I can’t wait to watch the video,” Will said as they got shakily to their feet.

“Why don’t I make us something to eat?” Hannibal suggested, nodding toward Dolarhyde’s body where fresh organs waited. “And then we can have a little premiere?”

“Walk the, ah… red carpet?” Will joked, motioning to the massive smears of blood all over the floor.

“Exactly.”

“Will you be my date?”

“Every night for the rest of our lives.”

Will rose up on his toes to kiss Hannibal firmly, tasting the blood of their victim on his lips. “Good,” he said with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

I would have never finished this challenge without ADreamWithinADream.

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